

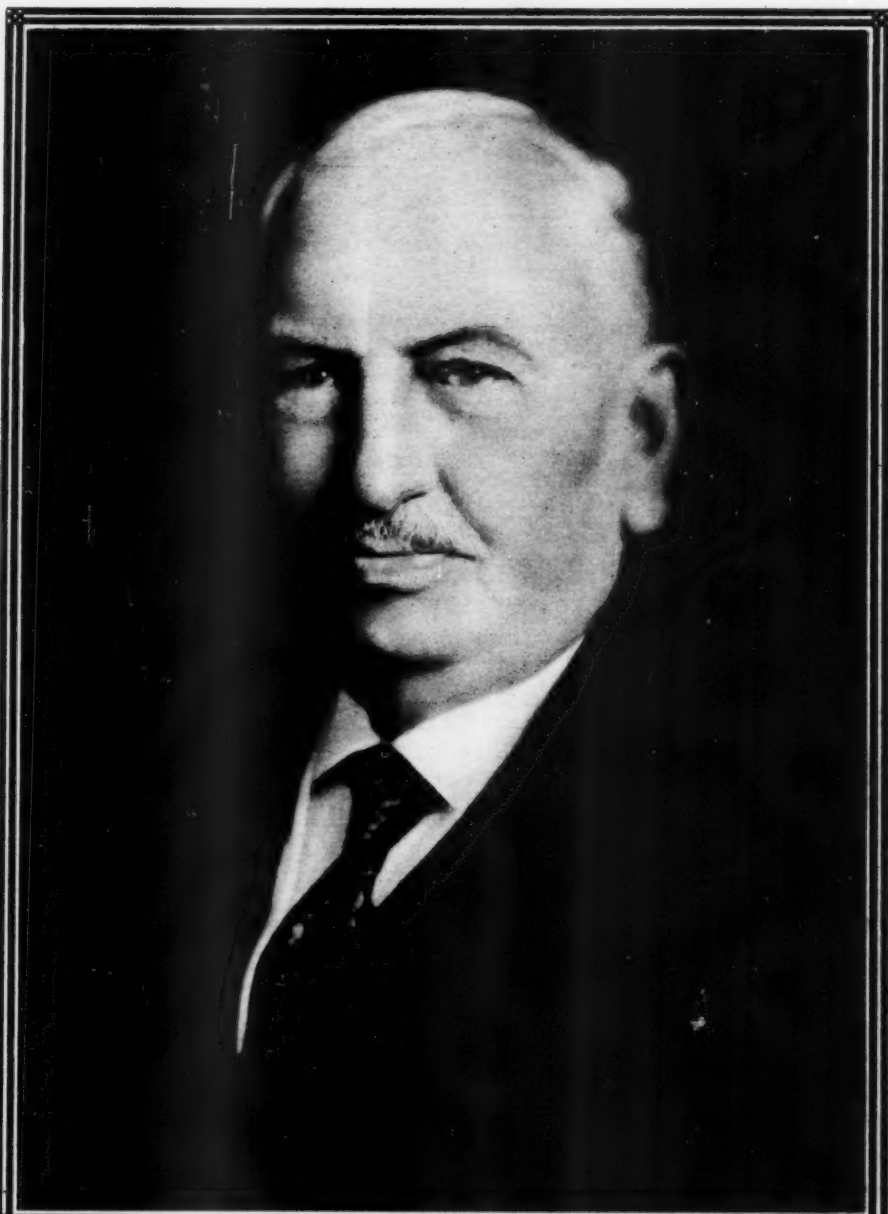
# CURRENT OPINION



© International

## "A JOLLY LITTLE KID AND A GOOD SPORT"

Thus the Prince of Wales characterizes Princess Ileana of Roumania, aged 15, destined to be the next Queen of England, according to court prophets.



© Harris and Ewing

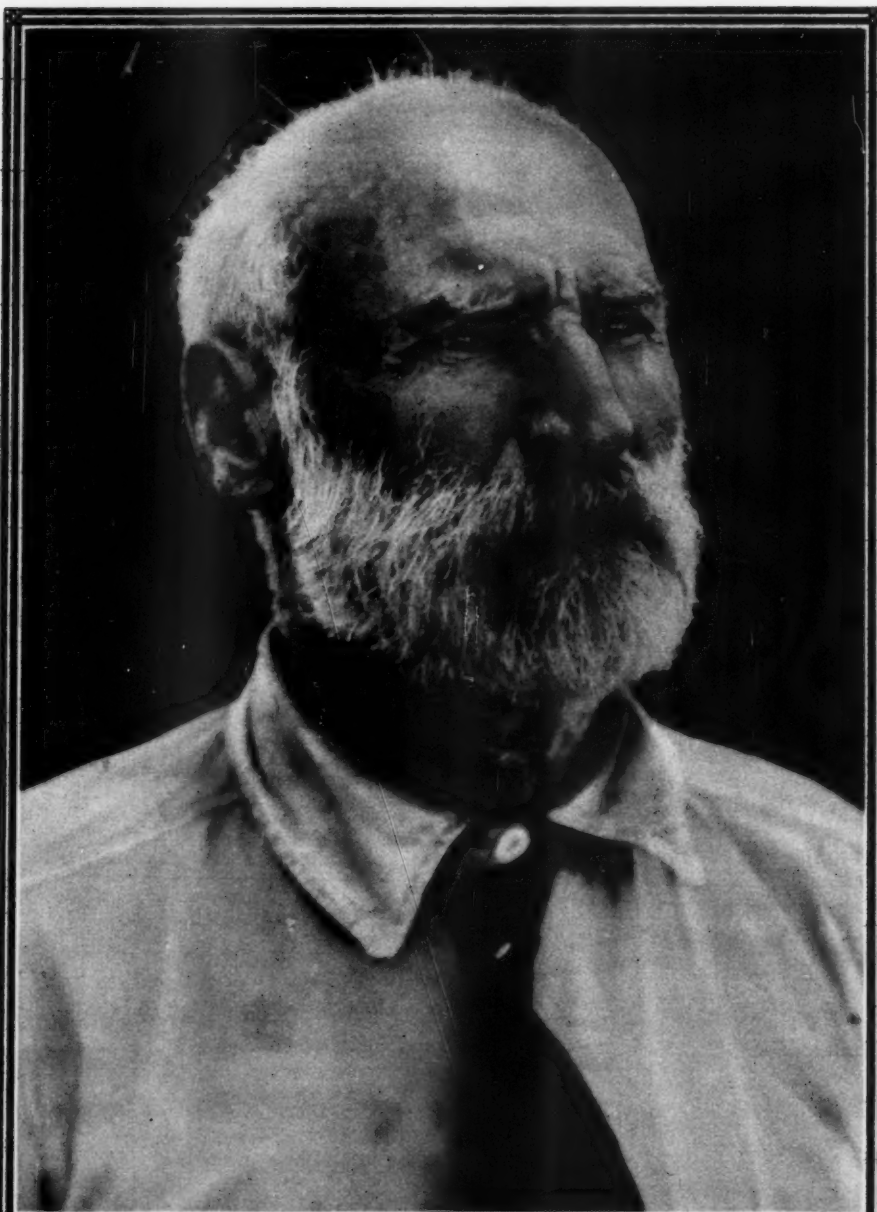
HE WILL SOUND THE KEY-NOTE AT THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION  
Representative Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio, is picked by President Coolidge to  
be temporary chairman of the convention, thereby challenging the Progressives.





© Underwood

THIS NEW YORK GOVERNOR WOULD DO WHAT CLEVELAND DID  
"Al" Smith points with pride to his record, is proud of Tammany Hall, is  
frankly "wet" and believes he would make a good President of the United States.



© Wide World

**A CENTENARIAN SOLDIER OF FORTUNE**

Major E. James Monroe, veteran of three wars and son of our fifth U. S. President, will celebrate his 109th birthday at Jacksonville, Fla., on July 4th.

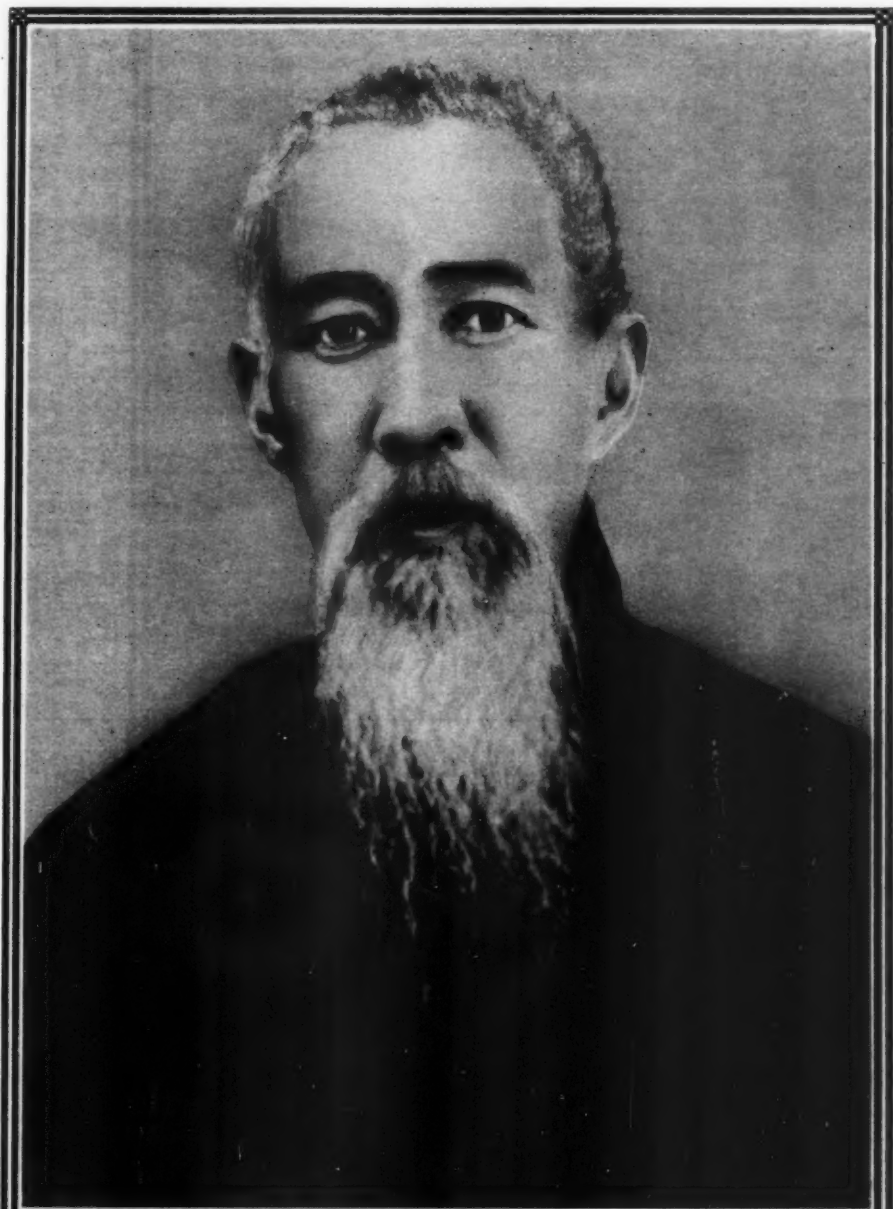


ONCE A MESSENGER BOY, NOW HEAD OF THE N. Y. CENTRAL  
At 12, earning \$5 a month, P. E. Crowley, the new president of the Vanderbilt lines, began his career at Cattaraugus, N. Y., where his father was station agent.



© Underwood

**HIS "GRAVE CONSEQUENCES" NOTE TO HUGHES ANGERED CONGRESS**  
Ambassador Hanihara at Washington, protesting against the immigration bill  
excluding Japanese from this country, was more zealous than discreet.



© Keystone

**THE NEW PRESIDENT, SUN PAO CHI, OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC**  
He is a non-partisan, served as former Minister to France and Germany and has held responsible posts in the old régime which the new Cabinet succeeds.



PRESIDENT COOLIDGE AND HIS RECONSTRUCTED CABINET SMILE INTO THE CAMERA.

Left to right, seated: Harry New, Postmaster General; Secretary of War Weeks; Secretary of State Hughes; President Coolidge; Secretary of Treasury Mellon; Attorney-General Stone, and Secretary of Navy Wilbur. Standing: Secretary of Labor Davis; Secretary of Agriculture Wallace; Secretary of Commerce Hoover and Secretary of Interior Work.



# The Current of Opinion

## Calvin Coolidge Dominates the G. O. P.

**C**ALVIN COOLIDGE holds the Republican party in the palm of his hand. That is the outstanding, striking feature in the national political landscape on the eve of the national campaign.

On June 12th, when the clerk of the Republican National Convention in Cleveland calls the roll, more than 1,000 delegates out of the 1,110 present will declare that they want Calvin Coolidge to head the party ticket. At that moment the President will be able to turn to his wife and say, in the words once used by President Roosevelt, "Well, my dear, I have ceased to be a political accident."

Delegates from the "radical" West will unite with delegates from down East, and delegates from the home State of Hiram Johnson will unite with delegates from Manhattan, to vote for a man hailing from a State which five years ago political astrol-ogers would have declared impossible soil for presidential timber. A united front is half the battle, and with this advantage Coolidge and the Republican party face the coming campaign.

The tidal wave for the President has met bitter opposition, and its triumphal sweep is therefore all the more significant. Gifford Pin-chot, himself an erstwhile candidate, sought to go to Cleveland as an uninstructed delegate; and Pennsylvania swamped him under by 200,000 votes. Senator Moses wished to go, also uninstructed, and New Hampshire scratched his name from the list. Senator McCormick gave hints of anti-Coolidge leanings, and Illinois refused to renominate him for Congress.

As for Hiram Johnson, his herculean efforts to thwart the President's triumphal parade in the West have served merely to accentuate his own discomfiture. Johnson has sacrificed himself, standing to-day the most pathetic figure in contemporary political life. If it is true that Coolidge became President by accident, it is no less true that Johnson has only himself to blame for not occupying the White House in his stead. When Johnson was offered the Vice-Presidential nomination in 1920, he refused to play second fiddle, and as a consequence to-day he plays no fiddle at all. His own State on May 6th gave Coolidge a majority of 50,000, leaving Johnson marooned in the Convention with a scant half hundred supporters. The mansion of his political hopes in ruins, Johnson is now tied to the chariot wheels of his victorious rival, and forced to listen to the plaudits he had hoped to receive.

That which Coolidge enjoys is in a peculiar sense a personal victory. He has made himself the leader of his party and more especially the spokesman of the nation in his repeated rebukes to a Congress whose inefficiency, extravagance and pettiness have aroused universal disgust. He first called the Senate to order for letting itself be carried away with scandal-mongering zeal. Then he vetoed the Bursum pension bill and the soldiers' bonus, even knowing that the latter would probably pass over his opposition. He made his displeasure felt when both Houses summarily excluded all Japanese immigrants, and let it be known that he opposed any sop thrown to farmers in the way of legislation entailing enormous drains upon the treasury. Finally, at the present moment it looks as though an executive veto of the

much-labored revenue bill is inevitable. Though tax reduction has been the main plank in the Administration program, the measure finally evolved bears so slight a resemblance to the scientific law desired by Secretary Mellon that it will probably be considered worse than nothing.

There is a parallel between Calvin Coolidge's position to-day and that of Woodrow Wilson in 1917. The war executive had on his hands a refractory Congress over whose heads he appealed to the people. It now seems probable that Coolidge in the coming campaign will ask the voters not merely to reelect him, but to give him a legislative body at the Capitol amenable to his ideas. Will his appeal reap greater success than did that of President Wilson? If so, President Coolidge, the political accident, will find himself once more in the White House, this time not merely with a party's endorsement, but with a people's mandate.

## "Al" Smith Against the Democratic Field

**B**Y all odds the most spectacular feature of the Democratic Convention promises to be "Al" Smith's desperate run for the party garland. Never has a man launched his candidacy under the burden of so many handicaps. He hails from New York City, regarded in the wide open spaces of the West as the nerve-center of economic tyranny, and down where the cotton grows as the modern Babylon. He is a wet, and therefore a son of Beelzebub in the eyes of those who identify rum with the works of Satan. He is an Irish Catholic and therefore anathema to the Ku Klux Klan. Bred in the wigwam of Tammany Hall, his very speech rejoices in a Broadway twang which would sound strangely alien to any American audience outside of his own enthusiastic bailiwick.

Blind to the odds against its favorite son, New York is out to stamper the Convention and afterwards the nation. First, it snatched the Convention from Chicago and San Francisco; now its task is to corral the delegates. To give tone to the Smith boom, Franklin D. Roosevelt, running mate of James M. Cox four years ago, has been placed at its helm; and to give it momentum, unsympathetic States are being frantically scoured for supporters.

Can the blandishments of New York succeed in bewitching five hundred Upshaws and Bryans, dissolving their scruples and prejudices and catapulting them into the camp of the sleek-faced, brown-



SITTING TIGHT

—Rogers in Washington Post.



YOU CAN HARDLY BLAME THE BOY

—Macaulay in *The Nation's Business*.

derbyed New York idol who has stood for everything they execrate? All of Broadway's giddy night life will be ready to sap the moral convictions of these waifs far from home, and there will be Rum Row only twenty miles away. Rumor has it that 12,000 leather-lunged East Side henchmen have been recruited to pack the galleries of Madison Square Garden, ready at the critical second to bellow forth the lyric strains of the "Sidewalks of New York." Can their enthusiasm bring it about that next November the rock-ribbed Democratic South, home of the Ku Klux Klan, will find itself voting to send to the White House the intimate friend of Cardinal Hayes?

"Al" Smith's strongest card is his personal magnetism. To win in November against Coolidge, Democratic leaders know that they need a smashing standard bearer stumping the country on a bandwagon platform. They must find someone who holds out real promise of sweeping from Washington the petty politicians who have so exasperated the country during recent years. If the best that the Democratic convention can offer should turn out to be some

compromise candidate who is colorless, running on a compromise platform that is shaky, the Republican chieftains will confidently begin to



"WHERE'S HIRAM?"

—Stinson in *Dayton News*.



THE TIGER'S CUB  
—Bushnell for Central Press Association.

count their November eggs before they are hatched. Governor Smith is the only candidate so far discerned who has the ability to instil enthusiasm, and it is Democracy's dilemma that at this juncture its logical nominee is well-nigh fatally entangled by his own affiliations.

Tammany's son would appeal to the romantic voter tired of opportunism and humdrum "normalcy." He would appeal to the sporting voter whose sympathies lie with the man fighting against heavy odds. But the cold fact remains that only a political miracle can give him the nomination. He enters the convention with a scant 200 pledged votes, out of the 729½ needed for victory.

All that can be said is that Smith's declared rivals stand little better chance than he does. McAdoo, aside from being unpopular in the East, is hamstrung by his oil connections. Whether justly or unjustly, Democratic campaigners hope to sizzle their enemies in their own oil, and McAdoo would not be an effective chef to preside over the frying-pan. Underwood, of Alabama, is a wet

like Smith, but without Smith's popularity. John W. Davis is an aristocrat, and Senator Ralston, who is promised the support of Tom Taggart, is a kindly old gentleman.

Signs are not wanting that our venerable two-party system may be on the point of becoming a four-party system. For years there has been unconcealed friction under the Republican family roof, with the western insurgents kicking over the traces.

Now it appears that a Democratic split may come first. Political wiseacres have seen in the victory of Edward S. Jackson, Klan candidate for Governor of Indiana, a subtle hint that the nomination of any wet or any Catholic at New York would lead to political rebellion in at least five States, including Indiana and four south of the Mason and Dixon line. These States would nominate their own "Democratic" ticket, thus keeping their party affiliations straight, but would refuse to vote for electors committed to the distasteful nominee of the national party. If this come about, it will mark the first important break in the unnatural alliance that has persisted for decades between the old-line southern Democrats and the Irish Catholic political rings which have constituted the strength of the party in the North.

The most powerful of these rings, Tammany Hall, finds itself at this awkward moment leaderless. On Saturday, April 26th, the flags of all public buildings in New York City were flying at half staff, in tribute to a private citizen, Charles F. Murphy. That private citizen, however, was politically the most powerful man outside of public office in the country. For twenty-two years he was the Warwick of New York State. A sinister power beyond the reach of the electorate, he lived long enough to produce as his political godchild Governor Smith, and then died on the eve of the Convention



where he had hoped to win a national triumph.

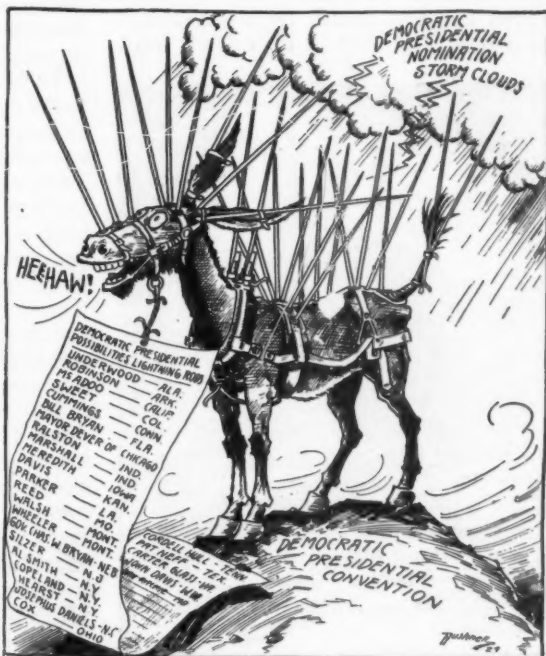
Though chiefly a local power, Boss Murphy was a national figure. More comment has appeared in the press during the past month on his death than on any other one subject. He symbolized boss government, "the parasite growth of American democracy gone wrong." He owed his power to the ignorance of the masses and the lethargy of the classes; and he exercised his power through the distribution of patronage, naming all appointive officials in the city government, nominating mayors, judges and governors, and awarding municipal contracts. In his youth he was a gang bully. He started his career as a horse-car driver and then as a saloon-keeper. When he became Tammany's chief he was a poor man, but after twenty years without a visible source of revenue he has died worth half a million. An unlettered man, he attained power and acquired wealth, not by an active mentality, but rather by his shrewd instincts. In business his talents would have made him president of some mighty corporation or railroad, an example of typical American achievement held up for the emulation of our school children. In politics he won everything except honor.

At first it was thought that Murphy's death would blast the boom for Governor Smith. Reflection, however, shows that if New York's favorite son is to win the nomination at all, it will have to be in spite of his affiliations with Tammany Hall, rather than through them. It may be that Murphy's death will release Smith from embarrassing connections.

## An SOS From the Navy

**I**S it to be peace or is it to be war? Is the world to be armed or is the world to disarm? That is the question on which depends not only the happiness, but the very existence of mankind.

The cause of peace—how fares it? Let us begin with the World Court. As chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee, Senator Lodge is today conscious of the strong opinion which favors this proposal. His committee has been faced by representatives of the churches, the bar, the commerce, the labor and the womanhood of the United States. George W. Wickersham, as a lawyer, joins with Samuel Gompers, a trade-unionist, in demanding an acceptance of the World Court. And



COME ON, LIGHTNING—STRIKE!!

—Bushnell for Central Press Association.



HE KNOWS A GOLD BRICK WHEN HE SEES IT  
—Kirby in New York World.

even Senator Lodge has found it impossible to meet the pressure with a mere negative. He has therefore produced his own scheme.

On the one hand, Senator Lodge will have nothing to do either with

the League of Nations or with the existing International Court at The Hague. But he is ready to see the United States join an Association of Nations, which would hold regular and special conferences and maintain a permanent secretariat. And he advocates an International Court at The Hague, with elected judges and powers similar to those now exercised by the present World Court.

To critics of Senator Lodge, it seems unlikely that fifty States will disband the League of Nations and suppress the International Court in order to set up new institutions of the same type for which—according to these critics—Senator Lodge instead of President Wilson will receive the credit. There is, they think, a case for the League of Nations and the World Court. There may be a case against them, though they do not believe in it. But is there—they ask—any case for scrapping the League and the Court and erecting something essentially similar?

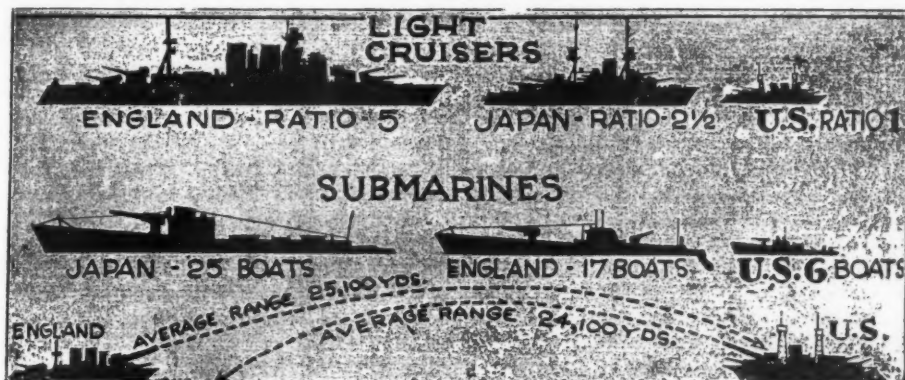
In the meantime, various resolutions in Congress have encouraged President Coolidge—in a key-note speech, delivered by radio from New York—to adumbrate a second Washington Conference to complete the task of limiting armaments. This proposal is made to depend on the prior settlement of reparations in Europe. In other words, a real peace between France and Germany is a condition precedent to limitation of armaments.

In Paris the words of the President have been received with extreme caution. Great Britain, however, has always favored such a second conference at Washington, and the view of Prime Minister MacDonald is that the time for such a discussion would be after the United States election in November. MacDonald is doing his part to prepare the way by negotiating with France, as explained elsewhere, over the Dawes Report. And in the



BAR-BOUND  
—Bronstrup in San Francisco Chronicle.





AMERICAN NAVY A BAD THIRD, SAYS EXPERT, WHO PUTS RATIO AS ENGLAND 5,  
JAPAN 3, UNITED STATES 1

This diagram, reproduced from the *Springfield Republican*, shows relative strength in submarines, light cruisers and dreadnoughts. British light cruisers are 5 to 1 and Japanese 2½ to 1 of ours. Japan has 25 submarines, England 17, and United States 6. British dreadnoughts' guns outrange ours, their average being 25,100 yards to our 24,100.

House of Commons the attitude of the United States has been welcomed by the spokesman of the British Admiralty. For several years it has been evident that Great Britain has wished to avoid a competition with France over airplanes, and recently Prime Minister MacDonald has again voiced this sentiment.

But this talk about preparing for peace has evoked, especially in the United States, a stern and even bellicose counterblast. And a whirlwind of controversy now sweeps around the Navy Department. Two allegations have been advanced—first, that the United States navy is not big enough; second, that what there is of it is not efficient.

The United States is building 6 cruisers to Japan's 12; and 18 submarines to Japan's 41; and no destroyers to Japan's 31—facts which, of course, serve as ammunition for the big navy enthusiasts. In considering this serious issue, however, two factors must not be overlooked—first, a comparison between the fleets as now existing; and second, naval bases. By the terms of the Washington Conference, the United States agreed to refrain from forti-

fying either Guam or the Philippines. This self-denying ordinance means that however big were the United States navy, it could not find a friendly base nearer to Japan than Hawaii. And Hawaii is well outside effective striking distance. Strategically, therefore, the United States has evacuated Far Eastern waters and left Japan in a predominant position.

In fact, as regards cruisers, William B. Shearer, torpedo-boat inventor, declares that Japan is up to treaty strength while the United States is short by 187,883 tons and the British Empire is short by 72,093 tons. We should lay down 19 of these keels and Britain should lay down 7. This authority alleges, further, that the United States has failed to apply to her battleships the lessons of the late war.

Mr. Shearer gives figures to show that, in speed and range of gunfire, the United States battleships are outclassed by the British which—he thinks—could blow ours out of the water.

This gloomy prognostication is supported by a drastic report of Admiral Robert E. Coontz, comman-

der-in-chief of the United States fleet, who discusses the winter maneuvers in no uncertain terms. He alleges that there is too much office work at sea—also deferred maintenance and delayed alterations. Many of the officers and men are, he says, untrained.

Secretary Wilbur, of the Navy Department, deprecates the idea that the report is "alarming." It is just possible that, as a scourge for economists in Congress, he welcomes its strictures. But it is idle to deny that, if the facts be as stated, a situation of the utmost seriousness has to be faced. It has been no wonder that destroyers ran on the rocks by the half dozen.

□ □

## Intolerance

**A**MERICA hates a bigot. If there are any fundamental principles of Americanism, that is one. From the beginning of our national life, it has been our boast, repeated incessantly and even tiresomely, that in the great democracy of the New World the free born citizen could think as he pleased, worship without restraint according to his conscience, and criticize in an orderly manner the political institutions under which he lived. Without this tolerance, it is difficult to see how successful democratic government could be carried on.

So much being conceded, what is the meaning of the bitter outbursts of fanatical hate, fulminating in more directions than one, which the country has seen in recent months?

On April 29th, before the Missouri Society of New York, Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University and one of the leading citizens of the country, delivered an address denouncing prohibition as contrary to the spirit of our institutions, describing in emphatic language the abuses to which he thinks it has given rise, and urging

the repeal of the eighteenth amendment.

President Butler's speech brought down upon his head a flood of personal attacks which, to say the least, it would be hard to harmonize with America's traditional open-mindedness and willingness to give every sincere man a hearing. Two officials of the Anti-saloon League suggested immediately that the trustees of Columbia University should dismiss the man "who used his high office to broadcast the propaganda of the liquor traffic." Several parents of students at the University asked them to resign in protest against his "un-American" utterances. An official of one of our churches urged all "right-minded" parents to boycott an institution with such a man at its head. Another pastor declared that Dr. Butler was "not fit to speak," because he openly opposed prohibition and therefore "was breaking one of the laws of the Constitution." One women's society asked the trustees to request his resignation because of his "lawless utterances."

The temper of these attacks more than defeats their purpose. Whether President Butler was right in his facts and wise in his conclusions is open to serious challenge. But when his opponents declare that no American citizen has the right to discuss the merits of prohibition and to recommend a new amendment to the Constitution repealing an earlier one, they are denying American citizens the privilege of free discussion. Those who advocate his public disgrace are assuming that they possess a monopoly of wisdom and virtue, and are refusing to concede that intelligent and honest persons may differ with them.

President Butler, of course, will not lose his position because of their onslaughts, but a lesser man might, and it is painful to think that many men throughout the country may be maintaining a hypocritical silence on

the prohibition question merely because they fear the persecuting zeal of the drys. Such a situation is more in keeping with the Middle Ages than with the American spirit.

This narrow partisanship which refuses to tolerate opposition is unfortunately not confined to the liquor question. It has invaded the religious field. Governor Smith of New York is being frankly opposed by many persons in his race for a presidential nomination on the ground, not that he is dishonest or incapable or an advocate of unwise public policies, but that he is a Roman Catholic. The men who drafted the Constitution did not find it wise to place any religious restrictions on the Chief Executive. The tradition of the country has been that a man's religion was his own affair. If the time has come when we must exclude certain sects from office, it should be frankly recognized that this is contrary to the whole spirit of American institutions. The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* goes so far as to say, in this connection:

"The *Republican* . . . believes that a candidate's religion should have no weight with the American people. If this prejudice is so strong among citizens who are of other religious faiths as may sometimes appear from such phenomena as Ku Kluxism, the sooner it is blasted by the election of a Roman Catholic to the Presidency the better."

The *Republican* goes on to point out that twice the Supreme Court has been presided over by Roman Catholics, first by Mr. Taney of Maryland eighty years ago and more recently by Mr. White of Louisiana, and that their influence has not undermined the Republic. If a big man comes along who can handle the Presidency competently, it would seem a mischievous thing that the country should be deprived of his service merely because he happened to belong to a particular church.



UPHOLDERS OF THE CONSTITUTION  
—Rogers in Washington Post.

The introduction of a man's religion into a political campaign is particularly unfortunate because it distracts attention from the genuine civic problems at issue. It complicates an already complicated situation with irrelevancies.

The issues that have been raised by the Butler incident and the Smith candidacy are not altogether new in American politics. In 1884 the Rev. Samuel Dickinson Burchard waited upon James G. Blaine, the Republican presidential candidate, as spokesman for a large body of clergymen of all denominations, and in the course of his address stigmatized Grover Cleveland, the Democratic nominee, as the apostle of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." The popular revulsion at that time against the narrow-mindedness of this characterization resulted, it is said, in Blaine's defeat. The American voters would have none of a man suspected of religious bigotry. This instance affords ground for hope that to-day also the forces of intolerance are more noisy than strong.



EXCLUSION LAWS AND JAPANESE PRIDE  
—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune.

## A Slap at Japan

**I**N a Congress that has been punctuated by unexpected, sensational events, the issue with Japan has been among the most important in the news, if not in fact. Our relations with Japan have been subjected to an emotional strain suggestive of the many critical "incidents" between France and Germany which finally led up to the Great War.

The outburst of hysteria was precipitated by the action of the Senate in enacting by almost unanimous vote, more or less inspired by the Japanese Ambassador's protest, a clause putting an immediate stop to all Japanese immigration. In Japan a wave of indignation is reported to have swept over the whole nation at this "insult." In the United States, hysteria was confined chiefly to the Senate.

A feature of the Senate vote was its clear object to rebuke the Japanese Ambassador, rather than settle the matter at issue on its merits.

Probably the most ineffective way to keep Japanese out of American territory is to scrap the "gentleman's agreement." Under its terms, in fifteen years only 8,681 Japanese have settled in the United States. Japan has been honor bound not to permit coolies to leave the homeland for America, but henceforth we are hardly to expect Japanese cooperation in excluding her nationals.

Even if Congress was determined to substitute a concrete statute for the nebulous gentleman's agreement, it might have avoided offense by placing the Japanese on a quota basis like the European countries. This would have allowed 246 to enter annually. But, in the words of Senator Reed, the Senate, rather than settle on a mutually acceptable policy, chose to waste the fruits of 20 years of diplomacy, the good atmosphere generated by the Washington Conference, and the good feeling engendered by our prompt aid after the recent earthquake.

Though there has not been any danger of immediate conflict with Japan over the immigration issue, it is deplorable, in the eyes of the State Department, that the Senate should have shown itself so crude in its manners as wilfully to have invited trouble. Even after the conference committee between the two Houses had consented to soften the blow of the original measure, at the urgent request of the President, both Houses persisted in their stiff-necked attitude. The political mind is slow to realize that America cannot go on enacting discriminatory legislation aimed at other peoples without breeding ill-feeling, and injuring our national reputation for generosity and fair dealing.

While the criminal irresponsibility of the Senate is generally conceded, it would be unfair to overlook Japan's share of blame for the hard feeling that the immigration question has excited. The Japanese have no right to consider our exclusion



policy a declaration that we consider them "inferior." We exclude them because we consider them racially unassimilable and economically subversive. At the same time we recognize their intelligence and the best achievements of their civilization. If we shut down the bars to the Japanese immigrant, we are doing nothing more than Canada and Australia have long done. Japan has no reason to resent our attitude more than theirs.

□ □

## Slipping Toward Socialism in Europe

FRANCE and Germany have both held elections. And, in France, a violent swing to the Left has upset Poincaré. The Liberal Parties number 341 in the new Chamber and Poincaré can only command 227 members. The majority against him is thus 114.

In this matter, it is clear that the United States has been ill-served by the press. Taking their cue from the defeated French Government, the Paris correspondents in several cases gave no serious warning that Poincaré had lost control of French opinion. In fact, his victory at the polls was assumed as axiomatic. It is now manifest that the rise in taxation and the fall in the franc have together shattered Poincaré's popularity, and with it, his dream of holding Germany in fetters by means of an occupation of the Ruhr. For the moment, Poincaré remains in office, but it is understood that he will be succeeded by Mr. Herriot of the Radical Party or former Prime Minister Briand. The appointment between Poincaré and MacDonald, who were to discuss the Dawes Report, is cancelled. And MacDonald has asked that the Dawes report be accepted as it stands.

In Germany, the election has had a curious result. The Nationalists,

who want a Kaiser, and the Communists, who want a Soviet, have both increased their strength at the expense of the middle groups who support the present Republic. Both the Nationalists, numbering 140, and the Communists, numbering 60, are said to be opposed to the Dawes Plan. If Germany adopts the plan (as in words she has adopted it), a two-thirds majority in the Reichstag will be needed for the legislation required, which majority may be difficult to obtain. The Monarchists are loudly demonstrating and the Communists are calling for revolutionary strikes. In fact, Germany has had to expel the Russian Trade Mission which was found to be a hotbed of dangerous propaganda.

Of the two dangers, the most serious is, of course, the return of the Hohenzollerns, which is openly advocated by the party of Foreign Minister Stresemann, who is backing the Crown Prince. Such a reaction is not contrary to the Treaty of Versailles, but it would, none the less, bring Europe to the verge of war.



ROUGH BUT EFFECTIVE

—Sykes in N. Y. Evening Post.



ANY ARRANGEMENT IS BETTER THAN  
THIS

—Orr in Chicago Tribune.

## The Dawes Plan Runs a Gantlet of Snags

**F**RANCE, Britain, Italy, Belgium and, last but not least, Germany have accepted the Dawes Report. At first sight it would seem as if this meant a settlement of reparations, but unfortunately there is still a hitch and again the hitch is France. Britain and Italy want the report to be immediately applied. But France insists on conditions. And there is thus a further delay, with conferences in which, not for the first time, Belgium plays the part of mediator.

What, then, are the French reservations? The report advises that the Allied occupation of the Ruhr be limited strictly to military garrisons. Germany shall be permitted to resume her full economic and industrial life. France insists that no such modification of her grip on the Rhineland be conceded until Germany has passed the legislation and imposed the taxes which are indi-

cated in the report. That is the first snag in the situation.

The second is not less serious. The report offers a plan, part of which depends on fulfilments by the Reparations Commission, where France has the casting vote through her chairman. In other words, the Reparations Commission would accept the report and help to carry it out. France, however proposes that the report be referred back to the Reparations Commission—which means, in effect, to herself—not in order that the report be carried out, but in order that its terms be examined further and put into a practical shape. This objection is, of course, dilatory and means, in effect, that the problem of reparations would be flung once more into the arena of politics. If the Allies are not agreed, we may rest assured that Germany will be led to evade a report which her imperialists are already denouncing as “a second Wilson Peace.”

The attitude of the United States is expressed by Pierpont Morgan who, after financial discussions with France and Britain, is understood to be of opinion that this country will assist in a loan of 400 million



A CHANCE TO WORK  
—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.



dollars to Germany—to the extent of, say, one-half—on condition that the Dawes Report be applied as it stands. Such a loan is, however, strongly denounced by the Hearst press, where an editorial insists:

"The French aggression in the Rhineland has not ceased. The French demand for impossible reparations has not abated. The army of invasion is still in the Ruhr, and will stay there.

"The French figure of \$32,000,000,000 war indemnity is still official, and will remain so. The French Premier said it. And what he says and what the reparation committee say combine to foreshadow forty or fifty years more of controversy, conflict and eventual war along the Rhine. There is not a statesman in Europe who dares publicly deny it. There is not an intelligent American with knowledge of Europe who doubts it."

The question is, then, whether Prime Minister MacDonald can be more successful than his predecessors in bringing France to see the force of the financial argument. He has assured France that he does not wish to see her isolated and that he will be behind France if France be attacked. But what he has to propose to France is, after all, no more and no less than what was proposed by Lloyd George, Bonar Law and Baldwin, namely, a restored and solvent Germany as neighbor.

Anxious at all costs for peace, Prime Minister MacDonald is said to be much more inclined than his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Philip Snowden, to com-

promise with France. Snowden stands for the Dawes Report—applied and unaltered—and for plain speaking to Paris.

Though Poincaré was defeated in the French elections chiefly on internal issues, his fall encourages the hope of a solution to the reparation tangle. His policy of stubborn intransigence toward Germany will not tie the hands of his successor, who is expected to give loyal acceptance, without quibbling, to the Dawes report.

One interesting by-product is that Brigadier-General Charles G. Dawes may be nominated for Vice-President by the Republican Party. And another is that, in the event of his report being applied, the agent of the Powers may be Herbert Hoover.



#### THE MEAT AND THE BONE

THE JOHN BULL-DOG: "Let me draw your attention to these succulent expert sausages."

THE FRENCH POODLE (*suspiciously*): "I may consider them if it doesn't mean giving up my bone."

—London Punch.

## Playing a Joke On British Labor

**W**ILL the Labor Party in Britain commit suicide? That is the question. Whatever camouflage may confuse the situation, the plain fact is that Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald was sent to Downing Street by the Liberals and that, day by day, he remains in Downing Street by Liberal support. Many Labor Ministers, including J. R. Clynes, who is MacDonald's deputy in the House of Commons, want a friendly arrangement with the Liberals which would give Labor a working majority over the Conservatives and enable the Government to put through a real program of reform. MacDonald, however, would rather have no such reforms than submit to such an alliance. For Asquith and Lloyd George, his predecessors in high office, he displayed a studied contempt, and his entire attitude is determined by the belief that the Liberal Party must break up.

At the moment, the Liberal vote in the country is equal to the Labor vote. What the Liberals want is some measure which will prevent Liberalism fighting Labor and so giving a safe majority to the Conservatives. Such a measure is Proportional Representation, which bill has been introduced into the House of Commons by the Liberals. It was made clear to Labor that the vote on the second reading of the bill would be regarded by Liberals as a test of friendship or hostility. And on the second reading, Labor joined with the Conservatives to kill the Liberal compromise.

If the Liberals do not retaliate at once the reason is that, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Philip Snowden has introduced a budget which is precisely the Free Trade budget that Asquith himself would have introduced. This budget re-

duces taxes on tea and sugar and abolishes the protection tariffs on motor cars and pianos. It thus signals the final defeat of protection, including preferential arrangements with the Dominions. Until the budget is carried, the Liberals will support Labor in the lobby.

Afterwards, the Liberals will consider themselves absolved from any such allegiance. They need not vote against Labor; mere abstention will be enough to leave Labor in a minority on a division. And this would mean the end of Ramsay MacDonald's pleasant visits to Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. He also would have to face the wilderness where dwell former Prime Ministers like Rosebery, Balfour, Asquith, Lloyd George and Stanley Baldwin.

It may be true, as Sir Philip Gibbs says, that the world seemed to be slipping from under our feet when the British Empire was entrusted to a government which included six



NOW THEN, ALL TOGETHER  
—Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

coal miners, three millworkers, one iron moulder, one engine cleaner, two engineers, one telegraph operator, one hairdresser and three elementary school teachers. But if, on examination, this government accomplishes less than any government of recent times, the nation will prefer a Cabinet that is conservative in name as well as in fact.

□ □

## The Soviet Dream Becomes a Nightmare

**T**HOUGH dead, Lenin is still speaking and his ghostly voice rings with all his former fanaticism. It is in his name that the Directory still seeks to govern Russia. As atheists they deny the immortality of Lenin's soul, but they have constructed for his corpse a refrigerator which will, they hope, preserve his embalmed body for future generations. Lenin has thus become the King Tut of Moscow, the canonized saint of Communism, the deification of the merely material. And worship of his dried skin is the Socialist alternative to Christianity.

During Lenin's illness the Soviet Republic issued proclamations in his name and apparently the forgeries are to continue. It is alleged that the Mohammed of Communism left a will in which he graciously bequeathed what Bolshevism means by a legacy to no fewer than 50,000 of his admirers. The bequests which these grateful friends will receive are not private property, but private arrest and exile to Siberia. In such cases no trial is conceded. The offender is merely told that he has been mentioned in Lenin's will.

Under the circumstances, there is a certain humor in Russia sending Rakovsky and other delegates to London to beg for a loan. As *Punch* wittily observes, the Bolshevik wants Capital because he has found

"the abolition of Capital" so expensive. To his Russian visitors Prime Minister MacDonald has been courteous rather than helpful. For he can do nothing without the British bankers who, as conditions precedent to a discussion of a loan, have insisted that the borrowers recognize public and private debts, restore private property to foreigners, establish a civil code of law with independent courts to enforce it, guarantee the sanctity of private contracts, pledge Russia against the confiscation of private property by the State, permit bankers, industrialists and traders in Britain to deal freely with private concerns in Russia, and abandon propaganda against British institutions.

In other words, Britain will only finance Russia on the terms laid down by Secretary Hughes.

In Moscow itself the mentality of the people is disclosed by the report that there are at least 8,000 poets there, of whom 2,000 spend their whole time composing verses, while 3,000 are occasional in their efforts, the remainder being content to recite, instead of publishing their rhymes. According to the *New York Evening Post*, Russian poets belong to various schools — for instance, the symbolists, acmeists, futurists, centrifugalists, imaginists, constructivists, presentists, nichevoki and the aimless ones. One difficulty with Russian literature is, however, that while the Soviets supply volumes by Karl Marx, the people prefer the more capitalist masterpieces known as Tarzan, which are sold by the many thousand. Next to Tarzan and his Apes, the most popular foreign literature is written by H. G. Wells.

For Announcement Relative to  
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# Listening In

## A Broadcast of Significant Sayings

**A** DEMOCRAT in the days of Jackson was a crusader. A Republican in the days of Lincoln was an apostle. Give the public heroes and heroic issues, and those heroic days will return.

When a party struggles to hold together by the aid of party patronage, by denouncing its opponents, and by appealing to party achievements, it becomes bankrupt in morals and courage, and dies of cowardice.

Our public men to-day lack faith, not only in the public, but in themselves. — *William E. Borah, Senator from Idaho.*

**F**ORD has saved America from a social crisis. To keep a man contented you must keep him amused and busy; and when alcohol was taken from a nation, the flivver was needed to replace it. The cheap automobile is more than enough to amuse and busy a man and his whole family.—*Samuel M. Vauclain, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works.*

**M**AN still dies young, and this explains his fear of death and his pathetic desire to believe in a future life. The victim of Herodian slaughter, he feels life is incomplete. If only he had explored old age to the full, his lust for life would be replaced by contentment in death. . . .

Man's future on this earth is the real, only and gloriously sufficient fulfillment of his hopes. The great things which we once dreamt of in another world we must now strive to attain here, and after draining all the draughts of bitter and sweet that Nature has brewed for us, we shall sink back satisfied into the arms of the all-

mother whence we sprang.—*G. Stanley Hall, famous psychologist, in his last work written shortly before he died in April.*

**S**TATESMANSHIP is housekeeping,—the only difference is the size of the family. Any president or governor can, if he wishes, have access to all the relevant facts. If he honestly examines the facts, he need never be in doubt as to the right course to pursue. The real question

is never what is the right course. You can always find that. The question is whether you have the courage to take that course.—*"AP" Smith, Governor of New York and candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination.*

**D**EMOCRACY, as it is practised, is ruinous nonsense. All the republics are whitened sepulchers. . . . The people know by experience that the men who get round them most easily under the present indiscriminate system of elections are either humbugs or blackguards. If our representative assemblies were formed, like juries, haphazard from the rate-book, you would get a few first-rate men in the mere chapter of accidents. Popular election absolutely excludes such men, because the impulse of the ordinary citizen when he meets a superior man is to tar and feather him, not to vote for him. Votes to Everybody and Votes for Anybody is making civilization a rush of Gadarene swine down a steep place into the sea.—*George Bernard Shaw, dramatist, critic and philosopher.*

**A** GENERATION of children is growing up to-day who are utterly incapable of carrying a tune, and this musical retrogression is due to our women. In how many homes

will you find nursery songs hummed and crooned? Only old-fashioned mothers are still brave enough to give their little ones this vitally important, ground-floor instruction in music. Instead, social and business affairs rob the home of repose, the twilight hour of quiet. Foreign countries have folklore and folk-song because repose still exists in the home. Until our mothers look to this side of life, America will not have a musical tradition.—*David Mannes, conductor of the Metropolitan concerts.*

**A** SORRY thing it is that we are to-day the law-breaking nation *par excellence*. . . . We used to point with scorn and laughter to the Prussian bureaucracy



and its *Verboten* signs. Our bureaucracy is quite as bad as that of Prussia ever was, and now we have a dozen *Verboten* signs to every one in Prussia. America is losing sight of its fundamental principles, and is trying the world-old experiment of tyranny and despotism by interference with personal life and private conduct.—*Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, influential opponent of Prohibition.*

THE only test of progress or retrogression is the growth or decay of the average man. He is no wiser if he can talk by the radio a thousand miles instead of a hundred feet unless he has something to say by the radio or the telephone which is better worth saying. Science has given us sound amplifiers, but unfortunately they cannot amplify thought. Better a Hamlet printed on a hand press than some banalities of to-day upon a rotary.—*James M. Beck, Solicitor-General of the United States.*

JUST because a law is a law is no proof that it is right. Eliza crossing the ice was a lawbreaker, and in England debtors used to be drawn and quartered under the provisions of English law. Pontius Pilate was upholding Roman law. I am not advocating lawbreaking, but what we most need to-day are laws so just and necessary that the will of the majority is to obey them.—*Hudson Maxim, inventor.*

THE elaborate ritual, nomenclature and regalia of the Ku Klux Klan are an eruption of the desire which is in every man for something romantic, adventurous and unconventional. The austere Puritan is bursting in spite of himself the bonds of his austerity to indulge in a pageantry similar to that which receives untrammelled expression in the Catholic Church.

The Ku Kluxer, whose very garb sug-

gests the Gothic ancestry of the Puritan, is the spiritual heir of his lineal ancestor, expressing in the twentieth century and in our enlightened country the enmity once vented by the Gothic barbarian against Greek civilization and Roman Catholicism. . . . The hatred of the Oriental, the Latin, the Latinized Celt and the African is an affair of the blood and nerves.—*Don Marquis, columnist, satirist and philosopher.*

IF a man takes care of himself and has a good home, it is a sign that he is reasonably dependable. If he owns his own house, displays his name over a business place, or is known by his neighbors as a capable farmer or mechanic, this should be evidence in his favor acceptable in any court in the world.

Abuse of the well-to-do is as vicious as abuse of a sober man, an industrious man, or a virtuous woman. Such talk belongs in the cesspool of conversation where goes everything lacking in fairness, dignity, truth and decency.—*E. W. Howe, editor and lay philosopher.*

EVERY race instinctively regards itself as superior to all others, and at the present moment we are being asked to believe that a race called "Nordic" has a corner on culture and civilization. But in truth there is no one superior race. Cultural advance is an inexplicable phenomenon; it is an accidental and fortunate combination of the right mind, the propitious time and the proper place.

Cultural expansion, the shattering of old walls, and the enlargement of life is always the result of a flash of genius in the powder pan of economic and political conditions. If the leader is missing or the time unpropitious, the masses stagnate, whether they be white, black, red, or yellow.—*Johan J. Smerlenko, professor and publicist.*

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI was a lover of God and he was really and truly a lover of man. A lover of men is nearly the opposite of a philanthropist. A philanthropist may be said to love anthropoids. And as St. Francis did not love humanity but men, so he did not love Christianity but Christ.—*G. K. Chesterton, brilliant but erratic philosopher, who has celebrated his conversion to Roman Catholicism by writing a paradoxical tribute to the rebellious, erratic saint, Francis of Assisi.*

WE are leaning too much on the government. If our forefathers did not make enough money, they worked harder, and did not run to the government for a bonus. The American stock is changing.—*Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania.*

## Harlan Fiske Stone

*Who Has Shouldered His Studious Way Into the Cabinet*

**A** STALWART man, with shoulders such as the Hellenes in the days of Praxiteles molded to typify strength in the sculpture of the period, strode down the steps of the White House one morning not long ago. A passing Washingtonian paused and observed that the man had the shoulders of a boilermaker. Another compared them to those of a lumberjack. A third thought the trade of a longshoreman would produce just about that type of physical development. The man was neither boilermaker, lumberjack nor longshoreman. He never had followed any of those trades. He was a scholar, steeped in legal lore, who that morning had accepted the portfolio of Attorney-General in the Coolidge Cabinet.

Harlan Fiske Stone, as he signs his name, has need of a sturdy pair of shoulders in the work he has undertaken. An idea of its importance is conveyed in the remark of a Justice of the Supreme Court that the difference between a capable and upright Attorney-General and one lacking in the right kind of sinew—mental, moral and physical—could be measured to the United States in the sum of \$1,000,000,000. There are still left over a great many settlements of contracts with the Government which call for a man in the Department of Justice who not only is a good lawyer and of probity above suspicion, but who has an uncommon capacity to shoulder his way through tangled business transactions.

Paradoxically enough, comments a biographer, in the *Kansas City Star*, the new Attorney-General has spent all of his career indoors, in occupations where shoulders are of no more account than are sledgehammers. His success has come through bending over books, not forges. Most successful men can halt at a peak such as Harlan Fiske Stone has reached and look back over picturesque milestones in their lives. This is not true of him. He looks back at a straight and steady road up which he has plodded with the dogged determination of the hard worker.

There is no occasion on which he ran away with the circus to add color to his youth. There is no college struggle in which he waited on table. There is no early career in which he started at the bottom. There is no great day in which his family struck oil on the old farm. Perhaps the latter fact is just as well in the light of present events.

From a small New Hampshire town to the Cabinet at a time when a Cabinet appointment is only for a man who can stand scrupulous scrutiny, the Stone path has led straight forward without any turns, without many hills,



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THE NEW U. S. ATTORNEY GENERAL IS NEVER HAPPIER THAN WHEN FISHING

Harlan Fiske Stone, in fact as in appearance, is the sturdiest as well as most recent arrival at the Cabinet table presided over by Calvin Coolidge.



with just a steady grade. Along it are strewn mostly books.

This successor to Harry M. Daugherty was born in Chesterfield, N. H., October 11, 1872. There are not many boyhood companions who remember his early days, because in those days Chesterfield was not large enough to accommodate many boys.

At 18 he was sent to Amherst, where, one class behind him, there was another book-loving youth who didn't go in much for sport and who now sits at the head of the Cabinet table where an adjoining and somewhat larger chair is filled by Stone. Delving into Amherst student-body history, the *Star's* Washington correspondent finds that the only criticism his college mates had to offer of Stone was that he was too studious. To see a fellow with such shoulders sitting and reading all day long didn't seem quite right. So he was coaxed out on the Amherst gridiron, where he soon made the team and played first center and then guard during his football career. He wasn't a star, it is said, because he still liked his books too well, but he was always in the game up to his neck. Every one who knows him bears witness that Harlan Fiske Stone never has dodged a fight. He doesn't look for trouble, it is recorded, but when trouble-makers come his way he takes them.

Once out of Amherst and his mind made up to be a lawyer, Stone entered the Columbia law school with his Phi Beta Kappa key, a badge of the excellent scholastic work he had done at the New England college, dangling from his watch-chain. His four years in law school were marked with nothing more than study, but his record as a student was such that, on graduating in 1898, he had no struggle in immediately finding a place in the New York law offices of Wilmer and Canfield. Within three years he was a partner in the firm, reorganized under the name of Satterlee, Canfield and Stone, with Herbert L. Satterlee, son-in-law of the late J. P. Morgan, as senior member. Before this, however, in fact, as soon as he had been graduated and had become a practicing

lawyer, he had hurried back to Chesterfield to get the girl he had left behind when he had started off for a life among books. He married Miss Agnes Harvey in 1899.

Stone's record at Columbia had made an impression at the university and a year after his graduation he was asked to lecture in the law school he had just left. In this way he began a pedagogical career that ended only a few months before his appointment to the Cabinet. He remained as a lecturer at Columbia until 1903, when his thorough-going work was recognized and he became an adjunct professor. Two years later he was made a full professor. In 1910 he was made Kent professor of law and dean of the law school. His record as head of the school has been in keeping with his entire career. There was no brilliant flare in his work, but a steadiness that weighed heavily. Dean Stone assumed charge of the law school at a time when its standing was comparatively low. With a firm insistence on high scholarship standards he began the work of building the standing up. When he left the school had become one of the leading institutions of its kind in the country.

It is characteristic of the man and his methods that there was not one act by itself to which one could point in acclaiming his work as dean. His annual reports are described as notable contributions to the discussion of legal problems, but never did they border on the sensational. Always they were sane contributions to legal literature.

Throughout his years of educational work Dean Stone maintained his connection with the firm of Satterlee, Canfield and Stone. This fact is a tribute to his capacity for work. To have taught law, administered the affairs of a great law school and maintained a private practice thirteen years as he did is full testimony of the ability of his great shoulders to carry a heavy load.

Several months ago he decided to abandon his pedagogical work to devote all of his time to practice, and joined the firm of Sullivan and Cromwell as

litigation expert, at the same time withdrawing from his 22-year association with Satterlee and Canfield. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia, was so hesitant in accepting Dean Stone's resignation from the law school that he asked that he remain as technical head of the school until the end of the present term, in the hope that he might change his mind and return to the university.

Attorney-General Stone is neither conservative nor radical. When certain Senators, at the time of his appointment, began to look into his corporation connections—he is a director in many and attorney for others—they found that these connections were sound, if conservative. They found, too, that there were such liberal high-lights as

Stone's attack upon Attorney-General Palmer for the latter's "red raids" and wholesale arrests without warrants in the Wilson administration.

As for his private life, the new head of the Department of Justice is said to share the quiet tastes of President Coolidge. Golf and motoring are not for him. He still likes to fish, and the week-end after his appointment he spent with hook and line as shown in the accompanying picture. Of two grown sons of the Attorney-General and Mrs. Stone, one is Marshall, who finished a four-year course at Harvard in three years and then became an instructor in mathematics there. The other is Lawson, now a student at Harvard, who will study in Paris this summer.

## Patrick Edward Crowley

### *His Rise From Messenger Boy to the N. Y. C. Presidency*

**P**ATRICK EDWARD CROWLEY at 59 is president of the New York Central Lines, succeeding the late A. H. Smith. He began railroading forty-six years ago as a messenger boy at \$5 a month. He signs his orders—though they are said to be suggestions rather than orders—"P. E. C.," and twenty years ago New York Central men the length and breadth of the system made out of the letters the friendly nickname "Pull Eighty Cars" Crowley.

The origin of this sobriquet is a part of the life story of this new head of the Vanderbilt Lines. On a railroad, we are told, the bestowal of a nickname upon an official is a badge of distinction—a sign that he "belongs"—and Crowley's came to him, says John K. Mumford, in the New York *Herald-Tribune*, when he was assistant general superintendent in Syracuse, in 1905. There had been a collision on the Pennsylvania Division. It was a good deal of a mess, and the blame, it was perfectly clear, was attributable to two engineers. They were promptly discharged. Crowley put

them back. A shiver ran through the main offices and he was asked for an explanation. It came, and it was metaphoric. These men, he said, had through years of faithful and faultless service laid up a long credit balance of good conduct. He was going to let them draw on it now, and having audited the account he found they still had enough left to entitle them to have their jobs back.

Those higher up in the Grand Central offices couldn't see it. The men would have to go. Crowley, without a flurry, put his twenty-five years of service, his fortunes as a railroad man and his hopes of the future, down on a single card. He told the management that if the engineers went he would be compelled to go with them. He is still working for the road.

When he was assistant general manager in Albany an engineer on the River Division failed to answer the call to take his train out. The trainmaster laid him off. Crowley sent for the engineer and asked him what was the

matter. "My baby was taken with the croup," he said, "and we didn't know whether she was going to live or die. I couldn't come."

Crowley sent for the trainmaster. "Jim," he said, "did you ever have a baby sick with the croup?"

"No," the man answered. "I don't know much about babies."

"Well, if you had, there'd be a few minutes when you wouldn't care whether the railroad ran or not."

After he came to New York and was raised to the vice-presidency a conductor wrote him a letter, asking to be allowed to see him on a matter pertaining to the service. Crowley sent for him.

"Why did you think you had to write me a letter to get permission to talk about company business?"

"Well, I supposed that was the way it had to be done. The division superintendent makes you write him a letter when you want to see him, and the last time I did it I had to wait three weeks for an answer."

It is said of "P. E. C." that he never loses his temper. Inside information is to the effect that this time he did. He called a stenographer and dictated a general order. You can talk to "the boss" anywhere on the New York Central system now without going up any Scala Sancta on your hands and knees.

As for the nickname itself we read that some twenty years ago the New York Central launched a fleet of new engines with a view to increasing trainloads by increased motive power. Until then trainloads had run thirty to thirty-five cars. Crowley as superintendent was called upon to effect the expected boost. It is said he smiled and nodded, "All right." A near-miracle began to take place on the toilsome grades of the division. Farmers, drawn up at crossings until "the freight" passed, began to puzzle how much longer it took. People in hamlets, watching the train go by, began to reflect on the discovery of how much longer the freight trains were getting to be. Telegraphers grumbled. It was getting to be a dog's life trying



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THE NEW HEAD OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL KNOWS THOUSANDS OF HIS SUBORDINATES BY THEIR FIRST NAMES. P. E. Crowley is shown on an inspection tour talking with John Healey, a veteran switch-tender, who goes on eating his lunch.

to "clear" "blamed procession" to the waiting dispatcher. Crowley's "hogs," engines in the parlance of the rails, instead of pulling thirty-some cars were pulling eighty.

"Who's 'P. E. C.'?" asked a new brakeman, seeing an order initialed by the superintendent. "Who is he?" his conductor is quoted as saying. "That's 'Pull Eighty Cars' Crowley! And, son, you'd better get out on top before the next town. You never can tell when Crowley's dropped off to chin with some section boss about roadbed." Such was one genesis of the pet name.

The parallel between the careers of the late A. H. Smith and his successor is almost uncanny. They started work almost on the same day, in the self-same job, but on different railroads. They rose by almost identical jumps. When Smith as president was running the New York Central, Crowley—also a "practical" man—was one step behind him.

Crowley's progress to the big job he has fallen heir to has been in one sense a matter of mileage. He progressed from station to station and post to post until, at 37, he became superintendent of the Pennsylvania Division. It was known to be sick. Crowley doctored it up so fast that A. H. Smith, who, a little while before, had been made general superintendent, dropped around one day to see who did it. He found a man so different from himself that he wondered how it could have happened; a man who got things done without raising his voice,

who had come through the sulphurous zone of dispatching and trainmastering without a single "damn" that anybody could remember. The marriage sharps say that opposites make the most successful mates. Smith had his eye on the Grand Central Terminal. He had found in Crowley the man he wanted at his elbow, and Crowley was ready to step into his shoes when, having been president of the New York Central since 1914, Mr. Smith was thrown from his horse while riding in Central Park, New York, and was fatally injured.

## King Hussein of the Hedjaz

*He is Hailed as Caliph in the Holy Cities of Islam*

**A**RABIA—what about Arabia? What matters this Emir Hussein of the Hedjaz, wherever that may be, who is no Europeanized Mustapha Kemal sneering at the harem, tearing the yashmak from a woman's face and only wearing the fez as a concession to custom. Hussein is an Arab of Arabs, born within the tribe of Koreish, orthodox to his fingertips, zealous for the faith, whose ancestors were claiming the Caliphate in the year 1000—he is a true son of that meditative race which gave the world Abraham, and through Abraham both Judaism, Islam and Christianity itself. If Hussein becomes Caliph it means that the Moslem world has gathered again around the cradle of faith.

Hussein has been in no hurry. As long as there was a shadow of a Caliph surviving in Constantinople he resisted the title. But when even that shadow was expelled, the Mufti, or holy men of Mecca, proclaimed him Caliph, and at Amman he has been so proclaimed. Of his sons, one is King Feisul of Irak or Mesopotamia. And a second is the Emir Abdullah of Trans-Jordania, adjoining Palestine. And it follows, therefore, that already the new Caliph can command the support of Arabia, in the largest sense of that term. Pal-

estine also will probably do obeisance. At any rate, the Mufti of Gaza has sent a loyal telegram. And if the Wahabis and other tribes hold off it is because they are Yamenites and not orthodox.

King Hussein is thus fairly installed as the spiritual head of Islam. At the moment nobody else can challenge him in the possession of that title. And every pilgrim who reaches Mecca will be expected to show reverence for Hussein and will depart, probably, with a burning enthusiasm for the Caliph. These pilgrims will return to India, to China, to Africa, as emissaries of a pan-Islamic revival, unstained by massacres of Armenians and unencumbered by the diplomacy which surrounded the Sultan of Turkey. That new unity of Islam may be a formidable matter to deal with.

Not that so great a prize is yet within King Hussein's grasp. His claim has yet to be accepted by Indian Moslems who may be disinclined to regard the decision of a few mufti at Mecca as final. For, of course, it cannot be pretended that these mufti possess the authority in Islam, still less the dignity, of a College of Cardinals. They are not princes of religion, but only somewhat impoverished professors. Hence, India



may demand a general council of the Islamic faith, which council may or may not endorse the elevation of Hussein. And there arises the question whether the office of Caliph, once conferred, is again to be hereditary. Apparently the answer is yes. Islam is profoundly, unalterably tribal. Sins and virtues descend unto the children to the third and fourth generation.

Hence, we must expect that, at any conference of Moslems, Hussein will be faced by competition. There is King Fuad of Egypt. There is the Sultan of Morocco. There is the Emir of Afghanistan. And there is *not* Mustapha Kemal Pasha of Turkey who declines to be a candidate. These men are all "independent" sovereigns in name, but not in fact. Fuad means Britain. Morocco means France. And Afghanistan means either Britain or Russia. Just as the Roman Catholic Church insists that the Pope is not subject to Italian jurisdiction, so has Islam to face the problem of obtaining a Caliph who shall be truly international in his status. Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald says that the matter is one for Moslems themselves and that Britain is completely disinterested. That is an attitude of admirable detachment. But it does not alter the fact that Britain is giving £400,000 a year as a subsidy to Hussein who finds the money useful in his administration of the Hedjaz.

In fact, that administration is one of the problems to be solved. Religious leaders are seldom successful in managing the cities where they reign. Cathedral towns in England are notoriously non-progressive. And this was



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#### KING OF THE HEJAZ IS PROCLAIMED CALIPH BY THE ARABS

El Hussein Ibn Ali, whose foes call him "the Creature of the English," promises to democratize the Caliphate if confirmed in succession to Abdul Medjid.

the suggestion against the old Papal States. Mecca is an uncomfortable resort. It lacks conveniences. If it is to draw unto itself the civilized devotees of the faith in India and Turkey, it must become sanitary and modern in its hospitality. It must start hotels. And it must permit headgear. The fanaticism must be modified. The streets must be cleaned. The English Lord Headley, when he was entertained at Mecca by King Hussein, had to protest that to stand bareheaded in such a heat would invite sunstroke. An Islam that seeks to convert the West must thus make allowances for physical varieties of skull.



## Queen Marie of Roumania

*Whose Ambition Is to Make Her Daughter Princess of Wales*



© Underwood

### "THE GODMOTHER OF THE BALKANS"

So Queen Marie of Roumania is called. She is maneuvering to extend her sphere of influence over the British Empire by marrying her daughter, Ileana, to the Prince of Wales.

**I**N Europe the question is whether Queen Marie of Roumania will "put it over." With the Czar murdered, and the Kaiser disgraced, and the Sultan exiled, and Greece a Republic, here is a woman, stately, experienced and persistent, who still believes in the divine right to govern. To restore the hereditary principle, anywhere, everywhere and for all time, is her mission in life. And her Hohenzollern husband,

King Ferdinand, acquiesces. He is what heralds call the Royal Cipher.

At first sight, Queen Marie seems to be set on a forlorn hope. Roumania has gained territory by the war, but even to-day has only 17,000,000 inhabitants. She has no outlet save into the enclosed Black Sea. And she is over-shadowed by a Russia which has two reasons for hostility—first, the fact that Roumania holds and Russia claims the province of Bessarabia; and secondly, that Russia is a Commune while Roumania is a Crown. The odds are thus heavily against Queen Marie.

It is with her three lovely daughters that she defies the fates. On the chessboard of Europe, even princesses start as pawns but, moved by so accomplished a player as their mother has proved herself to be, two of the pawns are already queens, while the third is on the sixth, some think the seventh square. It is a

great achievement and it may be greater still in days to come.

First, there was the Princess Elizabeth. She was married to King George II. of Greece. And by a coincidence, the Crown Prince Charles of Roumania married King George's sister, the Princess Helen. A brother and a sister were thus linked with a sister and a brother. And two countries were tied by double love-knots. Then the Princess Marie

was bestowed upon King Alexander of Jugo-Slavia—a second of the Roumanian queens. It meant that Greece, Roumania and Jugo-Slavia were confederated, and Queen Marie began to be called “the godmother of the Balkans.”

She next hinted that it would be a nice thing if Poland—now a Republic—were to accept her husband as king. This would mean another dual monarchy in Europe and the addition of a fourth country to Queen Marie's entourage. Poland has not yet agreed to the suggestion, but, undeterred by disappointment, Queen Marie turned her attention to Bulgaria, where the throne was occupied by King Boris. Suddenly the Prime Minister of Bulgaria, Stambulisky, was seized and assassinated and King Boris became the king in fact not name which Queen Marie admires.

Unfortunately, one of the crowns tumbled off the head that uneasily bore it. There was a revolution in Greece and King George II. with his Queen Elizabeth was requested politely to quit. For the moment, that, as it were, makes one less throne for Queen Marie, but she is not yet downhearted. For thousands of years Greece has been fickle. The pendulum that swings to the Left will swing back to the Right. And the Republicans who have shot the Royalists will find that Royalists, in their turn, can shoot Republicans.

Queen Marie, however, has still one daughter left—a young daughter, it is true, only fifteen years old—but fairer, if that be possible, than her sisters—the one and only Princess Ileana. If Queen Marie is to have her say, the Princess Ileana is to become the Princess of Wales, and ultimately Queen of England and Empress of India. Then we will see—so she argues—whether the Venizelists will be strong enough to drive a daughter of Roumania from her palace at Athens.

The opinion of the Prince of Wales on the subject is, at the moment, that Ileana is “a jolly little kid.” But, of course, the British Parliament and the aforesaid British Dominions have yet to be consulted. Their view, as ex-

pressed in plain terms, is that they do not want the Prince of Wales to be involved by marriage in the dynasties and territorial intrigues of Europe. They suspect Queen Marie as the mother-in-law of the British Empire and would rather see the Prince select an all-British bride.

Also there is France. What she wants is a firm front against Germany on the east. This is the reason of her alliances with Poland and Czecho-Slovakia. And she has assumed that, as the third member of the Triple Entente, Roumania would sign a similar compact. This Roumania has not done, and France is, of course, irritated. It is all the fault of the perfidious Albion. And when Queen Marie arrives in London with her husband and, still more important, her daughter, Ileana, she finds awaiting her an invitation to dine at the French Embassy on one of the very days when she is engaged to dine officially with King George. Such a diplomatic contretemps must have been calculated. France is too courteous to do such a thing by accident. And, of course, her ambassador's invitation was refused.

Roumania thus hopes to win from England a marriage and money. If Queen Marie has her way, a deep wedge will have been driven into the French alliances in eastern Europe. To this wedge Britain, in her present mood, is unlikely to object. But is she prepared to pay the price? The Prince is thirty and Protestant. The Princess is fifteen and Catholic. In two years, doubtless, she can change both her age and her faith. Yet one still has doubts whether the course of true love will run smooth. As a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, Ileana's mother is determined. But as a great-great-grandson of King George III., the Prince of Wales can be astonishingly obstinate. A bachelor, he has been much enjoying the gaieties of Paris, and there is no indication whatever that he is pining either for the Princess Ileana or for any other fiancée. The Queen of Roumania, as matchmaker, may have met her match.

# How the Future May See Us

*Mr. Wells Scourges the Age in His New Novel*

SOMETHING of every mood of H. G. Wells has gone into his latest novel, "The Dream" (Macmillan). We may find here the gift which his truest admirers have always enjoyed of depicting rich and humorous "characters." We may find a touch of science and a touch of sociology. We may find, above all, the full expression of the idealist instinct which has made him so vivid a rebel against our present world and so ardent a prophet of the world that he hopes for.

The new story stems directly from its predecessor, "Men Like Gods," and may well be viewed as a retort to critics of that book. "You do not like my ideal world," Mr. Wells seems to say; "very well, here is the world you inhabit with such shocking complacency."

Reincarnation is taken for granted as a basis for the tale, and the dream which is dreamed and related in the fortieth century A. D. by one Sarnac, a scientist, is a reconstruction of the life that he is supposed to have lived in our own time. As Sarnac tells his story in a corner of what once was Italy, his sweetheart, Sunray, and two other pairs of millennial folk are held enthralled and ask: "Was it possible that people were really so grotesque as that? Did people really believe such nonsense?" These sons and daughters of the gods walk the Alpine country unclad; rest in lovely guest-houses; and fare delicately on sweet corn and chestnuts and golden wine.

The main part of the dream is concerned with Harry Mortimer Smith as he grows from boyhood to manhood. His father is a green-grocer, and his problems are the problems of every boy who grows up in a household cramped by the lack of money. He is shown first in the sordid township misnamed "Cherry Gardens," but he soon passes to London and is engulfed in the mighty city.

Mr. Wells uses this boy's life and its background as a point of vantage from which to attack existing dogmas and customs. We get religion and education from a child's angle; and the effort of the author is ever to express the muddle-mindedness and want of honesty which tend to poison our most important institutions at their very source.

"Those were days," said Sarnac, 'of the profoundest ignorance about the body. The ancient Greeks and the Arabs had done a little anatomy during their brief phases of intellectual activity, but the rest of the world had only been studying physiology in a scientific way for about three hundred years. People in general still knew practically nothing of vital processes. They even bore children by accident. And living the queer lives they did, with abnormal and ill-prepared food in a world of unchecked infections, they found the very tissues of the body going wrong and breaking out into the queerest growths. Parts of these bodies would cease to do anything but change into a sort of fungoid proliferation—"

"Their bodies were like their communities!" said Radiant.

"The same sort of thing. They had tumors and cancers and such-like things in their bodies and Cherry-Garden urban districts on their countrysides."

There is much of the same kind of talk regarding sex and marriage, and a general feeling that the world had gone mentally astray, like a lost dog with no sense of direction. Even Oxford and Cambridge graduates are presented as "pseudo-educated" men who "couldn't teach, couldn't write, couldn't explain"; and when Harry passes the houses of Parliament in London he thinks of "a formal king, an ignoble nobility and a fraudulently elected gathering of lawyers, financiers and adventurers."

After Harry has had his love-affairs, has played his part in the Great War,

and has been waylaid and shot by a jealous seducer of his first wife, one of the listening Utopians makes this comment:

"It is not the barbarism I think of, not the wars and diseases, the shortened crippled lives, the ugly towns, the narrow countryside, but worse than that the sorrow of the heart, the universal unkindness, the universal failure to understand or care for the thwarted desires and needs of others. As I think of Sarnac's story I cannot think of any one creature in it who was happy—as we are happy. It is all a story of love crossed, imaginations like flies that have fallen into gum, things withheld and things forbidden. And all for nothing. All for pride and spite. Not all that world had a giver who gave with both hands. . . . A lifetime, a whole young man's lifetime, a quarter of a century, and this poor Harry Smith never once met a happy soul and came only once within sight of happiness! And he was just one of scores and hundreds of millions! They went heavily and clumsily and painfully, oppressing and obstructing each other, all the way from the cradle to the grave."

The picture that Mr. Wells would set against this is one in which disorder has somehow given place to order; in which the essential facts of life are viewed with open eyes; in which the principle of social unity is recognized. The closing scene of the story, as Sarnac winds up his tale and looks out to greet the rising sun, has a magic all its own.

"'It was a life,' said Sarnac, 'and it was a dream, a dream within this life; and this life, too, is a dream. Dreams



THE GREATEST DREAMER OF OUR GENERATION  
H. G. Wells in his fifty-second book indicts existing civilization from the point of view of a time, two thousands years hence, when men have become "like gods."

within dreams, dreams containing dreams, until we come at last, maybe, to the Dreamer of all dreams, the Being who is all beings. Nothing is too wonderful for life and nothing is too beautiful."

"He got up and thrust back the curtain of the guest-house room. 'All night we have been talking and living in the dark Ages of Confusion and now the sunrise is close at hand.'

"He went out upon the portico of the guest-house and stood still, surveying the great mountains that rose out of cloud and haze, dark blue and mysterious in their recesses and soaring up at last into the flush of dawn.

"He stood quite still, and all the world seemed still, except that, far away and far below, a mist of sounds beneath the mountain mists, a confusion of birds was singing."



# Why Napoleon Still Appeals To Us

## Analyzing the Growth of a Legend

"AS a national idol of France, Joan is rising, Napoleon is falling." So Prof. William Lyon Phelps declares, in a page of *Scribner's Magazine* inspired by Albert Leon Guérard's new book, "Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend" (Scribner's). This statement may be true, but would find only meager support in the many books and articles concerning Napoleon which have lately been published. If H. G. Wells, in his "Outline of History," has attacked Napoleon, Hendrik Willem van Loon, in his "Story of Mankind," has reversed the verdict. It must even be said that the new "Reflections," in spite of its devastating onslaught on certain aspects of the Napoleonic legend, has somehow managed to enhance the magic of Napoleon's name.

Dr. Guérard, who is now teaching in the University of California, South, and has written a previous book on "French Civilization in the Nineteenth Century," may be said to know whereof he speaks when he tells us that history is made up of legends more real than facts, and of facts stranger than fiction. "Every historical character," he remarks, "is a chimera. The lion's body, the eagle's wings, the woman's face are facts given by nature. Their blending is the work of human hopes and fears. Such a chimera is Napoleon, a myth, a lie and a fact. The wonder is that the chimera was born, not in the haze of remote ages, but in the sober nineteenth century, under the critical eyes of our solid grandfathers."

Proceeding in three closely reasoned chapters constituting "The Facts of the Case," with secondary titles hinting at a running parallel with George Washington, Dr. Guérard examines the military skill, the political accomplishment and the national reputation of Napoleon, finding in each the actual facts so overlaid with accretions of legend as to be almost unrecognizable. He

then goes on to trace the causes of Napoleon's popularity in America.

At first thought, nothing could seem more alien to America than Napoleonism. "When Roosevelt came back from the jungles of Africa, like Napoleon from Elba," Dr. Guérard says, "he promptly found his own Waterloo at the hands of his own countrymen; and the very faint Napoleonic features that could be discerned in a military aspirant to the Presidency were sufficient to secure his defeat in the convention of his own party." Not only has America failed to evolve a Napoleon of her own, but she has shown no great eagerness to have one for a neighbor. "When Napoleon III. installed Maximilian on the crazy throne of Mexico, the United States decided that Emperors, like all forms of unsanitary picturesqueness, properly belonged to the other side of the water."

If we like Napoleon, Dr. Guérard continues, it must be because he is the greatest of all *parvenus*, as America is the *parvenu* among nations.

"Let not this be taken as a jibe. *Parvenir* means to succeed, and success is frequently the reward of foresight and energy. But it must be confessed that Napoleon and America have in common some of the traits of the *parvenu*, in the usual and less complimentary sense of the term. A tendency to appraise success in material terms, for one thing. The record of France's 'greatness' under the Empire reads like the report of a Boosters' Club. A deep-rooted hostility to intellectual freedom: the 'Radicals' harried by Mr. Mitchell Palmer and the 'Ideologists' that Napoleon wanted to drown like vermin have a great deal in common. A certain fondness for self-assertion: for brand-new greatness cannot take itself for granted. A paradoxical but very human desire of hobnobbing with those aristocrats whom they affect to despise: Napoleon was as eager as any comic supplement matron to have Dukes among his acquaintances."



Then we like Napoleon because he was efficient. He made people work, but was himself a harder worker. He "sold" the Napoleonic idea; he told Europe: "Efficiency service is our motto. You will finally need and obey me." "Ponderevo [in H. G. Wells' novel]," Dr. Guérard exclaims, "was not wrong in claiming kinship with him, and a modern life of Napoleon ought to include at least one chapter written by Mr. Sinclair Lewis."

Napoleon and our captains of industry had another trait in common, peculiarly American. "He was, and they are, great gamblers, never satisfied with slow and safe prosperity. Whatever peak of success they have reached, they already scorn it and look beyond." Dr. Guérard says that after the Treaty of Amiens, when France knew for the first time in ten years the blessings of universal peace, Napoleon might have devoted his matchless ability to the delicate task of reassuring Europe, and particularly England; of reconciling the old and the new, beyond the frontiers of France, as well as within. This modest program, however, did not appeal to him. He must needs control the entire continent. The French Empire must stretch from Portugal to Poland. Dr. Guérard proceeds:

"Napoleon is the prototype of our trust-builders. He attempted a gigantic 'corner' in thrones and crowns, with an interlocking directorate of Bonapartes. It was not sufficient for him to dominate western Europe, he had to try issues with Russia: another grand throw of the dice. Had he conquered, he was ready to seize Constantinople, and hurl the whole of Europe against Asia. He would have made himself Emperor of India, Emperor of China, Emperor of the World. And then, like Alexander and Mr. H. G. Wells, he would have sighed for more worlds to conquer.

"For this arch-realist, this paragon of efficient executives, had his grain of mystic folly. His ambition was truly romantic, and, much as we have heard of late about 'safe and sane' policies and the blessings of 'normalcy,' we reserve our passionate admiration for those who dream dreams and stake their all on a vision.



From H. A. L. Fisher's "Napoleon"

#### NAPOLEON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-EIGHT

He is real, his latest interpreter, Albert Guérard, declares, in the sense in which Faust and Don Juan were real. "He attempted to quench his boundless desire with power, as Faust with learning and Don Juan with love."

Without that spirit of adventure mankind would not even have started chipping flint implements. Napoleon's dream failed; it failed cruelly. All sensible men knew, with Talleyrand, that it was bound to fail, and it was not even a beautiful dream. But we have such a craving for dreams that we are not very critical about their quality, just like those unfortunates who seek exhilaration in the nastiest forms of prohibition whisky. The Napoleonic dream was a coarse but clear symbol of two things which are eternally beautiful: infinite longing and the all-conquering energy of man. In this respect he stands with the other Romantic myths, Faust and Don Juan. He attempted to quench his boundless desire with power, as Faust with learning and Don Juan with love. The attempted realization, in all three cases, may be pitifully mean, but the dream gives wing to our own imaginations, numb with the cloying dailiness of life."

# The Greatest Living French Writer

## *Birthday Tributes to Anatole France*

"**Y**OU write for the whole world, and the world salutes you."

So H. G. Wells addressed Anatole France on the occasion of his eightieth birthday a few weeks ago. This tribute was prominently featured in French papers together with messages in similar spirit from Ramsay MacDonald, Prime Minister of England; from the French Minister of Education, from Maurice Maeterlinck, George Brandes, Blasco Ibañez, Knut Hamsun, Maximilian Harden and other famous authors. The occasion coincided with the publication in England of a new life of France by his English translator, J. Lewis May, and with the publication in America of a thirty-volume edition of his works by Gabriel Wells.

In an article in a new French review, *Demain*, M. France's secretary, Jean-Jacques Brousson, divulges some of his master's secrets of writing. We get a portrait of one in whom literary scruples have become almost a mania, and who would "pardon anything in favor of the epithet." He is quoted as saying, "I have no imagination, but plenty of patience. My most precious tools are scissors and paste. . . . I have rarely felt the breath of inspiration. My pen is far from lyrical. It never runs away with me. It goes along at a steady jog-trot. I have never felt the intoxication of work. I write with difficulty."

Be that as it may—and who can accept such a literary confession quite literally?—it remains to be said that Anatole France is a master of imaginative prose. The creator of "Thaïs," "Sylvestre Bonnard," "The Gods Athirst" and "Penguin Island" is obviously inspired. His purely artistic qualities, the London *Times* points out, make him one of the greatest stylists in the whole of European literature. He has coined no original philosophy, and yet, as the *Times* goes on

to say, there is nobody in the front rank of living writers who is at once more illustrative and more significant of the essential factors that make up modern thought.

The positive side of his creed is supplied by his sense of beauty. "The only unpardonable crimes," he once wrote, "are the crimes against beauty." In another place he has said: "For my part, if I were called upon to choose between beauty and truth, I should not hesitate. I should hold to beauty, being confident that it holds within it a truth higher and deeper than truth itself. I will go so far as to say that there is nothing true in the world save beauty."

The same thought was expressed by John Keats:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty"—that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

It has been the main part of the creed of every real poet. "I love truth," M. France is further quoted as saying; "I believe that man has need of it; but assuredly he has still greater need of the illusions that encourage and console, that set no limit to his hopes and aspirations. Rob him of his illusions, and man would perish of very weariness and despair."

This conception of life is rooted in a philosophy which may well be described as the antithesis of that fostered by orthodox religion. Anatole France is one of the great doubters of our age, stemming directly from Montaigne, Voltaire and Ernest Renan. He has examined philosophies and religions, only to discover that none will unravel the master-knot of human fate. When he looks at the world, he is impelled to say: "I call him rational who, observing human folly and the disorder of nature, is not so stubborn as to in-

sist that they are order and wisdom; I call him rational who does not try to be so." He even goes so far as to assert: "Ignorance is the necessary condition, I do not say of happiness, but of existence itself. If we knew everything, we could not bear life an hour."

The love of beauty, the skepticism, of Anatole France are somehow fused in an idealism irradiated by pity for human weakness and suffering, and a sense of the vanity of most of our efforts and ambitions. There are mockery and irony in his writing, but, as his new biographer, Lewis May, observes, they are only a mask veiling a face that looks out on the world with eyes of infinite compassion; or "perhaps we should rather say," Mr. May continues, "that if he laughs he laughs like Figaro, lest he should be betrayed into the weakness of tears."

It may seem at first strange that a man with such a temperament should have taken an active part in pro-Dreyfus agitation, in Bolshevik propaganda and in red-flagged parades through the streets of Paris. But as we look deeper into his character, we find that he has left room even for Quixotism. "In politics," he has said, "one must take a definite side; in politics there is no room for philosophic doubt."

In a sense, Anatole France is all-comprehensive. He understands even what he attacks, and is so consistent a skeptic that he sometimes doubts his own doubts. He is inclined to affiliate with Socialists, but withdraws if he finds that unreasoning fanaticism is expected

of him. "No other," the *New York Nation* remarks, "has managed so perfectly to combine the disillusionment of age with the eagerness of youth." The *New York World* comments:

"It is said that in the works of Anatole France one may find all of French life and literature, from the early fables to the post-modern. Politicians have shouted at France since he plunged into the Dreyfus case and took sides with the radicals. He has been called a gutter Socialist for his satire upon his own country's history in 'Penguin Island.' Socialists have not liked his 'The Gods Athirst.' Classicists have complained of his impish tricks; youth has scolded his severe classicism. . . . In his sixty-five years of writing he has known and tasted all the triumphs and disasters of the man of genius."



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THE GRAND OLD MAN OF FRENCH LETTERS CELEBRATES HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

Anatole France and his family, shown at his country home near Tours with friends and a group of neighboring children.

# "Alabaster Filled With Flame"

## *The First Biography of Emily Dickinson*

IT is nearly forty years since Emily Dickinson's body was carried across the fields of Amherst, Massachusetts, to its last resting-place. In 1890 the publication of a book of her poems selected by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson established a reputation that has been steadily growing ever since. At the present time, as her first biography, issued by the firm of Houghton Mifflin and written by her niece, Martha Dickinson Bianchi, appears, we find her ranked by more than one critic as the greatest woman poet who has used the English language.

The notes of frustration and tragedy were the supreme notes in the life of Emily Dickinson. She loved but once, it appears, and her love was never fulfilled. Her heart was torn by the sudden deaths of her father and of her favorite nephew, and her strength was sapped by the long, tedious invalidism of her mother. As the years went on, she withdrew more and more into herself. For the last twenty years of her life she never left her house. "She was as truly a nun," Mrs. Bianchi remarks, "as any vowed celibate, but the altar she served was veiled from every eye save that of God."

This true child of New England and of the Puritans is a master of the poignant utterance that grief may wring from the heart. She was once described by Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield *Republican*, as "part angel, part demon." She was also, Ethel Parton declares in the *New York Outlook*, "a good part fairy, with a warm underlying residue of woman." Miss Parton continues:

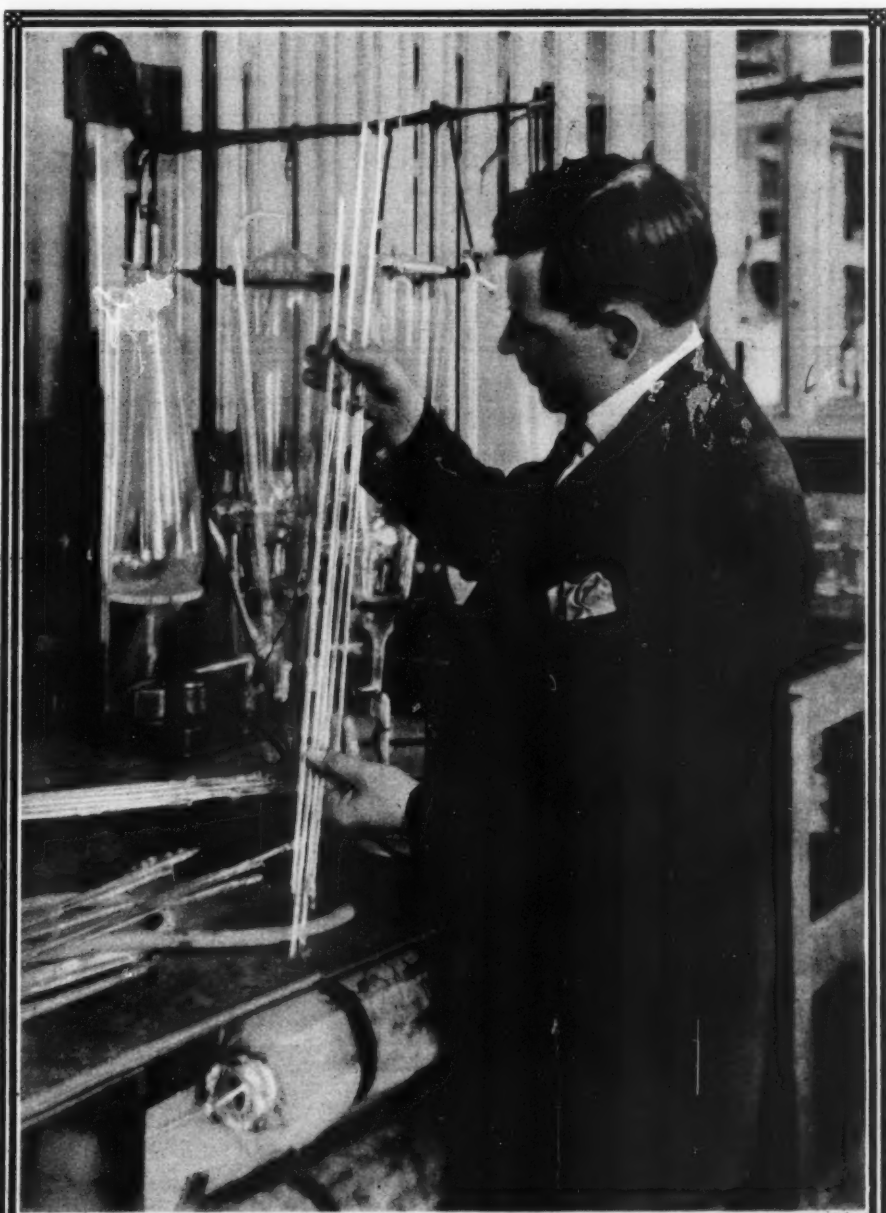
"How such a creature ever sprang from an old Amherst family of property, propriety and piety her biographer cannot explain. The family life was affectionate, intelligent and pleasing. Emily, different as she was from the rest, found always love and tender consideration; even though her mother often threw up her hands with

a helpless 'Emily, how can you talk so!' and her father sometimes stalked out of the room in silent reproof of her audacities. To the old-fashioned, conventional religious atmosphere she remained always alien in the household and community. She could never understand why God should seem to people 'like bears'; at terror, gloom, repression and rigidity she rebelled. 'They are religious, except me,' she wrote of her family, 'and address an Eclipse every morning, whom they call their Father.' She had, even in her lighter moods, a shocking partiality for the devil; if he could but be divested of perfidy, she felt sure he would make a most interesting friend. It is thoroughly to everybody's credit that such differences never marred the happiness of an exceptionally happy home. Emily's own faith in a God nearer to Light than 'Eclipse' was deep and assured, but accompanied by no minor certainties of creed. When she withdrew herself gradually into seclusion, it was that she might live her ardent spiritual life without petty intrusions:

The Soul's superior instants  
Occur to Her alone  
When friend and earth's occasion  
Have infinite withdrawn."

The two outstanding qualities of Emily Dickinson, as E. Merrill Root describes them in *The Measure* (Cornwall, N. Y.), are humor and passion. "She had a fine feeling," he says, "for the rich incongruities of life; and she could also (greatest use of a sense of humor) stand aside and see herself objectively." He adds:

"Her passion fills all the poems, till they are like alabaster filled with flame. One feels her spirit like a sky where stars and lightnings float; her spirit made of dew and dynamite. Her poems are now like fireflies winking and whirling over the August corn, now like white rain across which fall the tawny lashes of lightning, now like the grave beauty of a world covered with new-fallen snow. But always—behind and within the poems—one feels her spirit—that radiant mind and heart which we call Emily Dickinson."

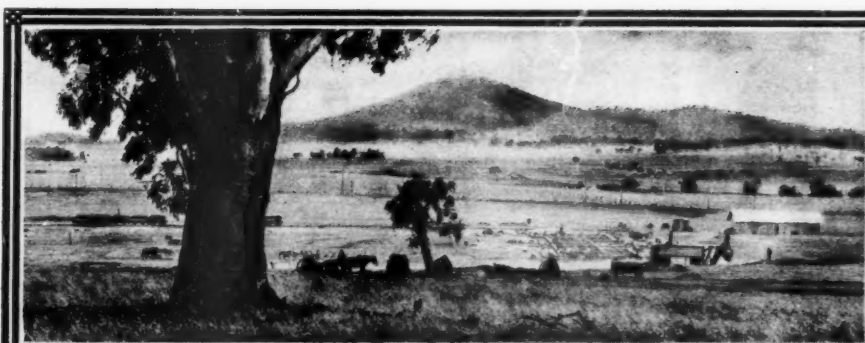


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**FUSED QUARTZ DISCOVERY MAKES E. R. BERRY FAMOUS OVERNIGHT**

General Electric laboratory expert makes a super-transparent glass through which light travels in circles and performs wonders in healing body ills.

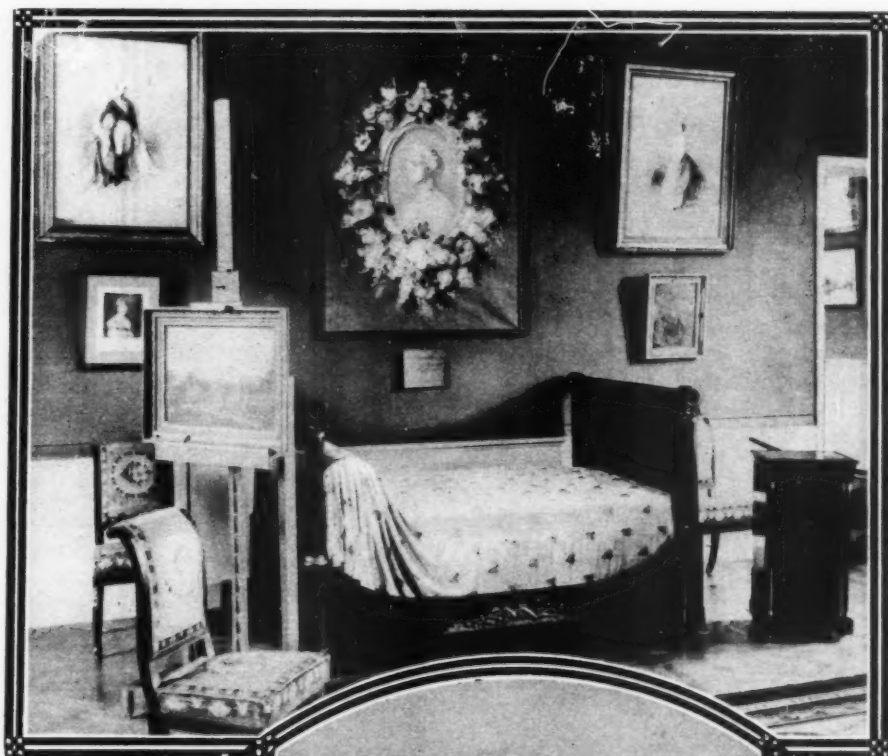




Courtesy London Graphic

**BUILDING A NEW AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL CITY**

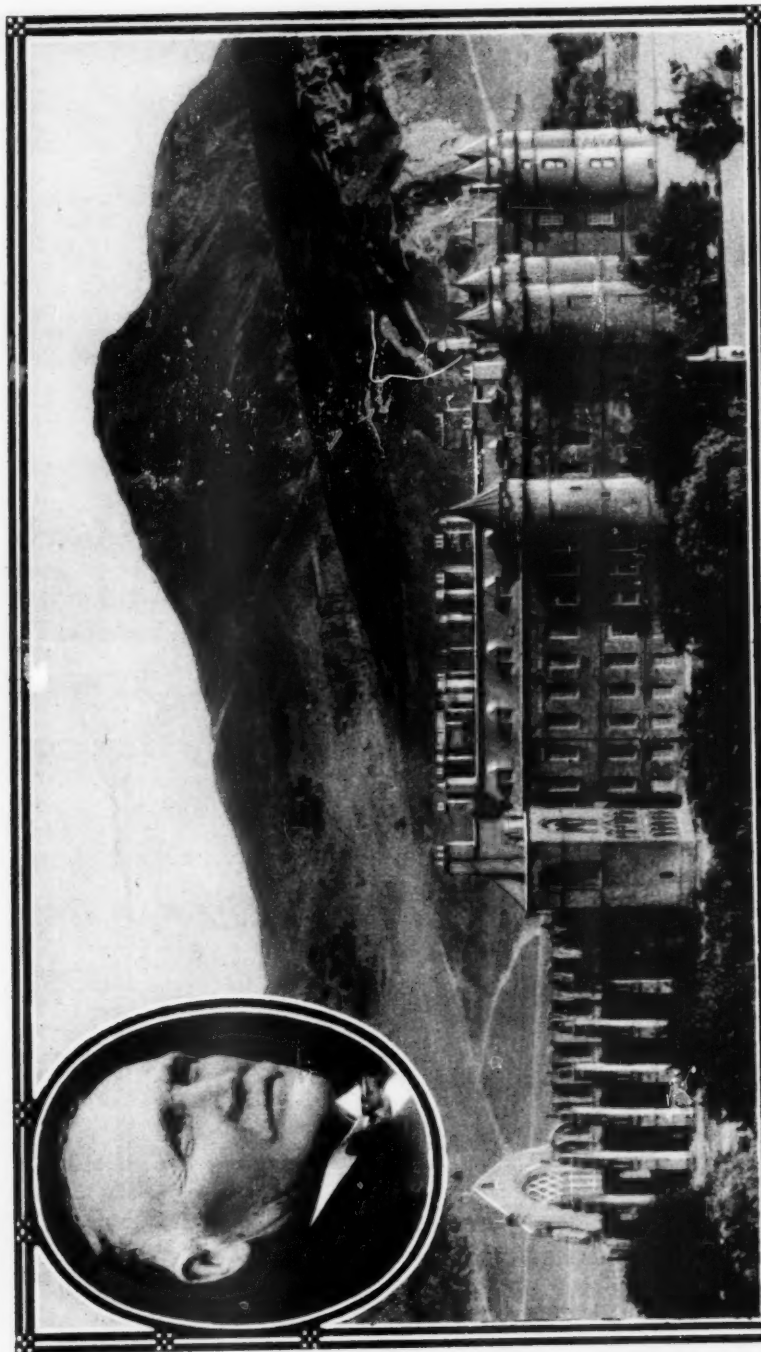
Camberra, in New South Wales, is being laid out, as Washington, D. C., was, to be a seat of government. Showing site of provisional Parliament Houses.



© Kadel & Herbert

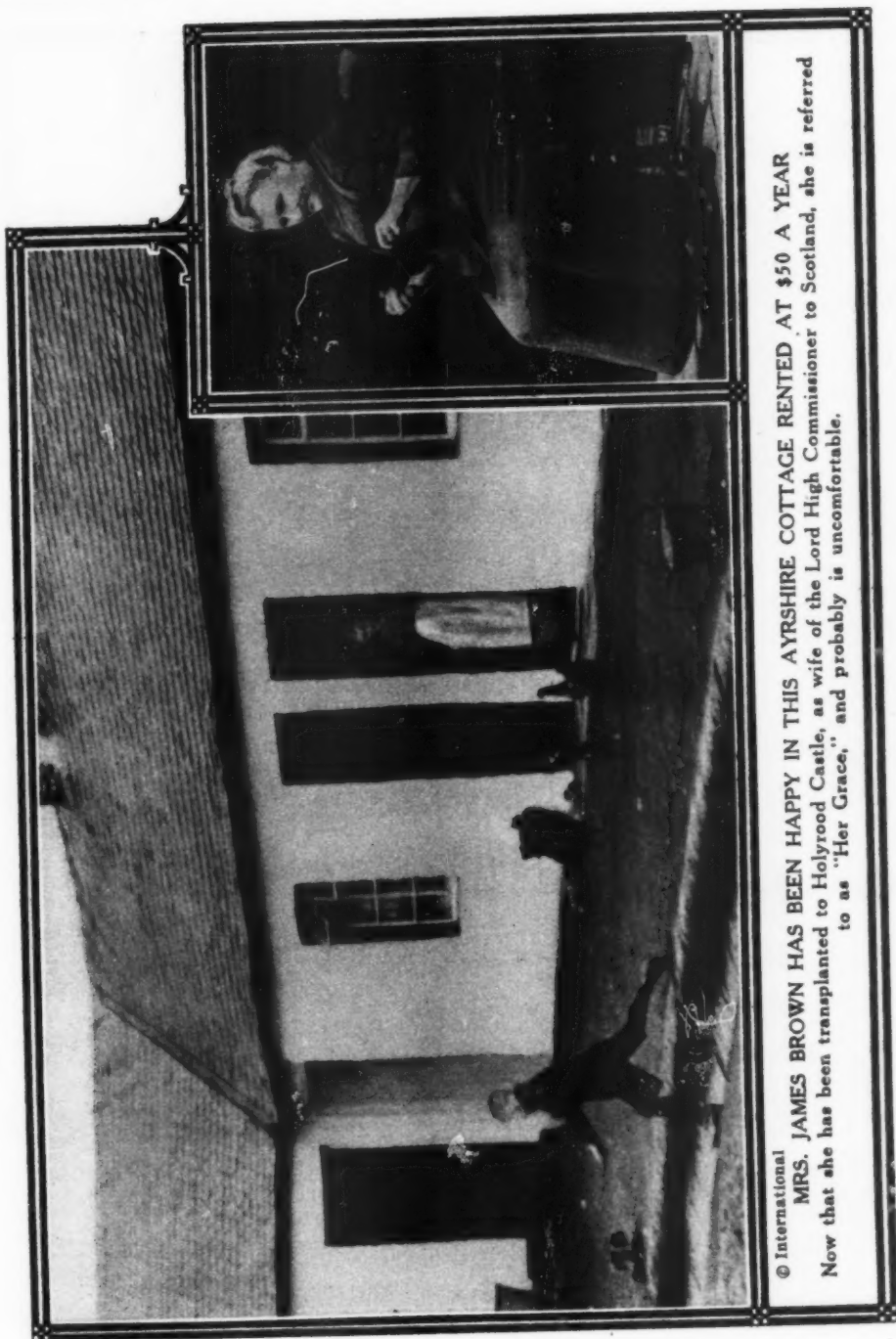
**NAPOLEONIC TREASURES DESTINED FOR THE AUCTION ROOM**

The furniture, paintings, hat, pillow, cup, etc., here portrayed and all used by the great Napoleon, have been offered for sale in Paris.



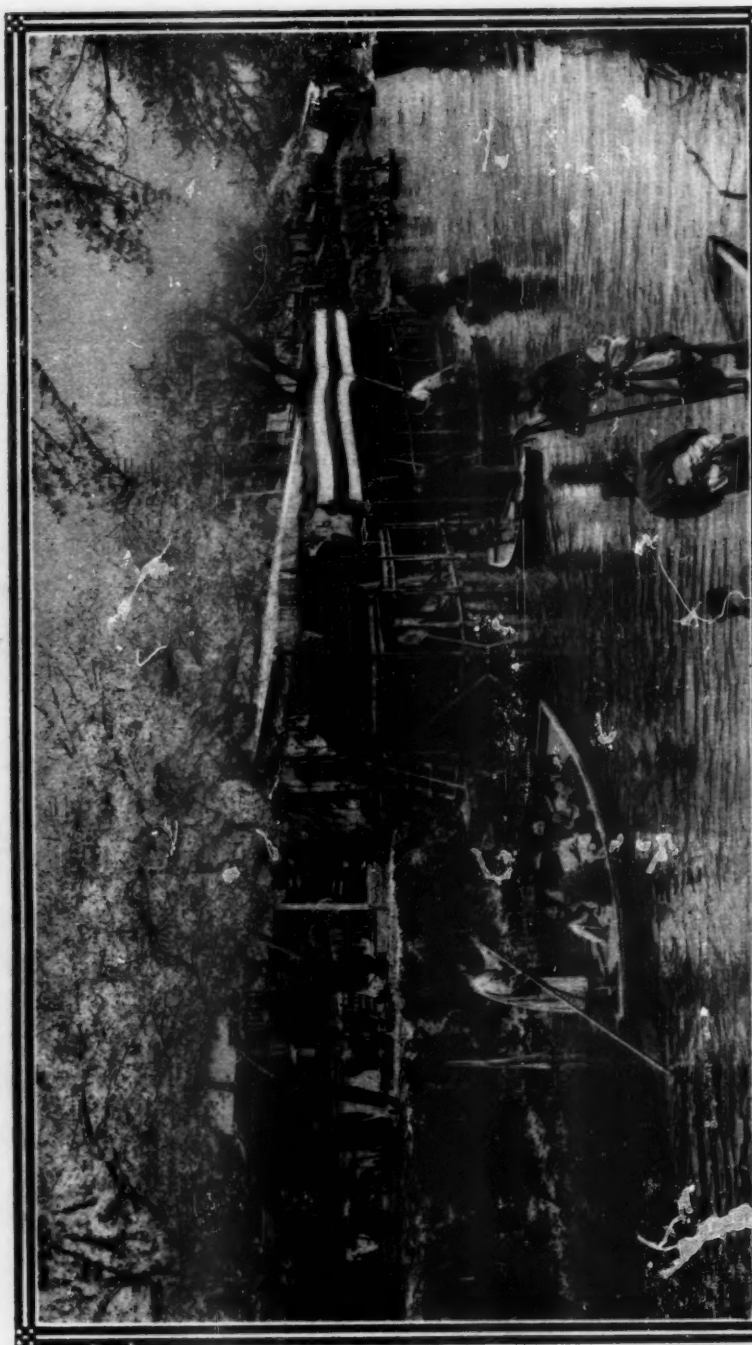
© International

HOLYROOD CASTLE, OVERLOOKING EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, AND ITS NEW LAIRD James Brown, M.P., an Ayrshire miner, makes this ancient stronghold of Scotch nobility his temporary residence, as Lord High Commissioner, by grace of a MacDonald Labor Government in Britain.



© International

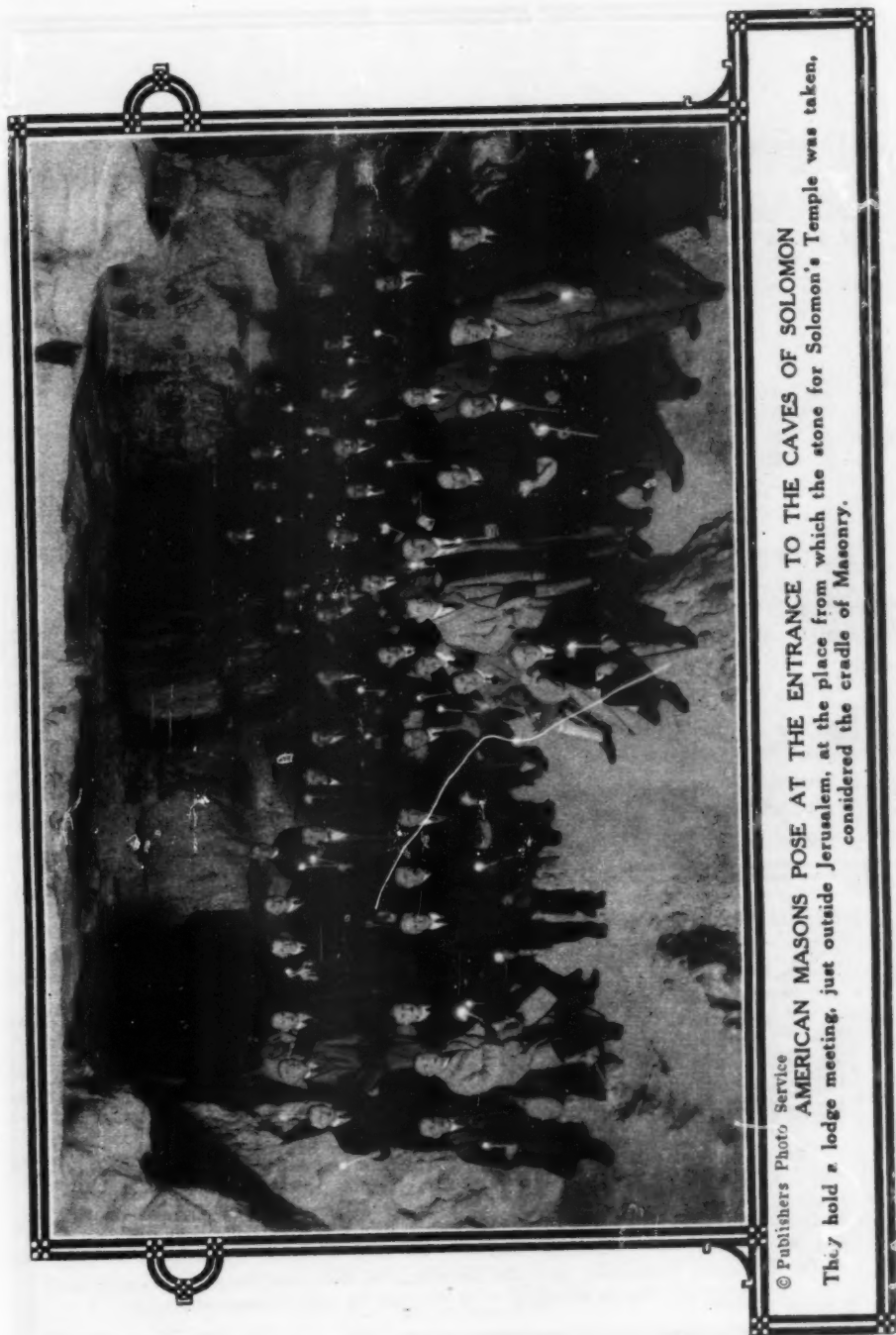
MRS. JAMES BROWN HAS BEEN HAPPY IN THIS AYRSHIRE COTTAGE RENTED AT \$50 A YEAR  
 Now that she has been transplanted to Holyrood Castle, as wife of the Lord High Commissioner to Scotland, she is referred  
 to as "Her Grace," and probably is uncomfortable.



© A. A. A. A.

DESPITE THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE THE CHERRY TREES BLOSSOM AS USUAL IN JAPAN  
Under the cherry-cloud of Sumida, the people of Tokio take part in the historical festival which is an annual event in Japan and a semi-religious observance with the Nipponese.





© Publishers Photo Service  
AMERICAN MASONS POSE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVES OF SOLOMON  
They hold a lodge meeting, just outside Jerusalem, at the place from which the stone for Solomon's Temple was taken,  
considered the cradle of Masonry.



© Trowbridge and Livingston, Architects

#### PROJECTED MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN NEW YORK CITY

It is a New York State memorial, to be erected in connection with the American Museum of Natural History and to face eastward overlooking Central Park. A bill authorizing the erection of the memorial has been passed by the New York State Senate and Assembly. \$2,500,000 will be spent on the structure. The proposed building is 178 feet long and 100 feet deep. The inscription, differing slightly from that shown in the architect's drawing, is to read: "Erected by the People of the State of New York and Dedicated to the Memory of Theodore Roosevelt."

The plan of the memorial also embraces a projected intermuseum promenade, a broad path leading westward through Central Park from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and past the proposed war memorial planned by the New York City Administration. The promenade plans also involve the reclamation of the thirty-two acres in Central Park now occupied by what is known as the Southern Reservoir, and the devoting of this land to playground purposes. The promenade is to be used by pedestrians only.

# Ariel Made Flesh

## The Enduring Fascination of Shelley

**S**HELLEY is once again to the fore. We find, at the present time, by actual count, some fifty reviews in English, French and American papers devoted to his life and writings. These reviews are mostly occasioned by two new books which, each in its sphere, are hailed as masterpieces. They bear convincing testimony to the enduring appeal of the man who is often described as the greatest of all romantic poets.

The first of the two books referred to, "Ariel: The Life of Shelley," was written in French and published in Paris a year ago. It was characterized in the *London Mercury* as "the best portrait of Shelley in existence," and was so highly praised by Arnold Bennett, Edmund Gosse and other of England's intellectuals that it had to be translated into English. The task of translation was undertaken by the competent Ella D'Arcy. The result of her labors is now published in America by the firm of Appleton.

The author of "Ariel," who is known as André Maurois, is said to be concealing his real name under a pen-name. He was born, we read, in Normandy; went to the Great War as an interpreter for a British general; and returned to write novels of which the best known is "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble."

The book, "Ariel," let it be said at once, is worth all the praise evoked, and comes near to introducing a new

genre in biography. We have often read novels that were mainly biographies. Here is something that is much rarer—a biography which is a novel. The essential facts of Shelley's career are followed, but are handled with an imaginative power in which observation of the external, psychological insight and delicate humor are blended.

It was truly felicitous to find in the "airy spirit" of Shakespeare the prototype of Shelley and of his kind; and we get, throughout the story, the actual significance of the eternal conflict between the ideal and the real. There has been a disposition on the part of writers to regard Byron and Shelley as men of similar character. M. Maurois shows, with delightful ease, how the "Don Juan" type and the "Ariel" type



SHELLEY AT ROME

This reproduction of the drawing on the English jacket of André Maurois' "Ariel" shows the poet with his wife and Claire Clairmont in the Italian city that he loved so well.

have been separated, since the beginning of the world, by an immense gulf. Byron was a sensualist, Shelley an idealist. Byron had the cynic's attitude toward religion; Shelley, despite his pamphlet on atheism, was a passionate God-seeker. Byron read to dazzle, Shelley to know. Byron looked to women as a pretext for idling, Shelley as a source of exaltation. Byron believed in convention even in the moment that he outraged it; Shelley attacked society itself and wanted to revolutionize it.

There is not a dull page in "Ariel." As we follow the adventures and disasters of "the young knight-errant of the luminous eyes," who was ever "the image of some heavenly spirit come down to earth by mistake," we feel a unique influence working in human affairs—something that had never before been embodied in a man with quite the same intensity as that incarnate in Shelley. This is the quintessence of romance, expressing itself in life just as wholeheartedly as in poetry. M. Maurois is far from disregarding the seamy side of the story. One of his best chapters is keyed to the lines of William Blake:

So I turned to the Garden of Love  
That so many sweet flowers bore;  
And I saw it was filled with graves.

But he also shows us the iridescent gleams that at times transfigure the garden.

The second of the two new Shelley books is entitled "Shelley and the Unromantics" (Scribner's) and was written by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Olwen Ward Campbell. There is something monumental about this volume with its close reasoning and elaborate documentation, but it lacks the cumulative effect that it ought to exert, because, as John Drinkwater points out in the *Manchester Guardian*, its author is unable to give her work "the crowning elucidation of an easily mastered design."

Mrs. Campbell's main thesis seems to raise more questions than it answers. Her effort, we find, is to show that, in the romantic revival of which Shelley

was so important a part, the characteristic of the true romantics was not the return to nature, nor wonder, nor enthusiasm for the Middle Ages, nor a liking for the picturesque and the horrible, but, rather, "a certain kind of faith in man, a mystical faith perhaps, not depending upon mundane manifestations of his power, but upon some sense of the inherent greatness of his soul—a hope perhaps that he is more than mortal." Among the poets of the revival Mrs. Campbell admits only three as true romantics—Shelley, Wordsworth and Keats. The rest, such as Scott, Byron and Coleridge, were "unromantics," using the romantic style.

This definition of romanticism is an arbitrary one, yet it has its own dignity and makes its own appeal. When Mrs. Campbell speaks of Shelley's *faith in man* as the most important of his beliefs and the motive power of his life and work, she offers a suggestive generalization. Her thought in its fullness is thus expressed:

"The age in which he lived was extremely propitious to this [faith in man], but there was something very mechanical and narrow in the prevailing theories of man's natural virtue and perfectibility; Shelley's faith was all-alive and all-embracing. It seemed to spring in the first place from that sense of his own divinity with which all geniuses are endowed. He extended this to all the world, and hence the passionate admiring nature of his early friendships, and the many mistakes he made in judging character. Hence also his mistakes in judging the value of works of art or philosophy. He was ready to acclaim as a prophet almost any writer who championed some form of this belief. He rediscovered it in whatever system he had for the time embraced, and was enthusiastic in the same breath for Plato, Bacon, Rousseau and Godwin, because they all proclaimed, in different forms, the omnipotence of mind."

"Ariel" and "Shelley and the Unromantics" supplement one another, in that the former is chiefly concerned with Shelley's life, while the latter deals with his poetry and his thought, as well as with his life.

# One of Whitman's Secrets Revealed

## A Story Involving John Burroughs' First Book

IT will come as a surprise even to those who have closely followed the life and work of Walt Whitman to learn that a well-known book on the poet, hitherto credited to John Burroughs, was inspired and largely written by Whitman himself. The secret is divulged by Frederick P. Hier, Jr., in the *American Mercury*, and the book referred to is "Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person," published in 1867. Mr. Hier is well known as a Whitman student, and his story is fully documented. He relies not only on conversations that he had with the late Horace Traubel, one of Whitman's literary executors, but also on letters that he received from John Burroughs. The story he tells is strange and interesting, and throws new light on the characters of both Whitman and Burroughs.

Mr. Hier, we learn, had suspected the truth about "Notes on Walt Whitman" from internal evidence long before Traubel told him, one day: "Walt wrote Burroughs' book for him; maybe not all of it, but most of it. Bucke [another of Whitman's literary executors] told me and I asked Walt and he said it was so." This dictum was later confirmed by Burroughs himself in two letters written a few months before his death to Mr. Hier. "I know it [the book] abounds in the marks of Whitman's hand," he said. "I find it hard to separate the parts I wrote from those he wrote. . . . I have no doubt that half the book is his. . . . The title, too, is his."

So runs the record, unique in its way and only to be understood, Mr. Hier points out, in relation to Whitman's difficulties as a poetic pioneer, to Burroughs' undeveloped character, and to the psychology of the Whitman-Burroughs friendship in its early stages.

The first edition of "Leaves of Grass," published in 1855, had been an almost

total failure, and Whitman, for lack of intelligent champions, had taken to writing anonymously in defense of his book. His battle was, for the time being, a losing one, and when he began to make a little headway, he found himself overwhelmed by the Civil War.

In 1863 John Burroughs, then a young man of twenty-six, went to Washington to join the army, but instead became Whitman's fellow clerk in the government service. An immediate intimacy sprang up, for Burroughs had already read and admired "Leaves of Grass" and was ripe for discipleship. Whitman, on his side, spoke of "the high, lasting quality of John's best work," but recognized in him a certain immaturity. "Amidst Whitman's more remote creative imaginings," as Mr. Hier puts it, "Burroughs felt uneasy and bewildered, and he admitted that 'Leaves of Grass' itself had left him uncertain, until he had experienced Whitman's personal reassurance. Whitman saw this and while he was quick to grasp Burroughs' fine and vital enthusiasm, he himself drew the horizon and main outlines of Burroughs' picture of 'Leaves of Grass' and its author when the time came." The article concludes:

"It did come four years after their first meeting. . . . Walt Whitman was then forty-eight years old and in grand maturity. Burroughs, on the other hand, was in his commencement days. He was only thirty years old and not yet on his own or established in the literary field. He had published little except miscellaneous essays and verses and a *Galaxy* piece on Whitman. Both men were natural writers, suddenly released from the war's engrossment. Burroughs looked to Whitman as a friend and master; Whitman to Burroughs as a friend and helper. 'Notes on Walt Whitman' was the spontaneous fruit. It gave Whitman the needed push and it gave Burroughs the needed pull."



# What Do You Mean-- Americans?

## The Story of a Vanishing Race

By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

Illustrations by Harold Brett



SITTING ON THE SKIFF AND GUN IN HAND, "GIT, EBEN PERKINS," SAYS MOLLY. "AND GIT QUICK!" AND THE REVENUE OFFICER "GAT."

THEY live in the country of the old—old houses, old sands, old men. Already they dream, and this is their dream, that when they are gone the tides, which seem to eat deeper into the Cove each year, will just come on up one Spring and carry what's left of Cape Cod down under the water of the Seven Seas that in its old youth it conquered, its work and its glory done. And that will be before long now, for there are only a few folks left. You can count the families on one hand. There are the Whites and the Fullers in the Hollow, the Rogerses at the Bog, the Brewster brothers at the Cove. That's about all now in this tenuous, half-drowned, seven-mile wrist of the Cape. Of the Whites and Rogerses there are four generations, in the Fuller house three: the latter ends run pretty puttering, though, and pretty thin.

IF it's a far cry from the Edward Fuller who came ashore to say his prayers, chase Indians, and leave his name on the Pilgrim Tablet over in Provincetown, down to Eddie Fuller, yawning and attending to his pimples behind the post-office boxes at the Center—if it's a far cry from those dreadless "subjects of the dread sovereign" down to the youthless White youths, flivver-rattling to their fevered merry-makings at Wellfleet or Eastham, their galvanic dead-frog dancing, their drug-store tipples, and their radio jazz—if there's a gap there, there's a gap almost as wide and quite as melancholy between these tag-ends of the stock and generation still living under the roofs with them—Sam White and Benjie Fuller in the Hollow, Ember Rogers at the Bog, Andy and Isaiah Brewster at the Cove—men who fetched Kennebec ice-cakes to Calcutta and

brought new China tea up the Thames in the *Sea Glory* and the *A. J. Stowell* two weeks ahead of London's own East-Indiamen in the days that were days.

IN those days the Cape bred women too. Look at Molly, Andy Brewster's wife, that's dead and gone. Then look at the Molly Brewster of to-day. She keeps house for her great-grandfather Andy and his brother Isaiah at the Cove, and what house she keeps! Well, it's not the way the other Molly did it sixty years ago. Bread baked in Boston, beans baked in Chicago, cake in cardboard from goodness-knows-where! She hasn't the time, she says.

Hasn't the time! Those two old men fathom the sad, deep, literal truth of that. She hasn't the time. She came too late, the sands too nearly run. After her the deluge; so why take pains? What's the use of forethought, with nothing to come? What's the use of character, never to be handed down? What's the use even of appearances? Studying her secretly from beneath their watery lids, they comprehend. That is why, then, she speaks a language of strange, daring, slipshod words; why her gestures are all immoderate and her songs out of tune; why she goes about unabashed in skirts as short and lips as red as a California harlot in the days of gold. That is why she is never at home evenings, darning or quilting under the sitting-room lamp, but off as soon as ever the supper-dishes are stacked, with a pat and a fling and a mouth of rebellion, flitting the devil alone

knows where in the dark of the country of the old.

"Let us eat, drink, and be merry—" Poor girl!

She hasn't the time even to care about the company she keeps. This strikes deepest into the hearts of Andy and Isaiah. Their pride is bitter. To think of these two blond vikings of the republic who carried the Stars and Stripes around a wondering world, who came home to fetch good, honest Indies rum ashore under the dark of the Cove like the free men they were, and went up to the meeting-house in their Sabbath beavers to worship the God of Massachusetts as only free men may—to think of them having to sit, shackled to their rockers by the weight of their proud years, and watch the remnant of their line and population going, without visibly caring, to the dogs!

They would have called him a dog in their time, or at least "one of them niggers of some sort."

He comes out of the deepening shadows. Whence he comes, in that narrow land where there are only the Rogerses and Brewsters, the Fullers and the Whites, who can say? Andy and Isaiah can't. When they try, their minds close up.

THEIR minds do that of late years. More and more easily. When, at the ice-cream feast of the Dorcases last Autumn, the two old fellows undertook in mournful gaiety to twit the schoolma'am upon the dwindling of her flock, and when she looked puzzled (for all the world) and told them that, land alive! they weren't to worry, she had her hands full, and would have them a sight fuller, she guessed, before they got around to putting in the new primary room—when she said that,

Isaiah looked at Andy and Andy at Isaiah, one winked and the other cackled, and their minds, like wary clam-shells, closed up tight. "Primary room!" They weren't to be taken in by jokes like that. They were too smart.

He comes out of the deepening shadows, his approach heralded, long before he is seen, by the sounding-boards of the hills that gather down to the Cove, the clank of a loose brake-beam, the whine of gritted springs, gaskets wheezing. A curious

centaur, head and shoulders and busy arms of a man, body of an ungroomed half-ton truck; so from their rockers on the porch behind the mosquito-netting they always see him, Jimmy the Greek. So he careers to a halt under the antique, uneasy willows in the blue-brown shadow cast by Sheep Hill; so he snorts, backs, swerves, carriages, pawing the sand, gamboling in the twilight of these Yankee gods; so he rears there, breathing heavily with his pitted cylinders, peering glassily with one large rectangular eye at the house beyond the turf, the house

**L**IFE on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, is shifting and undergoing a change for better or worse, just as life is in many another American locality. Hence the immigration problem. In writing this allegorical story, which we reprint by permission of The Pictorial Review, and which the O. Henry Memorial Committee gives a high rating, the author displays much of the quality of imaginative mysticism that Rudyard Kipling displays in his remarkable tale, "They."

As Frankie Silvado, the foreign-born surfman in this story, remarked to Andy and Isaiah Brewster, the last of the Cape Cod Brewsters, "I don't know what this country of ours is comin' to."

Andy Brewster, ignoring Silvado and addressing his brother Isaiah, observed, "T'won't be so long now before there won't be any left hereabouts."

"Any what?"

"Any—any—Americans!"

Silvado, overhearing the observation, had no conception of what they were driving at. "What do you mean?" he puzzled. "What do you mean—Americans?"

native and noble, solid and broad and low, with a roof like another slope of the gray Pamet moors. So, unbudging from his hybrid shell, he calls through the dusk: "Molly to home?"

**N**EITHER Andy nor Isaiah answers. Rock, rock, rock, their chairs and their dry bones creaking, their eyes meeting, full of repugnance, rebellion, appeal. They'd have their tongues cut out before they'd speak.

No need. Molly has answered herself: "Yep, just a second I'll be with yu, Jim, old kid."

She passes out between the rockers, hatless, free of elbow, wanton of stocking,

neither mother of to-morrow nor daughter of yesterday.

"Where you bound for, Molly?" Andy writhes. He feels degraded.

"Where you bound?" Isaiah writhes. He too had sworn never to ask again.

"Oh, nowheres. Up to the dance at Chatham, that's all. Oh, for the love, Jimmy, can that honking, will yu! I'm on my way! Now, Daddies, run, climb in your beds like good boys. Sound sleep, sweet dreams!"

Sleep! Dreams! The mockery!

THEIR rockers are still. Leaning forward, squeezing the chair-arms with their vein-corded fists, they follow the iron flight of the centaur, cast back in fainter and fainter reverberations from the folded moor-sides, careening farther away, deeper away in the mists of the falling night.

He's going up Graveyard Hill now. If only their legs could run as swiftly as their minds. He's abreast of the old Snow place now. Thrrrrmm! Whine and wheeze! An abominable whisper threading the valleys. It's louder for an instant, as though a door in the hills had opened. He's crossing the marsh at the Center now, this what-is-he? This Greek. This what's-his-name? J. Krenk, General Trucking. Jimmy the Greek. And Molly Brewster!

Anger, reckless and helpless, sweeps them.

Let him take her. Let him take her back to his lemon-peddling, olive-stinking, two-for-a-nickel Levant ports. Then let her see!

Then let her think of those white women, the other Molys, her mothers!

Memories submerge the two men; their tantrum passes and gives place to nostalgia; they turn cowards, feeling themselves abandoned, defeated at last. The mosquito-bar is a cage, oppressing their lungs and bringing to their skins a faint, chill sweat. Moved by a common impulse, they get up and rush out. They have forgotten their hats, and Isaiah's head is as bald as a porpoise. What matter? Their rheumatics! Their hearts! What odds!

Where are they going, hoisting their feet so industriously along the clam-shell metal of this road? Where and why?

"We might drop around and see Sam White a minute, the night's so fine."

"So we might. I hear tell he was ailin' a trifle yesterday."

Two shafts of light, streaming from nowhere, wheel across the dark. Two orbs, sudden and blinding, fetch up with a snort to eye the vivid old men.

"Here they are now," comes a voice out of the creature.

"Why," gasps Andy, "if 'tain't the White boys!" Isaiah, blinking into the headlights, lifts a reedy voice: "We was bound over your way, boys."

"Well, ma said we should stop by and tell you, and save you the trip. It'll be Friday at two, the fun'ral."

The monster squats there on its rubber haunches, purring, reading their stupid faces. After a little it says: "You'd heard about gran-pa, hadn't you? Went last evenin', quiet, no pain. And it's Friday at two." Presently it gives them over for dumb ones, bounces around in the road and streams off up the vale, leaving their eyes full of stars.

"Sam!" says one.

"Sam!" says the other. That's all.

Perhaps it's the way it happened, the stage-effects; perhaps it's something long predestined in the calendar of their years. No matter, the night has turned a corner and become apocalyptic.

Same White is gone.

In silence they plod back. They plod back toward the cage of the netting, the eighty-year prison of the dark house. Sleep. Dreams.

But, no-sir! Not by a dang sight, they won't! They bolt the road and flee it at right angles across the tricky footing of the poverty-grass.

"They seek water, and die in the open." That's rats.

BUT why all this? They knew Sam had to go sooner or later and give over his much of room to the returning wilderness and the climbing tides. Just as they know that Benjie and Ember will have to give over theirs, and they themselves, and let the tired Cape go down. Didn't they know that?

They're silly, but you can't argue it. It's something in this night, something let loose, something that pursues and climbs up their legs like a travesty of strength, another childhood. So they clamber for all they're worth, in silence, their mouths open, as if it were true that the valley behind was filling up with the flood.

They look back when they reach the crest of Sheep Hill, and from the height they see the country familiar to

them, rod by rod of its folded moors, its dunes and winding marshes, spread of a sudden fantastic and pixy-peopled under this night. Will-o'-the-wisps and ghost-fires.

There's John Champion's house, under the shoulder of Finback, a mile to the east. John died a good twenty years ago, and his daughter's family moved to Iowa. Yet there looks to be a light in it, a goblin cheer. Dave Burch passed on in the nineties; his children live in Los Angeles; the homestead, hidden under the cottonwoods in the Flat, opens an eye in distant ban-shee mockery. And there again. As if there were people, populations! And there again. Like a lamp on Borneo Plain!

There's one element that never betrays, but always plays fair. If the land is playing tricks with your eyes, old fellows, turn them to the sea.

**A**CROSS the water the sky toward Boston shows a late loom of dusk, doubled upside down in the mirroring plain. Not far offshore, across the mouth of the Cove, a fisherman sails, his dim masts erect in the meager breeze. Farther distant, to-

ward the lights on Provincetown shore, a monster lies at rest on the sea.

So the sea too is corruptible to-night, even the sea. It abides Leviathan. Leviathan blowing a leaden, lazy spout; prodigious creature, ink-black, and incandescent-striped.

"She come in weeth engine-trouble," says a voice.

There's another watcher on Sheep Hill. He arises from beach-plum bush at their feet, headless, because he has his coat shawlwise over his head.

"I never seen her beefore, thees ship, and that's funny because my boy goes een her, and she's lak a city, he says. Fifty-nine t'ousand ton! What you know about that?"

What, indeed, do they know about that? Except that the night is trying to play them another trick. Painting that shadow on the shadows out there, enormous; as though a master and a mate of an incomparable *Sea Glory* were to be taken in by a jest as thin as that, a ship enormous as eighty *Sea Glories* on one keel!

"I tell you," says the shade, "these Englishmann, these Germann, they got notheeng on us now. One day us Ameri-



"'BY CRICKY, SHE GOES FAST THESE DAYS, ANDY. 'TWOON'T BE MANY YEARS TILL YOU CAN SAIL A VESSEL STRAIGHT THROUGH THE HOLLOW TO THE BACK SIDE'"

cans we weel be as beeg a shipping nation as they is on the sea; you watch."

It's too rare. Andy and Isaiah open their mouths to chuckle, and before they can chuckle, a hot, contemptuous anger has got in their throats instead.

"Who are *you*?" they cry, and "Where you from?" Those voices that rang, full-winded, absolute, over the decks of the white clippers of the years when the world rubbed its eyes. Echoes now.

Echoes, yes, but echoes still puissant. The headless Jack-in-the-box sounds fetched-aback and ill at ease.

"Wh-wh-who am I? Well, I guess you know me, Meester Brewster. You know Manuel Braganza. You seen me round plentee, I guess. Since five year I got thees old Champion place back here, crost from Jimmee the Greek. I guess you know *me*, all right."

"Nope."

"You don't know Manuel Brag—don't know Manny the Lisbon?"

"Never hear the name. Never!"

"You—you—never hear o' my boy Johnnee?"

"Johnnie who?"

Silence. That has done for him. It has done for them too; done wonders. Their feet are solid on their own hill again and they begin to tower. Men against bogies, men will win every time.

**I**T'S true. The spook hasn't a word. Presently he begins to fade before their eyes, a receding whisper of sand. Across the hilltop and down the slope the long, black, dismembered torso vanishes degree by degree into the dark above the invisible Cove.

Give these old fellows an inch and they'll take a mile. The impulse to pursue, to rout him seven-fold, to crow, to pile it on, is too strong. Nor is it altogether this that hauls them to the sandy precipice where he disappeared. Triumph has given sudden rein to memories; their feet are in old paths; their tongues wag.

"Remember that night the revenue-man come snoopin'?"

"Remember the skiff bottom-up on the beach with the three bar'ls of rum under it, and me under it with 'em and my legs caught out by the gun'l, full in view?"

"Rec'lect the brig hove to out there, 'bout where that fisherman lays now?"

"The Abraham, wa'n't it? And Ezra Small?"

They pause. Pause? Where are they?

What in the name of Jehoshaphat are they doing here, old flies, clinging midway of the precipitous sand? This much is certain: if they don't catch their death one way they'll catch it another.

They pause. Hunkering down in little sand-slides, they gaze at the becalmed schooner. In the cobweb starlight it might truly be the Abraham, and Captain Ezra prowling the deck and chewing his whisker and wondering what's wrong with the Brewster boys ashore. They gaze at the pool of the inlet below them, and there the starlight, chasing the ripples, weaves silver stuff of dreams, mesmeric, fluent. The gods are young.

"Rec'lect that night, eh?"

"Remember Molly—"

Molly! A subconscious discord. A rift of syncopation, dilute, galvanic; a painted mouth, an empty head; a truck, a Greek.

No, though! By thunder, no! Molly, they're talking of. Molly!

**S**HE was the wife of one, the sister-in-law of the other. Years have almost outlawed that inequality. To each she comes back all comeliness, all docile bravery, all grace. A woman of those days.

"Remember Molly that night, Isaiah? You couldn't see her, though, and you stuck under the skiff; the way she come trippin' down from nowheres, fetch one look at your boots croppin' out like a hamstrung turtle, set down on the skiff, tidied her skirts out over, and set there gazing at the stars as sober-like as if she was in the habit of star-gazin' every night with a shotgun laid across her lap. Nor you couldn't see the way old Revenue Perkins eyed her and hesitated, scrawn out his neck and fetch to a halt."

"I heard him, though, Andy; promise you that. 'Pleasant evenin', Mis' Brewster!' 'Pleasant evenin', Mr. Perkins!' 'I'm aimin' to have a look innunder that skiff, if you don't mind, Mis' Brewster?' 'In which case, Mr. Perkins, you're aimin' to do something you ain't able; not so long's I'm settin' onto it.' 'In which case, Mis' Brewster, I shall have the law onto the lot of you—' 'In which case, Mr. Perkins, I'll have something a sight quicker actin' than the law onto *you*, sir.' (With that I hear the gun-butt easin' up along the garboard-strake.) 'Quit it, Molly Brewster!' says Perkins. 'Git, Eben Perkins,' says Molly, 'and git quick!'"

"And Revenue gat! I guess he gat!"

"Never hear the last of it, did he?"



Nor come snoopin' *this* way again, eh?"

"Feared o' meetin' up with Molly! Heh-heh!"

"The gentlest and abidin'est of women! Heh-heh-heh!"

**T**HE gentlest, the abidingest of women! What homage could be more precious to the heroine of long ago than this cachinnation of old men, this mirth flung out in thready challenge to reconquering nothingness and the prowling powers of the dark?

The dark answers, coagulating in another shade at their feet, down-hill.

"What you doin' here, you guys?"

Their mouths dry and fall agape.

"Well, I v-v-vow!" bleats Isaiah, and Andy echoes him: "I vow!"

"Oh," breathes the shade, "I know now. It's old Isaiah and old Andy."

"But who in—in—are you?"

"Don't you rec'nize me? It's Tony Fuller from the Coast Guard. You know me."

"Tony!" They see their chance. "Tony Fuller!" The impostor is delivered into their hands. Their voices break high. "There wa'n't never a man—there's been Eds and Ezras, Johns and Jonathans—but never a man amongst the Fullers called by any such nigger name, such a lemon-peddlin' name, as 'Tony.' No-sir-ee!"

The haunt chuckles, rubbing his lips with a spectral sleeve.

"Try Farquiera then; that's my family's name when they come from the Azores. Or if you're bent on crackin' your jaws, try 'em on this guy Sob-lef-sky—Sub-lof-sky—whatever 'tis. He's down in the road there to the left, waitin'; so you get along now, quiet, and tell him I sent you, and he'll leave you through. Skedaddle, my boys; clear out o' here!"

**I**F there is one there are a dozen retorts, just at their scandalized lips; arrogant laughter, withering old quarter-deck oaths. Dumbly, though sending down a whispering lace of sand, like autumnal spiders, they flee as they are told, not knowing why. They get off the cliff, their own cliff, not knowing how; a lichenous ground is underfoot, then a streak half clay, then ruts. A wind, a slow draft redolent of clam and weed, bears them along; an air familiar as the years of their youth, turned secret and queer. It bears them into the mouth of a hollow floored with blackness and roofed with stars. Sergeant Belkar Soblievski of the State Police snaps on the headlight of his motor-cycle and

examines them with his yellow cornucopia of flame.

"You're out late, my friends." Then, not meaning the light-blistered couple to stand there all night, he says in a kindlier tone: "Go right on, the way you were going, my fathers, and keep your mouths shut, and no harm done. Good night."

It is some moments before he snaps off the snooping light. Behind Isaiah and Andy, across the wheel-track to the Eden of their ancestral Cove, the ray hangs horizontal, like a lazy angel's flaming sword.

Here come the willows out of the hill. There's a moon somewhere under the eastern ocean, and its foreglow, refracting from the zenith, describes with faint silver the slopes of the roof, the two fat chimneys, the fence.

So it's home they're coming after all.

Their boots drag; soul and body they're beat, the pair of them, dead beat.

The house opens and swallows them. No need of a lamp; they can find their beds in the dark. Mind the table, Isaiah. Take care of that swayed door; it's got to be fixed, no two ways. Here's the chair for Andy, and here's the chair for Isaiah, to drape their coats and trousers over, their shirts and drawers.

There's nothing left but sleep, then. Sound sleep. Sweet dreams.

**I**SAIAH, the youngster of the two, lies on his back, toes up, wide awake. Andy, across the room, lies toes up too, counting sheep. One sheep over the fence; two sheep over the fence; three sheep over the fence. There's a nigger-looking fellow herding them. Land! he's got no head. Manny the Lisbon! That's a dirty port, Lisbon. And he had the gall to say—this headless Portugee Eyetalian fly-by-night—

What's that? There! Again! Passing like spirit footfalls across the turf outside!

The hall clock is still—still these years—but Molly's alarm-clock sends in a tinny cheeping from the kitchen. Where can Molly be?

Five sheep over the fence; six sheep over the—

What's that? "Andy!"

"Yes, Isaiah?"

Isaiah slides out of bed, tiptoes across the chamber, creeps in beside his elder brother. Neither of them says anything. It's nearly seventy years since Isaiah did that. But neither of them speaks.



"Y'ALL RIGHT, KID? TELL ME QUICKER'N QUICK: Y'ALL RIGHT?" "ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MOLL: YOU TELL ME?" "YOU SHOULD WORRY ABOUT ME! D'I LOOK SICK?"

They're not used to lying awake. It's this night. This night of supernal license, weird air-quakes, invasions crepuscular and fleering of little peoples from beyond the pale.

Seven sheep over the fence——

"What's wrong, boy?"

"I hear a mosquito in the room, dang him, and I can't sleep."

"Pshaw, Isaiah, now you turn over and shut your eyes and——" Andy sits bolt up, a listener. "Hark!"

Thud! A fault in the atmosphere, small, echoless. A gunshot, unmistakable. Thud! Thud! Thud! An imponderable fusillade.

Is it ghosts, in this land of the dead? Memories? All inside the brain?

Andy tries Isaiah: "Isaiah, did you hear anything?"

The youngster lies there with the quilt tight over his chest. It's a terrible thing,

when you've been equal to anything and everything, to find yourself suddenly like this. His voice comes as thin as eel-grass.

"Where's that girl?"

It's too much for Andy, and he joins in: "Why don't she ever come home? What's she thinkin' on, this hour of the night?"

"Tain't decent, Andy. What'll folks say?"

"What does she care for that?"

"What does she care if she keeps us wakin' for her?"

"Who are *we*, anyhow? What do *we* 'mount to?"

"What does anything 'mount to these days; anything but cavortin' about with foreigners, dancin', huggin' maybe, carryin' on, forgettin' your religion, your elders, your upbringing—anything to make the time go quick?"

(Continued on page 874)

# "EXPRESSING WILLIE"

A Comedy to the New American Manor Born

By RACHEL CROTHERS

**T**OLERATED hitherto by the Theatre Guild as something less than a rival play-producing organization, the Equity Players, Inc., of New York, have, in presenting Rachel Crothers' comedy of American manners, "Expressing Willie," expressed themselves so effectively as to promise them an approaching equality to the laureled Theatre Guild. The metropolitan critics and playgoing public are a unit in pronouncing it a success due for a protracted run. It is, says Robert Gilbert Welsh, of the New York *Telegram and Mail*, "a real American comedy, handling a native theme lightly and brilliantly, and presented by a group of players at once skilful and scintillant." E. W. Osborn, of the *Evening World*, applauds Miss Crothers for filling her play "with a dialogue so marvelously rich and racy that its humorousnesses fairly tumble one over another in their rush across the footlights." Alexander Woolcott, of the *Sun*, proclaims it "an entirely satisfactory thing . . . a merry and sagacious new comedy"; and to Heywood Broun, of the *World*, it is "one of the best plays of the year and among the most skilful of all American comedies." John Cor-

bin, of the *Times*, finds it "a perfect conjunction of play-writing, acting and stage management that unfolds itself as if by a miracle"; and the veteran James Metcalfe, once of *Life* and now of the *Wall Street Journal*, grants it to be "a significant and well-acted play by an American author."

As to the plot, Willie Smith's (Richard Sterling) preliminary industrial efforts at expression have produced an honest tooth paste which has made him rich beyond the dreams of avarice, if not of social recognition. It has installed him and his capable old mother (Louise Closser Hale) in a nouveau riche suburban New York mansion, built by a most expensive architect, decorated by the most expensive interior decorators and manned by a most expensive and extensive corps of servants.

To this cheerless palace Willie has invited a group of more or less socially advanced persons for the week-end. For example, Taliaferro (Alan Brooks), a society painter, who "considers" doing a portrait of Willie, for a "consideration"; Dolly and George Cadwalader (Molly McIntyre and Warren William), a horse-loving married couple; and a selfish, for-



SHE IS A JOAN OF ARC TO WHAT IS KNOWN AS THE EQUITY PLAYERS, INC. Rachel Crothers, as a playwright, has much to her credit, but nothing more creditable than "Expressing Willie."

tune-hunting widow, Frances Sylvester (Merle Maddern), who has designs on the Smith moneybags.

To this group is introduced, by invitation of Mrs. Smith, Minnie Whitcomb (Chrystal Herne), a one-time sweetheart of Willie's, in a mid-west town from which the Smiths had hailed. She had been and still is a piano teacher, and, as such, has competently supported herself and an incompetent parent.

This abashed little piano teacher, arriving at the Smith country house on a Saturday afternoon in spring, is greeted in the reception room by Mrs. Smith. She is overcome by the magnificence of the establishment, and of the piano in the room. Mrs. Smith informs her that she is worried about Willie, "who's been bitten by a new thing entirely."

MRS. SMITH. He's too smart for just the ordinary thing that's chasin' after rich people. But this is an *idea*, rather than just the people themselves; and it's the first time I've ever been scared about his common sense. Willie's as smart, as shrewd as they make 'em, in business. He's been up against the biggest of 'em. But something's got in under his skin now that I'm afraid of.

MINNIE. What? What *is* it?

MRS. SMITH. All kinds of women have chased him, but up to now *I've* always been the most important woman in his life. I've always been able to steer him without letting him know it.

MINNIE. Is it a woman?

MRS. SMITH. No, it's an *idea*. But there's a woman mixed up in it, and she *might* get him through that. She *might*; and it's the only thing on earth that could take him away from me unless I want him to be taken.

MINNIE. What *is* the idea?

MRS. SMITH. It's making him think there's something *great* shut up inside of him, which has never been found out. It's making him think he's a great man *all by himself*—without his money.

MINNIE. But he *is*—isn't he?

MRS. SMITH. Willie's about as great as my foot. Who made him? *I did*. Who began it all back there in Tuckerville? *I did*. Who nagged him and prodded him and pushed him and *beat* it into him that there *was* a fortune in the toothpaste, if

it was only put before the public right? Me—*me*—and I don't propose to let a woman, who's as foreign to us as the North Pole, come along and turn his head and get the money and then throw him away, like a sucked orange.

Minnie allows that he may love this woman, Frances Sylvester, and it becomes apparent that the shrewd old lady has sent an S O S call for Minnie as a prospective wife for Willie. That young eligible bachelor arrives and, greeted by his mother (Minnie having been shown to her room), is informed by said mother that she has decided to eschew the week-end party and remain by herself.

WILLIE. You can't do it. That's ridiculous—and I want them to see you. Anybody who knows me knows I've got a great mother.

MRS. SMITH. So long as you know it, and I know, it don't matter a fig whether anybody else does or not.

WILLIE. (*Laughing at her with pride and affection.*) You're not a very modest little violet, are you?

MRS. SMITH. Modesty never got anybody anywhere, till after you're *there*. Then modesty's a great virtue.

Willie learns that his boyhood sweetheart, Minnie Whitcomb, from the Mid-West has arrived. He is disconcerted. While he and his mother are talking, Minnie reappears — a half-awkward, half-beautiful figure — and regards Willie with frightened, appealing eyes. While they are getting "re-acquainted," the week-end guests begin to arrive. Mrs. Smith withdraws. One Taliaferro, an artist of eminent conceit relieved by considerable honest acumen, is shown in. Willie excuses himself, to change his clothes, warning Minnie, as he goes out, that Taliaferro "tells the truth to us all" and that she "mustn't mind what he says." Whereupon:

TALIAFERRO. That's why they call me eccentric. There's nothing so strange as the truth. A—I keep thinking you're beautiful, and then I see that you aren't. That's a pity. You should have been. (*He comes closer to Minnie, staring at her*

through his monocle, much to her painful embarrassment.) Oh, I'm not talking about your nose. What have you done or not done that has kept you from being beautiful?

MINNIE. Oh, nothing could have made me beautiful.

TALIAFERRO. Ah—fear. That's what it is, fear. I get that. What are you afraid of? Don't you feel your own greatness?

MINNIE. Oh, I'm not a great person.

TALIAFERRO. Ah, my dear lady; the most commonplace of us have greatness in us, but we don't know how to use it. The great truth of life is shut up in us tight and we go on like apes imitating each other, instead of giving out the something which is in each one of us quite different from in any other. The naked truth of any soul is important. Tell me; have you killed something which should have lived? I don't mean details. I'm not interested in facts. Have you stifled something which might have been a real contribution to life?

MINNIE. I've never even dared to think of it like that.

TALIAFERRO. But you do think it.

MINNIE. (With a sudden passionate earnestness and appeal.) But is it true? Have we all something to give which matters whether we give it or not?

TALIAFERRO. (Responding instantly with tenderness and understanding.) We have ourselves—that inner self which is trying to break through. Have you never listened? Have you never let it speak to you? Have you never let it tell you your own power?

MINNIE. Do you mean what you're saying? I mean—Do you really really mean it?

TALIAFERRO. (Becoming bombastic again.) There you are! We're so used to empty words that do nothing but hide us. Why should I speak to you at all if not to try to reach the real person in you. You don't show me what you are, for fear I'll think it worthless. I'm the modest person. I give you all I am—out—open—naked.

MINNIE. It must be wonderful to feel that way.

Her education progresses, as successive week-end guests arrive and are introduced. Among them are Dolly and George Cadwalader and the gold-chasing widow, Frances Sylvester. There is much patter and palaver. Presently

Taliaferro encourages Minnie to play the piano. The others, including Willie, are amused, skeptical of her ability. Minnie moves toward the piano, but slips awkwardly and falls. The others laugh, and are leaving Willie and Minnie to themselves as the curtain lowers.

It is nine o'clock that evening, in the second act, when Dolly, Frances, Taliaferro, Willie and George come into the same room. They have dined, and Dolly insists she'll burst if she can't call Willie, Bill. He responds: "You can call me anything on earth, just so it isn't Willie." Interrupting their flattery of Willie, Minnie appears and announces that she wants to play for them. There is subdued laughter. She goes to the piano.

WILLIE. Minnie—don't, don't try.

MINNIE. Oh, Willie; don't be afraid for me now.

TALIAFERRO. No one can help you—or harm you—but yourself. (There is a pause. She begins to play—slowly, softly, a little uncertainly. They watch her tensely. She gains in sureness, and plays with inspiration, her courage mounting as the power and beauty of the music accumulate. She finishes in a crescendo of abandon. Dolly, Taliaferro and George all shout bravo, applauding with excitement, exhilarated and honestly thrilled. Frances doesn't like it, the limelight being taken off herself. Willie is stupefied and extremely nervous as to what is coming next. Taliaferro, Dolly and George surround Minnie, all talking at once.)

DOLLY. I never was so thrilled in my life.

GEORGE. It was perfectly ripping, you know. By Jove, it was.

TALIAFERRO. That was mastery. You have destroyed the things which were destroying you. (They go on talking to her. She still sits at the piano listening to them with childlike happiness and gratitude.)

GEORGE. (Going back to Frances and Willie.) What do you make of it? At first I thought she was "lit." And now I don't know whether she is or not.

WILLIE. Certainly not. Certainly not. She's not a drinking person.

GEORGE. But that's just the kind that—

DOLLY. (Coming to them—leaving Taliaferro bending over Minnie.) Did you ever see anything so thrilling in your



life? Who is she, Bill? What is she?

WILLIE. (*His fear giving way to pride.*) Did you enjoy it?

DOLLY. Tollie thinks he has performed a miracle, of course.

GEORGE. Somebody did. Something happened somewhere.

FRANCES. Oh, I see! William did it this way as a surprise for us. It was so clever of you to have made us think she was a failure at first. It makes her seem so much better now. Doesn't it, what?

DOLLY. (*Looking at Willie.*) Is that it? Who is she?

WILLIE. You—you must guess.

A second scene in this act is in Willie's bedroom, a quarter of an hour after the house guests have dispersed for the night. Willie is still in his evening clothes. A rap on the door, and Minnie enters. Willie, astonished and apprehensive, urges her to "go back." She advances into the room and insists on helping him to reveal his real self to his friends, as she has been revealed to herself through the mediumship of the artist Taliaferro.

WILLIE. Now, you be careful. It's dangerous stuff to monkey with, I tell you. I understand it. I know where to draw the line—but you let it alone. It isn't good for you.

MINNIE. Didn't you hear me play?

WILLIE. Yes, I did.

MINNIE. Didn't you see that all I've wanted to be—and all I've wanted to do—came out because, *at last*, I wasn't afraid? Didn't you hear it?

WILLIE. I did; and I was darned proud of you, too. There was something in your music I didn't know you had. The excitement loosened you up. It was *fine*. Now you go to bed and to-morrow we'll—

MINNIE. But it isn't the playing that matters. That's only one little part of it. It's what I can say to *you*—now. I'm not afraid to say things that there isn't anyone else to say—and things that—that your life and your happiness and your—your *everything* depend on.

WILLIE. All right—all right—wait till morning and say them. You can get the whole business out of your system then.

MINNIE. (*Desperately.*) I can't wait.

WILLIE. Now, now, you're getting excited again. If you don't go back to your room, I'll call mother.

MINNIE. It's *got* to be said before you see these people again—before you see Mrs. Sylvester. Oh, Willie, she's so beautiful and wonderful! Don't lose her.

WILLIE. *Lose* her? What do you mean?

MINNIE. You'll never hold her unless you give her more than she's ever had before.

WILLIE. Of course I can give her more than she's ever *dreamed*—

MINNIE. Oh, I don't mean that. *That* won't hold her. It must be *yourself*, and it must be a bigger self than she knows you have.

WILLIE. What?

MINNIE. She'll get tired of *pretending* that you are a great man.

WILLIE. What?

MINNIE. You must show her that you *really are* one.

WILLIE. What do you mean?

MINNIE. Why don't you let her *see* what you are? Why don't you show her *yourself*—your true—your *naked self*?

WILLIE. (*Jumping.*) For the Lord's sake! Some one will hear you!

MINNIE. Then you *would* be great. Then she *would* love you and respect you.

Her innocent sincerity is obvious. Their colloquy is interrupted by a knock on the door. Minnie is hustled into an adjoining dressing-room. Willie opens the other door. Frances Sylvester enters; finds a chair, a cigarette and a light.

FRANCES. Oh what bliss! This is a *real* moment. Isn't it? Away from the stupid treadmill. You're so genuine yourself. It gives me a mad passion to obey *all* my impulses. I'm *trying* to get beyond petty hypocrisies and conventions; but it's awfully hard for a woman to be really free, isn't it? A man never knows quite how hard it is. There are such eons and eons of old prejudices, and ridiculous "don'ts" to live down, aren't there? But you do *so* understand. I knew, if we were alone like this, it would help me. You know why I wanted to do it—to make us look into each other's eyes as two absolutely free, *equal* human beings; not as a man and woman at all. Of course, I don't believe that sex is the basis of all things. Not at all—at all—at all. I believe the spiritual is the fountain—the source of life. (*Putting two fingers seductively on his wrist.*) That's why there *can* be this

beautiful freedom between us. Now talk to me. Say something new and revealing that I've never heard before.

WILLIE. (*In an agony of embarrassment, but trying to live up to the situation.*) Well, I—I'm afraid you've heard everything there is to say.

FRANCES. No, not quite. Sit here—close, so nothing breaks the current of sympathy. (*Making him sit on the cushion at her feet.*) You were going to really talk when we were interrupted. I couldn't go to sleep without coming to ask you what it was. Shy, deep natures like yours so seldom do express themselves. The language of the soul is as illusive—as intangible as *that*. (*Blowing her smoke.*) If it isn't caught in the first magic moment it never tries again. That's why I came straight to you—for fear you'd think I didn't want to listen. I wouldn't have you think I'd closed the door to you for anything in the world. You said you wanted something. There's an unsatisfied longing in your eyes. What is it? Tell me.

WILLIE. Er—I—

FRANCES. Oh, don't be inhibited with me. Have you grown timid again?

WILLIE. Oh no. Oh no.

FRANCES. There *was* perfect harmony between us—till that strange woman came into the room. That I felt a discord, something subtle and vague but very strong. Who is she? *What* is she? Why is she here with you now?

WILLIE. What? (*With a nervous glance towards the dressing-room door.*)

FRANCES. I seemed to get something out of the past—some link between you and her. Don't be afraid of hurting me. Tell me—whatever it is. I shall understand.

Presently Minnie pounds on the dressing-room door, which Willie had locked. Willie, apprehensive, opens it and assures Mrs. Sylvester that their impulses to save him are equally unselfish. Frances Sylvester starts to leave.

WILLIE. Wait, Minnie. (*To Frances.*) You don't think—

FRANCES. How *dare* you let her come into this house with me and my friends!

MINNIE. Oh, he didn't know I was going to do this. I came to tell him something so important it couldn't wait till

morning, and when you knocked I did the stupid old thing of hiding. It always makes everything wrong to hide something, doesn't it? I ought to have stood still right here, and then you would have understood.

FRANCES. Don't let her speak to me! (*She starts to the door.*)

WILLIE. Wait! She didn't hide. I *put* her in there. It was a silly thing to do. I'm not used to women doing these things anyway. But she—it's all as straight as a string.

FRANCES. It's all loathsome and hideous.

MINNIE. Oh no—no—no—it *isn't*! You couldn't think anything wrong of Willie.

FRANCES. (*To Willie.*) I might have known how common you are.

MINNIE. Oh, don't say that. He didn't know I was coming. He didn't even want me to stay. Let me tell you just exactly why I—

FRANCES. Don't speak to me. Don't *dare* to speak to me. (*To Willie.*) I ought to have known better than to come into this house. I shall leave as early as possible in the morning. (*She sweeps out. They stare at the open door.*)

The time of the last act is eight of the following morning. Minnie has risen early in order to explain her position to Frances Sylvester and the others. She encounters Frances, who charges her with trying to compromise Willie. If her friends knew, she declares, "they'd leave at once."

MINNIE. Then I must make them understand.

FRANCES. What?

MINNIE. I'll tell *them* what I did.

FRANCES. You won't.

MINNIE. Of course, I will.

FRANCES. You *can't*! It would ruin you.

MINNIE. But I—

FRANCES. Don't say one word. Can't you see I'm protecting you by keeping still? No matter why you were there—for any reason on earth—you can't tell it. You can't tell you were *hidden* in his room. If you're stupid enough to try to get out of this by talking you'll damn yourself. If you—

The others enter, including Mrs. Smith, who is made acquainted with all

the guests save Mrs. Sylvester, who introduces herself. She explains to Mrs. Smith that she is an early riser and had thought of slipping away before the others were up. Mrs. Smith intimates that she had overheard Frances and Willie the night before. Dolly teases Frances for having misbehaved.

MINNIE. Oh no, she hasn't. I can explain. Don't misjudge Mrs. Sylvester, Mrs. Smith.

FRANCES. I'm not in the habit of having what I do explained or judged or misjudged.

MRS. SMITH. (*With a flash of anger which until now she has been able to control under her dry sarcasm.*) And I'm not in the habit of any of it. It all has to be explained to me.

MINNIE. But I was there all the time, Mrs. Smith. I went first.

MRS. SMITH. What?

MINNIE. I went to Willie's room to tell him something.

DOLLY. Oh!

MRS. SMITH. Minnie Whitcomb! Are you a plumb fool? What in the name of common sense did you do *that* for?

MINNIE. I had to tell him something.

MRS. SMITH. There are twenty-two other rooms in the house. I suppose you couldn't wait till morning and tell him in one of them.

MINNIE. No, I couldn't. I couldn't wait till morning.

MRS. SMITH. You certainly were bitten with the new doctrine. It didn't take you long to release yourself.

MINNIE. It's the most important thing in the world to him. I had to tell him before he saw anyone else. While I was there, there was a knock at the door.

DOLLY. Oh! it's perfect.

MINNIE. We didn't know just what to do; so Willie put me in a cupboard and locked the door.

Explanations are in further order. Willie enters. Minnie flees. Taliaferro announces that he has a strong sense of responsibility for her.

WILLIE. (*A little aggressively.*) What do you mean by that?

TALIAFERRO. I have awakened her—roused her to a realization of her own power and what life may have for her, if she will take it.

MRS. SMITH. Is he talking about Minnie, Willie?

WILLIE. Excuse me, but I don't know why you should feel *that*.

TALIAFERRO. Ah—don't you? And if you don't—why, then you don't. I can't explain it.

WILLIE. (*Not paying any attention to his mother.*) You don't have to explain anything to me about Miss Whitcomb.

MRS. SMITH. Lord, no! She's just one of those unfortunate women that's got nothing in 'em to explain.

TALIAFERRO. I presume you realize she has the potentialities of a great musician?

WILLIE. I'd much rather not discuss Miss Whitcomb's potentialities with anyone but herself.

MRS. SMITH. Why not, Willie? If the gentleman could do anything to help Minnie, it would be good. She's been helping other people to make music all her life.

TALIAFERRO. That's why her own pent-up song has gushed forth with such power.

MRS. SMITH. What?

WILLIE. You didn't hear her play last night, mother. My guests were astounded. They began to realize that a very extraordinary person is in the house.

MRS. SMITH. You don't mean Minnie?

TALIAFERRO. All she is—her soul, her mind, her sex, her love—have gone into that silent music. Something has happened to her sometime to make her think she could only stand by and look on at life.

MRS. SMITH. (*Watching Willie out of the corner of her eye.*) What do you s'pose that could be, Willie? I've known her since she was a baby. Don't upset her with foolish ideas. Willie warned her. He told her she wouldn't understand your language; and you see, she's gone and taken you literally. She's spilled her soul right out on the carpet for you all to step on.

TALIAFERRO. Well, isn't that better than to go on crushing it and suppressing it as completely as she has been doing?

MRS. SMITH. I'm not so sure about that. If we were all running around without any suppressions, we might as well have tails.

TALIAFERRO. (*Laughing.*) I don't get a sense of much suppression on your part, dear madam.

MRS. SMITH. You don't! Well, I'm suppressing more this minute than most people feel in a lifetime. If I was to let go now—God help Willie.



**WILLIE SMITH AND HIS SPARTAN MOTHER IN "EXPRESSING WILLIE"**  
Richard Sterling, in the title rôle, and Louise Closser Hale, as Mrs. Smith, contribute materially to the success of this fine American comedy.



WILLIE SMITH ENTERTAINS WEEK-END GUESTS AT HIS NOUVEAU-RICHE PALACE ON LONG ISLAND  
Left to right are Taliaferro (Alan Brooks), Minnie Whitcomb (Chrystal Herne), Willie Smith (Richard Sterling), Frances Sylvester (Merle Maddern), George Cadwalader (Warren Williams) and Dolly Cadwalader (Molly McIntyre) in "Expressing Willie."





THEY ARE DRAMATIC RIVALS IN "EXpressing WILLIE"  
Minnie Whitcomb (Chrystal Herne) and Frances Sylvester (Merle Maddern)  
have a diverting encounter in Willie's bedroom, to his consternation.



"IT'S GOOD THAT LIFE IS SO SHORT; NOT WORTH THE PAIN IT BRINGS"  
Such was the embittered philosophy of Eleonora Duse, who died in Pittsburgh, Pa., on April 21st, after a romantic career. This autographed sketch, by the Russian artist A. H. Roussoff, was made in 1893.



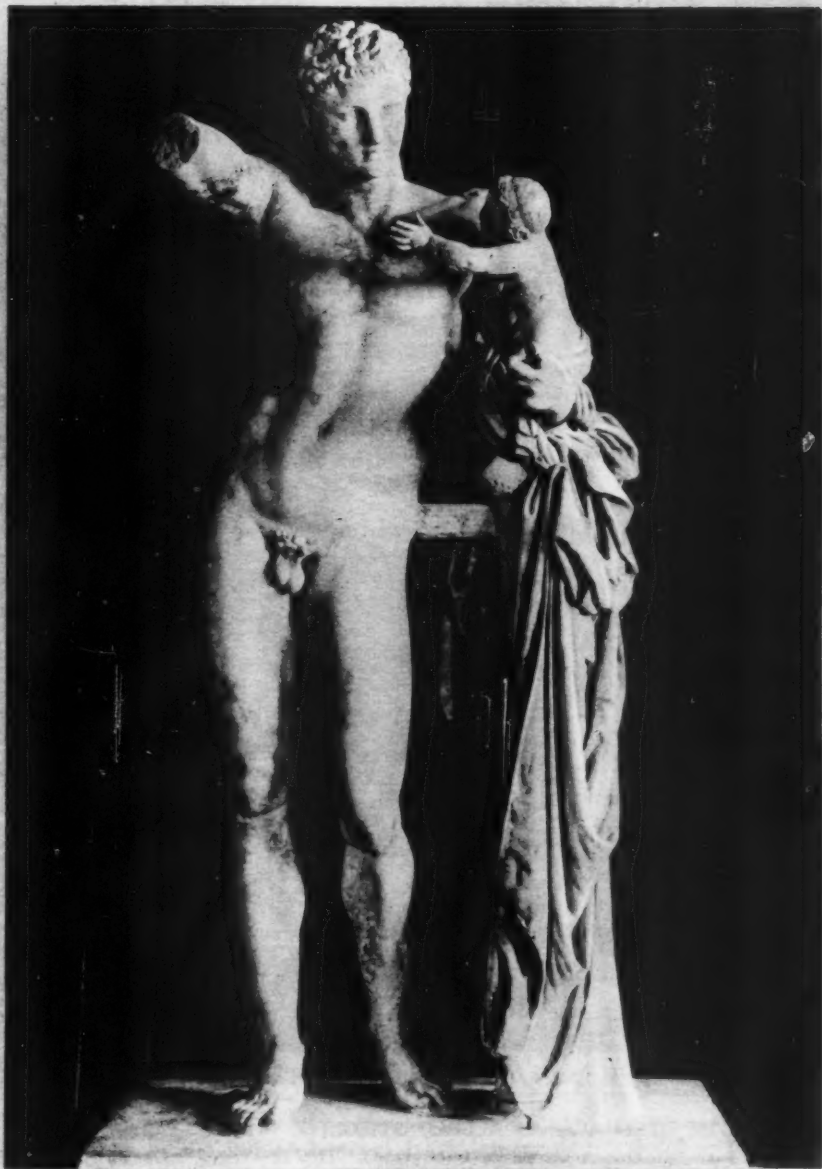
**SHE IS ACCLAIMED AS "THE GREATEST AMERICAN ACTRESS"**

In fact, many authoritative appraisers of dramatic art regard Mrs. Fiske, who is now playing in "Helena's Boys," as the greatest actress who is now appearing on any stage.



A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH MASTERPIECE ACQUIRED BY THE  
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

This painting, "Blind Orion Searching for the Rising Sun," by Nicolas Poussin, is announced as among recent accessions to New York City's art-gallery. It shows Orion on his journey to the morning sun guided by a workman of Hephaestus, who stands on his shoulders and rests one hand on the giant's head, while countrymen gape and Artemis overlooks the scene from the sky. The picture was painted in 1658; at one time belonged to Sir Joshua Reynolds; and inspired the great English essayist, William Hazlitt, to write: "Nothing was ever more finely conceived or done. It breathes the spirit of the morning; its moisture, its repose, its obscurity, waiting the miracle of light to kindle it in smiles; the whole is like the principal figure in it, a forerunner of the dawn. The same atmosphere tinges and imbues every object, the same dull light 'shadowy sets off' the face of nature: one feeling of vastness, of strangeness, and of primeval forms pervades the painter's canvas, and we are thrown back upon the first integrity of things."



© Underwood

**THIS MASTERPIECE OF PRAXITELES IS OFFERED TO AMERICA**  
The Greek Republic would lend, for public exhibition, "Hermes Carrying the Infant Dionysus," 2,500 years old, as a mark of esteem for American democracy.





#### THE STEERAGE AS ALFRED STIEGLITZ PHOTOGRAPHS IT

"You may call this a crowd of immigrants, 'The Steerage,'" Alfred Stieglitz, veteran genius of the camera, told a New York interviewer the other day; "to me it is a study in mathematical lines, in balance, in a pattern of light and shade." Mr. Stieglitz has lately been awarded by the Royal Photographic Society of London the Progress Medal, heretofore awarded only for scientific achievement, for his "great services rendered to photography." He has won more than 125 medals in three continents.

# 1859--Eleonora Duse--1924

## The Romantic Career of a Great Tragedienne

**A** YEAR and a month after the death of her great French contemporary, Sarah Bernhardt, Eleonora Duse, the great Italian actress, has died at sixty-four in Pittsburgh, and her body will have a permanent resting place in Italy, whither it has been transported under the aegis of the Mussolini Government. Her universally lamented passing is generally agreed to have left the tragic art of the theater without a feminine exponent comparable to her. "Bernhardt and Duse," said Sardou and all Paris. "Duse and Bernhardt," said Rome and Vienna. And there were persons who whispered her name alone.

As J. Rankin Towse observes, in the *New York Evening Post*, Signora Duse was of an individuality so rare and distinctive that any exact appraisal of her work, by comparison with that of others, is difficult if not impossible. Critics of the various countries in which she triumphed differed widely in their estimates of her genius—some calling it unparalleled and others, such as the late William Winter, denying it altogether—but all, or almost all, acknowledged her inescapable spell. It was moonlight playing on strings of the spirit with filmy fingers, eluding capture by any less gauzy net than poetry.

Her presence on the stage has been likened to an echo of phantom music in the mind. Sad, said the critics. To be sure. Pensive, wistful, spiritual, expressing a haunting, inward beauty, a sweet melancholy, an aching loneliness. All these things they said and more. She chimed on all the silver bells of truth and beauty in the human heart. Still she escaped them. Perhaps she escaped even herself.

"Life is not worth the pain it brings," she said once. Again: "It is good that life is so short." She gave herself so wholly to her art that it is hard to reveal her quality in any other phase of

her life. She avoided society. She hated publicity. Her wants were simple, not caring whether or not there was a carpet on the floor. She ate sparingly of common food. She was generous to rivals. When she first saw Bernhardt, she cried: "I lay myself at your feet." That was when she was very young. She would not hire herself out to theatrical managers, but played always for a moiety of receipts. "I am like Americans in that," she said. "I like my liberty. If I take a salary, no matter how much or little, I am the slave of my manager and the public. But if I play only for a share of what I earn, I am independent." Financially embarrassed when she arrived in this country a few weeks ago, Signora Duse is said to have acquired some \$90,000.

Duse was born a stage child. Accounts differ as to the actual place of her birth, but it is recorded in the village of Vigevano, Pavia, on the outskirts of Venice. That led some to say that she was born there. Another account is that she was born in a wagon in which her parents' theatrical troupe was touring, and still others say she was born in a railroad train en route to Venice. The date was October 3, 1859.

When twelve years old Duse began to appear with her parents' strolling troupe in the provinces. Her mother died when she was fourteen. It is said that when she was fifteen on the night she made her first notable success as *Juliet* in Verona, the very city where Shakespeare set his story, she had to pilfer a slice of polenta (cornmeal) from the landlady's kitchen to sustain herself for the performance. By the time she was twenty she had gained a histrionic reputation in her native country.

She was famous throughout Italy by the time she made her first essay before a foreign audience. In 1892 there

was an anniversary to be celebrated in Vienna and the most famous players in Europe were invited by Princess Metternich to appear at the Court Theater. Duse was not included. She had decided to go to Vienna under her own auspices, opening unheralded at the Karl Theater in "La Dame aux Camélias" to an almost empty house. A day or two later her theater was packed and the Court Theater suffered. Later she was invited to appear there and refused.

It was in this same play that Gabrielle d'Annunzio first saw her. They had an enthusiastic meeting. Ten days later he had written "La Gioconda" and dedicated it to "Eleonora Duse of the beautiful hands." Their affair, which ended when D'Annunzio published his "Il Fuoco" ("The Flame") and gave to the world in the form of "copy" the most intimate revelations of Duse's life

and personality that she had confided to him, was a matter of international note. She is said to have paid the author a considerable sum (for she was wealthy then) to suppress the book which, however, found publication. Duse, nearing forty and ten years older than D'Annunzio, was crushed. She became desperately ill. She gave up the stage. Her life was embittered in a way that left its mark permanently.

There had been an earlier marriage. When Duse was twenty-six she had become the wife of Signor Checchi, an actor who later left the stage, and they had a daughter. The marriage was not a happy one and a separation followed. The child was educated in a convent, and not until she was grown to womanhood did she see her mother act.

Eleonora Duse came to America for the first time in 1893, and soon became a fad among theatergoers of the day.

She made her second American appearance in 1903. This was during the D'Annunzio episode, and her plays were "Francesca da Rimini," "Gioconda" and "La Città Morta." Because of the notoriety attending her love affair with D'Annunzio this tour did not excite the public response of the former one and was a comparative failure.

Having abandoned the stage for nearly twenty years, following her break with D'Annunzio, Duse reappeared in public in 1921, largely to restore a fortune that had been swept away in the war. It was in Ibsen's "Lady of the Sea" at the Balbo Theater in Turin, and she received a tumultuous welcome. After the second act a delegation of Fiume women presented her with a bouquet of roses from D'Annunzio and a patriotic demonstration followed, with cheers for Italy, Duse and D'Annunzio who, the other day, was made a Prince of Italy. *Viola tout.*



#### HER DEATH ENDS A TRAGIC CAREER

Eleonora Duse, described by the critics as the only contemporary actress comparable to Sarah Bernhardt, made her final stage appearance on April 5th in Pittsburgh, Pa., playing in "The Closed Door."

# Bernard Shaw Assails American Critics

*Angered by Their Yawning Reviews of His Play "Saint Joan"*

**G**EORGE BERNARD SHAW, taking umbrage at those American dramatic critics who have failed to appreciate his play "Saint Joan," characteristically dismisses them as "morons who are not interested in history, nor in politics, nor in religion." "Of course," he is quoted as saying, in a London dispatch to the *New York World*, apropos of the reception given his latest play, "they all cried out, 'How deadly dull this is!' It would be exactly as sensible to send a man who cares only for jazz music to report a Beethoven symphony. Naturally it would bore him stiff."

G. B. S., who once was a dramatic critic himself, goes on to say that what deprives the average theatrical criticism of the slightest value as a guide to patrons of the theater is that the critic's attitude toward a play is exactly opposite to that of the playgoer. To the professional critic, as Shaw observes, going to the theater is a job for which he has to be paid. Therefore his natural desire is to have it made as easy for him as possible. He doesn't relish being made to think hard, and he particularly resents a long play, we are assured, because it means that he may be late in handing in his review. "The playgoer, on the other hand, goes to the theater in order to obtain enjoyment, and is prepared to pay to get it. If an individual play is a long play and yet is entertaining from beginning to end, it gives him the sense of having received good value for his money. But to the average critic, a long play, whatever its merits may be, is to be condemned because it is long."

There are about two practicable lengths for a play, according to Shaw. As a rule, a piece written by the ordinary purveyor of theatrical claptrap seldom plays for more than two hours. The first act consists largely of more or less obvious padding, of general indi-

cations of what is going to happen. The second furnishes the "big scene," which is all the writer actually has to give us. Throughout the third act it is obvious, in most plays, that the authors have had a struggle to keep the curtain up at all.

The other play-length is three hours and a half. But, Shaw observes, with an eye on some of his own performances:

"It is only the playwright of genius, who has something big and definite to say, who can elaborate his theme to this extent and still keep an audience interested and entertained. It is the ideal length for the play of ideas; it is the length of the masterpieces of Shakespeare, played as he intended them to be played, without elaborate scenery and all these wretched modern cuts. It is because I, as a playwright, have something to say that playgoers will listen to me for three hours and a half.

"Reviews of plays by dramatists who really have something to say will continue to be perfectly inept and misleading so long as newspaper editors persist in sending the wrong kind of men to report on them. The *New York papers*, for the most part, sent men to criticize my play 'Saint Joan' whose personal preference in dramatic fare is presumably what is termed light comedy or girl shows."

G. B. S. wishes that the critics could discover the virtue of a play of his while it was being acted, and not six months after the end of its successful run. His diatribe trails off into an admission that "among American dramatic reporters a few are men of culture and discernment. These men can and do criticize intelligently a stage piece that is written for intelligent people." Shaw has decided to visit the United States when, he is quoted as saying, the British assessors of the super-tax finally have reduced him to absolute penury. Then he will make an American lecturing tour to keep himself out of the poorhouse.

# Memorizing a Hundred Pages of Music

## Extraordinary Feats Performed in Opera and Orchestration

**M**EMORIZING a hundred pages of a concerto may not appear so much of a task to the layman, to whom a half hour of music is only part of an evening in the concert hall. Yet the greatest exponents of their instruments possess in the memory many such works, and most amazing of all feats in this province are those of conductors who lead complex orchestral and choral works, as well as opera, without score. Toscanini, the versatile Italian conductor, is cited by R. M. Knerr, in *Musical America*, as frequently conducting whole operas without the score, and Leopold Stokowski rarely has recourse to the page in the concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Marcel Dupré, organist of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, who performs prodigious feats of memory, is accustomed to practise an hour on a new work before sleeping overnight and finds that his memory is stronger in the morning than if he were to play several hours after rising. The reason, he explains, is that few sense impressions enter the mind during sleep, and it is refreshed by rest. He adds:

"Of the different kinds of memory—those of the eye, the ear and fingers—the last is very important in quickly securing proficiency in performance, but it is least dependable in retaining that piece in the memory. The visual sense of the written score, however, remains over periods of years, after other types of memory have failed one. So, if you want to learn music in the quickest possible time, I should suggest tireless practising until it becomes 'second nature' for the hands. But if you want to learn a piece for a definite, lasting place in your repertoire, study the score."

Olga Samaroff, pianist, believes that the better one understands a work, the more vivid will be one's memory of it, the explanation being the greater number of associations. Memorizing music consists simply, she says, in a real com-

prehension—harmonic, melodic, contrapuntal and structural—of the score to be learned, combined with a normal amount of repetition.

"Complete understanding and sufficient repetition, which, by the way, automatically develops both the 'ear' and 'finger' memories, should in any normally intelligent and musical person insure memorizing music. The operatic artist has his cues and a prompter. We cannot have a prompter, but we can provide ourselves in a certain sense with cues by learning a composition in the following manner: Divide it into small sections and practise each section in conjunction with a few bars of the preceding section. Thus the transition between two sections gets double practise and suggests what is to come. I have found this method of working far more helpful than visualizing pages or any of the more artificial procedures sometimes advocated."

Contrariwise, Felix Salmond, the English cellist, never consciously tries to learn by "heart," nor does he divide up the work into small sections. In his opinion, quick preparation of any important work is a mistake. Granting that a fine memory is a valuable asset, he does not, however, believe that extraordinary memorative powers have any connection with musicianship or artistic standing. "It does not follow that one is a better artist because one has this faculty abnormally developed."

To Carlos Salzedo, a master of both the piano and harp, "memorizing by force is really harmful, if the brain is 'overstrained' and 'remembering is more the result of absorption than of volition. . . . The best way of memorizing is to spend a great amount of time on a piece. If it is not accomplished naturally the mind won't retain it. I have on several occasions had to learn works on four or five days' notice. I did so, but I discovered after some time that I had forgotten them."



# Challenging Nordic Superiority

## What Race Makes for the Best American Citizenship?

**L**ONG ago in Palestine a man was either a Jew or a despised gentile, and in Athens he was either a Greek or a despised barbarian. Throughout all history the foreigner and the stranger have been regarded as inferior. The latest important manifestation of this age-old conceit can be seen in the activities of a little group of vigorous publicists, who for the last few years have been insisting that all humanity was divided into superior Nordics and inferior non-Nordics, into descendants, on the one hand, of the Scandinavian peoples with blue eyes, blond hair, and "long" heads, and on the other hand of Alpine, Mediterranean, Asiatic and African stocks.

Ten years ago no one had heard of the Nordics. To-day this conception of a super-race with its home in North Europe is being invoked to shape America's immigration policy. "America for the Nordics" has become a watchword for a great number of persons who feel vaguely that they do not wish the original stock of their country to become "polluted" with alien strains, and Congress is intent on drafting an immigration law aimed to carry that

feeling into effect. Publicists like Madison Grant, Lothrop Stoddard and Henry Fairfield Osborn have had the field almost to themselves in contending that all the highest achievements of human kind have been the product of the blond race of northern Europe which is now being threatened, they say, with extinction both here and abroad.

The Nordic claims, and in fact the very existence of such a race as is described by Grant and Stoddard, are now being vigorously disputed. Professor Franz Boas, of Columbia University, an anthropologist of world-wide reputation, has broken lances with them in the *New York Times* and Professor Johan J. Smertenko has attacked them in *Current History*.

Professor Smertenko declares that at its best the whole theory of a Nordic race is a "pseudo-scientific romance" concocted by journalists, lawyers and lecturers who have no standing as anthropologists. He charges them with being "sentimentalists blinded by fear."

The Nordic, according to Professor Smertenko, is merely our old friend the "Teuton," whose deification by the Germans before the war led to Germany's insane conceit, and who is now being revamped for American consumption. The tendency to glorify one's own race, however, is nothing new.

"Every man feels in some way superior to his neighbor, whether because he is rich or poor, modest or proud, giant or pigmy, carnal or pious, quick-witted or plodding. Moreover, in this task of marking 'Superior Brand' on distinctive traits and qualities, the individual



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"NORDIC" (FORMERLY "TEUTON") TYPE  
The "superior" race of northern Europe.

does not stop with himself; he exalts similarly his family, his town, his tribe and finally his race."

The writer in *Current History* proceeds to attack the claim that the Nordics are a separate, pure race with qualities distinguishable from those of other peoples.

"The latest anthropological analysis by Professor Roland B. Dixon, of Harvard University, finds the origins of the Nordic type in the mixture of Caspian and Mediterranean types. It is safe to assume a 'mixture' for the Nordic as for all other races, inasmuch as recent research has shown that the closest sort of contacts existed between north and south even in the earliest days of our civilization."

Professor Smertenko roundly scores as "preposterous ignorance" the Nordic claim to a monopoly of civilization. He cites the fact that for many centuries China had a more advanced culture than the West, that all the great religions have come from Asiatic sources, that ancient Egypt and Chaldea were the cradles of civilization, and that African



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#### "ALPINE" TYPE

Distributed across central Europe from Spain to Russia.

Moors built the Alhambra in Granada.

Professor Boas of Columbia University supports Johan Smertenko in challenging the scientific foundation for the theory that the Nordics are a more generously endowed race than any other. He says:

"The essential error in the Nordic argument lies in the confusion of family heredity with race heredity. In every race we find individuals running all the way from imbeciles to genius. So far as the qualities of any one person are concerned, his value is determined not by racial affiliations but by his family stock."

Both Professor Boas and the New

York *World*, editorially, poke fun at the effort of the Nordic enthusiasts to claim such men as Columbus and Bonaparte as Nordics. "What scientist," Professor Boas asks, "would base important conclusions on evidence as tenuous as a statement that Columbus, from his portraits and from his busts, whether authentic or not, was clearly of Nordic ancestry?"



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#### "MEDITERRANEAN" TYPE

Found chiefly in southern Italy and France

And the *World* writer inquires whether Napoleon's ancestors have been exhaustively traced to prove that "his seventh great-grandfather did not marry the daughter of an 'Alpine' baron or a gypsy from the Balkans."

Nevertheless, though discarding the claims for Nordic superiority, the *World* still favors restricted immigration drawn from northern Europe on the ground that cultural affinity renders assimilation easier. "The Amer-

ican school system is already so overburdened that until it is vastly reformed and improved it cannot hope to assimilate successfully a great mass of children with very different social backgrounds from those of the mass of the American people. It is easier to absorb people from Great Britain, Scandinavia, the Netherlands and Germany, because their habits and family traditions in Europe are so much more nearly like the American."

## The Longevity of Saints and Sinners

### *Statesmen and Soldiers Outlive Philosophers and Poets*

WHEN Bernard Shaw, in "Back to Methuselah," startled the bourgeoisie by declaring that anybody could live on indefinitely if only he had the will to do so, his suggestion was accepted as merely another extravagant Shavian fantasy. Curiously enough, some longevity figures have just been published which lend a certain degree of confirmation to Shaw's contention. Not by Coué-ing ourselves, according to Shaw, can we prolong our lives, but by entering with such zest in this world's activities that our subconscious will-to-live will carry us on and on through the decades and the centuries. Following the same line of reasoning, W. Wyatt Tilby, writing in the *Nineteenth Century*, presents interesting evidence showing that worldlings outlive those who give themselves up to unworldly pursuits.

The longevity of different classes of great and distinguished men are compared. Popes and archbishops are found to have lived on an average to the advanced age of 73 years, whereas saints have died at 59, even when martyrs who met violent deaths are excluded from the computation. Mr. Tilby asks whether this striking discrepancy is not due to the fact that the princes and potentates of the Church concern themselves largely with mun-

dane affairs, whereas saints live truly on another spiritual plane.

Corroboration of this view is found in the longevity records of other classes. Scientists die at an average age of 74, but philosophers succumb at 66.7 years. Here again the same distinction occurs: scientists are absorbed in earthly phenomena, whereas philosophers spin a web of intellectualism. Finally, and perhaps most curiously of all, musicians die at 59, but great painters have lived to 66. It is pointed out that painters are engaged with the concrete and visible world, whereas the musician gives himself up to the invisible and spiritual medium of sound.

Men of action—ecclesiastics, statesmen, soldiers—as a class live longer than those given to contemplative pursuits. The former, grouped together, live to the age of 74, whereas the latter hardly pass 64. This, however, is probably due to the fact that the leader among men is usually endowed with a powerful physique to begin with. To achieve eminence, he must be robust.

After surveying the longevity of more than 500 of the world's greatest men, the writer comes to the conclusion that they outlive the ordinary run of humanity. The average length of life for persons who reach maturity is 62 years, but for men of eminence it is

67.5 years, and for those of remarkable genius 69.1 years. This figure closely approaches the threescore years and ten of the psalmist, and Mr. Tilby wonders whether the Hebrew poet consulted an actuary before writing his verse.

The proverbial worries of the high-strung business man do not, apparently, bring him to an early grave. Merchant magnates, according to this tabulator,

live usually to 70 years. Saints and poets are the only types who succumb at an earlier age than the average for humanity at large. The longest livers of all are seemingly the Speakers of the House of Commons, who have averaged 80 years, despite the fact (as Mr. Tilby remarks) that of all men in the modern world they must be the ones who on occasions long most devoutly for release.

## Making Sawdust of Presidential Timber

### *Custom Foredooms Many White House Aspirants*

THE Constitution of the United States in determining who may become President contents itself with a few simple restrictions. The candidate must be a citizen born in America, who has resided here for 14 years, and who has reached 35 years of age.

Custom, however, has continually been adding unwritten limitations on the selection of the nation's chief executive, and these have now become so numerous and so inflexible as to narrow the choice down to a very few eligibles.

Frank E. Kent in the *Baltimore Sun* has drawn up a list of these traditional restrictions as they apply to the coming selection of a Democratic nominee. In brief it may be said that no Southerner, no Jew, no Catholic, no corporation lawyer, no one beyond the middle sixties in age, and no wet stands much chance of nomination or election. Inexperience in public office, far from being an impediment, is rather a help, as this means a man has few political enemies. Long experience in the public eye is almost sufficient of itself to eliminate a man; he is shop-worn.

Here is Mr. Kent's list of the Democratic candidates and the reasons why they are, by custom, objectionable:

John W. Davis—His clients are too rich.  
Oscar W. Underwood—Too far South, too wet, too anti-Labor.  
Senator Samuel M. Ralston of Indiana—Too old.

William G. McAdoo—Sprinkled with oil and opposed by the business interests.

Senator Royal S. Copeland of New York—A political lightweight and a newspaper doctor.

Senator Carter W. Glass of Virginia—Able but unadvertised Southerner with a testy temper.

Gov. Jonathan Davis of Kansas—Merely a local Kansan who got to be Governor.

Senator Joseph T. Robinson—He is from Arkansas.

Mayor William E. Dever of Chicago—A Catholic.

Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York—A wet Catholic.

Homer Cummings of Connecticut—No record, except he was once chairman of the national committee.

Governor Charles W. Bryan of Nebraska—Brother of W. J. Bryan and an echo.

Governor Albert C. Ritchie—Too wet and from too small a State.

James M. Cox of Ohio—Defeated by 7,000,000 majority.

Senator A. O. Stanley of Kentucky—Too wet and too little known.

Cordell Hull of Tennessee—A Southerner with a local reputation.

John Barton Payne of Illinois—No local support and no other support, either.

Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana—A Catholic.

Governor Sweet of Colorado—A local lightweight, spoken well of by Col. E. M. House.

Governor Neff of Texas—Not big enough to be seriously discussed.

Senator James A. Reed—Rejected by his own State of Missouri.

Josephus Daniels—Impossible.

# The Timeliness of Kant's Message

## Why His Ideas Are Still Alive

THE warning of Emerson, "Beware when God lets loose a thinker on this planet!" is worth recalling in connection with the recent commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Immanuel Kant at Königsberg in East Prussia. This little man of half-Scotch ancestry, who passed his entire life in or near his native city, who wrote books so "difficult" that they are almost unintelligible, who never fired a gun, or made a political speech, is credited with having left a deeper impress on the modern world than even that of Napoleon. He supported religion; advocated a republican form of government; attacked militarism; pioneered the idea of a league of nations; and lived long enough to see his ideas going forward in practically every country. They have kept on going forward ever since. In an article in the Boston Methodist weekly, *Zion's Herald*, the distinguished New England publicist, Edwin D. Mead, has pointed out: "Woodrow Wilson, himself more a philosopher than a politician, and a Kantian at that, was undoubtedly profoundly influenced by Kant's international thought, and his whole work at Paris was, whether consciously or not, an heroic effort to realize that thought in the practical organization of the world." At the four-day bicentenary exercises, held at Königsberg in April, were represented the chief European countries, America, and even the Far East.

The two things that most impressed Kant as he thought about the world were the "starry heavens" above him and the "moral law" within him. This fact is engraved in gold letters on his tomb. He summed up the moral law in a "categorical imperative" which is simply the command that we each of us live as we would wish every one else to live. The total effect of his thought is to empha-

size "idealism" in both the popular and the philosophic senses.

Kant's philosophical trilogy, the "Critique of Pure Reason," the "Critique of Practical Reason" and the "Critique of Judgment," are an effort to comprehend reality, or "the thing in itself." The first of these works demolished contemporary theological arguments, but the second and third showed that the moral nature of man requires the postulate of God. Kant's attitude was so novel that it was at first regarded as subversive of religion, and some of his articles were suppressed by the Prussian Government. It was later recognized that he had opened up a new path to the assurance of God, and we find him hailed at the present time as a champion of religion. The *Homiletic Review* (New York) has lately



**PRESIDENT WILSON'S INSPIRATION**  
As far back as 1795, Immanuel Kant worked out the idea that was later embodied in the League of Nations.



gone so far as to print a leading article in which the statement is made: "There is probably no single man, unless it is Saint Paul, to whom preachers to-day owe a heavier debt of gratitude than to Immanuel Kant."

It was Kant's intention to follow his three great Critiques with a "System of Politics"; but he was compelled in his seventy-seventh year to abandon the plan. Happily, the political essays which he wrote clearly indicate the spirit of his political ideas. The best known of these, "Eternal Peace," published in 1795, is described by Mr. Mead as "the Magna Carta of the peace movement." It took the position

that the peace and order of the world depend upon a cosmopolitan union of states, and that this can only come about when the states of the world, or the controlling body of them, are free states. The only right government, Kant said, is republican government; to that the nations of the world are gravitating by the very urge of human nature. When enough nations have achieved it, they will unite in a "cosmopolitical institution"—Kant's term for Wilson's League of Nations—and then, and not till then, law will supplant war, armies will be disbanded, and we shall have a peaceful and cooperative civilization.

## Science Viewed As Man's Destroyer

### *Bertrand Russell's Vision of the Modern Icarus*

"PEOPLE used to write and read Utopias. They now amuse themselves with catastrophes." So the New York *Tribune* declares apropos of Bertrand Russell's latest book, "Icarus, or the Future of Science" (Dutton), in which he tries to show that science may yet destroy civilization. Mr. Russell's book was written as a rejoinder to certain daring speculations regarding the future of science put forward by a young Cambridge biochemist, J. B. S. Haldane (see CURRENT OPINION for September, 1923), and published under the title, "Daedalus." The difference between the two books is made clear in Mr. Russell's statement: "Icarus, having been taught to fly by his father Daedalus, was destroyed by his rashness. I fear that the same fate may overtake the populations whom modern men of science have taught to fly."

Mr. Russell opens his argument with the statement that science, very obviously, may increase men's power of gratifying their desires without altering their passions or their general outlook. It may equally, he adds, increase man's control over nature without in-

creasing his happiness and well-being. The trouble is that man is not yet grown up. He is not rational. He is a bundle of passions and instincts. He is fittingly symbolized, in too many cases, by a youth in a raccoon coat who drives a sixty-horse-power Rolls-Royce, with a dozen cocktails inside him.

The nineteenth century was a scientific fool's paradise, and nourished the idea that man was going on from invention to invention in orderly progress. Then came the World War, and the idea was dissipated in slaughter and smoke.

If man was rational he would use his scientific knowledge to abolish war. Instead, he has chosen to enhance its horrors a hundredfold. If he was actuated by motives of self-interest, as the older economists supposed, he would have seen, with Norman Angell and others, that war does not "pay." But the actual fact, Mr. Russell asserts, is that man is stirred by the spirit of rivalry much more than by either reason or narrow self-interest. The argument proceeds:

"Rivalry is, with most well-to-do energetic people, a stronger motive than love

of money. Successful rivalry requires organization of rival forces. . . . So the object of a big business is not to make money, but to win in the contest with some other business. If there were no other business to be defeated, the whole thing would become uninteresting. This rivalry has attached itself to nationalism, and enlisted the support of the ordinary citizens of the countries concerned; they seldom know what it is that they are supporting, but, like the spectators at a football match, they grow enthusiastic for their own side. The harm that is being done by science and industrialism is almost wholly due to the fact that, while they have proved strong enough to produce a national organization of economic forces, they have not proved strong enough to produce an international organization. It is clear that political internationalism such as the League of Nations was supposed to inaugurate, will never be successful until we have economic internationalism, which would require, as a minimum, an agreement between various national organizations dividing among them the raw materials and markets of the world. This, however, can hardly be brought about while big business is controlled by men who are so rich as to have grown indifferent to money, and to be willing to risk enormous losses for the pleasure of rivalry."

Summarizing the conclusions of his book in even plainer language, in an interview with Eugene S. Bagger for the *New York Times*, Mr. Russell has reiterated his fear that "our civilization is headed toward a disaster," and has gone on to say that the only hope of escape lies in the possibility that "one nation, or a group of nations, will grow so powerful that no other nation will take a chance on fighting it." He is quoted further:

"That nation will rule the whole world and it will prevent war, just as the government of a country prevents civil war. Which nation it will be I don't know. It may be the United States. Or it may be the United States heading a group of nations — perhaps the English-speaking peoples. Or it may be some Asiatic power — perhaps China, supported by Japan and India and possibly by Russia, which is more Asiatic than European, though its final alignment is doubtful.



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#### A PROPHET OF CALAMITY

Bertrand Russell, who is now lecturing in the United States, declares that unless we can "bring about an equilibrium between man's scientific equipment and his intellectual and moral fitness to use it," we are headed for disaster.

"This one nation, or group, will conquer the world and impose peace. That is what happened at the end of the Middle Ages within the individual nations. The king became so powerful that he could prevent private warfare between his subjects. In the following two or three centuries all freedom was suppressed, but so was promiscuous murder within the realm. Internal peace was established and life became possible. Under this stability enforced by a central tyranny democracy had a chance to develop. I am looking forward to a similar evolution in international relations. I don't even say that the despotism of the conquering nation, or group of nations, will be a benevolent one. It will be probably just as cruel, intolerant and stupid as was that of kings. But it will also be efficient. For two or three centuries there will be no freedom. But there will be no mass murder and destruction either, and the evolution of international democracy will be possible. It is our only hope."

# How to Promote Fiercer Strife

## "Life's" Campaign in Behalf of "Bigger and Better Wars"

THE prize contest is rapidly becoming a favorite American pastime. Edward Bok set the ball rolling with his offer of \$50,000 for the best plan to prevent war, and *Life* followed with an offer of four cash prizes (ranging from \$250 to \$50) for the best suggestions on how to start another good, big war. Our national humorous weekly very obviously had its tongue in its cheek in announcing and carrying through the competition; yet a serious idea underlay the entire contest. It was to determine some of the most effective causes of war and bring them to light.

The predominating sentiment in the letters received by *Life* was, we learn, a strange cynicism on the part of the public (especially ex-service men) when dealing with the glories of war. "There seems," the editors declare, "to be a feeling abroad that some one was gyped in the last war. The words 'national honor' and 'civilization' appear in quotation-marks in a large number of the replies, indicating an unaccountable iconoclasm stirring in the breasts of a notoriously reverent and docile people."

Perhaps the most significant facts in connection with the contest may be found in Japanese-American developments in Tokio and Washington. It happened that, almost contemporaneously with the passage by the Senate of the Immigration Bill containing the Japanese Exclusion clause, *Life* received a wireless from Baron Shidehara, former Japanese ambassador to the United States, in which he spoke of the "tacit and unwritten, though none the less definite, agreement," entered into by Japan and by other powers with the object of maintaining peace. He went on to say:

"With great respect for *Life*, and without in any way desiring to criticize you

or your countrymen, please permit me to contend that Americans are altogether too ambitious. You have in the United States most of the best and biggest things in the world, but we think the World War will retain the record as the biggest and best at least for a few weeks and we hope even for a few months longer."

The action of our Senate, in comparison with Baron Shidehara's gentlemanly message, seemed to *Life* so gigantic in its potential mischievousness as to merit a special award in the contest. This award took the form of a beautifully lettered testimonial, sent to every member of Congress and reading in part:

"Although specifically barred from competition in *Life's* War Contest, the members of the Congress pluckily went ahead, with no thought of personal gain and at the expense of their reputation for sane statesmanship, and formulated a plan so simple and inevitable in its potentialities for the promotion of international ill will that to deny it recognition in this Contest would be an equivocating and futile evasion of justice.

"Therefore, the judges in *Life's* Contest present to the members of the Congress this special, hand-illuminated award in lieu of a cash prize, with best wishes for a Happy War."

The first prize in the *Life* competition was won by Stuart Chase, of the Labor Bureau, New York City, with this letter:

"Bigger and Better Wars? That's what we all want. The notion that war is a curse is the bunk. Unadulterated. War liberates all kinds of stifled emotions; puts color and rhythm and adventure back into the world. You're running a power-loom day after day in a lint-filled room. Suddenly you're out on the street marching to the roll of drums, and flags are waving, and the sun is shining, and the crowds are cheering. Cheering you! You're a woman, a tired, overworked woman.

You've sent your son to the front. You're somebody at last. Pain, and the ecstasy of sacrifice. And the newspapers are applauding you!

"Bigger and better wars. We'll have them, plenty of them, just so long as war lets out that which peace holds in. So my plan is, don't let peace become too interesting. Keep it on the usual humdrum level. Keep the machines grinding, the housewives scrubbing, the clerks scrivening. Slam the door on color, music, leisure and art. Standardize the job, standardize the schools, standardize the movies. Hold 'em! wrist linked to wrist, knee bent to knee, and so God knows, being human, they will always be ready for Bigger and Better Wars!"

The second prize went to Oscar Graeve, also of New York City, author of the following letter:

"Why not Japan? There's been a lot of talk of war with Japan; our propaganda is half-accomplished. Besides, Japan is crippled, owing to earthquake and fire; in other words, God is already working with us.

"Then start rumors. Start 'em in California. Six little orphan girls found in a dark wood with their throats cut! ('Honest! It's true! My cousin's uncle had a friend who . . . and you know what them Japs are!')

"Another rumor. Six little orphan boys discovered on a lonely beach with their ears removed! And the coincidence (for one atrocity happened a week after the other) will be accepted throughout the country as proof that the Japs did it.

"Next, have George M. Cohan write a song; its refrain: 'Let's slap the Jap from off the map!'

"The song sweeps the country. Men, women and children sing it. Indignation meetings are held in Illinois, California, Oregon and Kansas.

"Well, that's enough!

"The President, although his heart bleeds, cannot hold out any longer. He goes to Congress with his message.

"WAR!

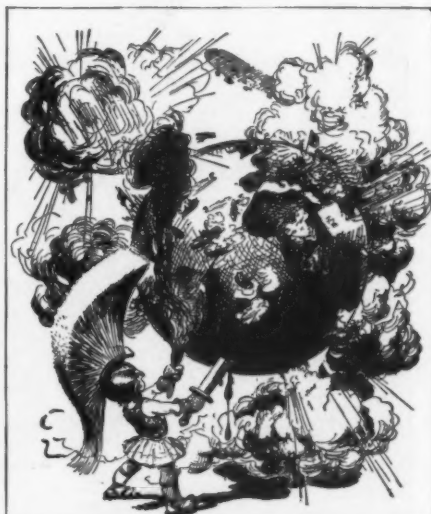
"('Them dirty Japs! They started it!')

The third prize was won by a letter in which Ralph S. Moore, of El Paso, Texas, recapitulates the actual causes of the Great War:

"Let a demented peasant in the Balkans assassinate an obscure Austrian archduke, in a bizarre city with an improbable name. This will result in the prompt delivery of an ultimatum to Serbia, the offender. Germany will come to the aid of her ally, Austria, and begin to mobilize. France and Russia will, of course, be 'obliged' to do the same. Upon rumor of the invasion of Belgium, the 'honor' of England will be assailed! From sheer force of example the little nations will now tumble into the vortex. If Italy cannot find room on the side of Germany, she can join the allied nations. The United States, although at first too proud to fight, will soon find war becoming so popular a pastime that she will be compelled to come in to save her own share of democracy.

"While it must be conceded that this plan, as outlined, savors of opera bouffe, yet it has great merit from the pragmatic standpoint. The author asserts that it is the only method submitted that is positively guaranteed—or propaganda money cheerfully refunded."

The fourth prize was won by W. E. Strang, of Dodgeville, Michigan, with the one word: "Mobilize."



SETTING THE WORLD ON FIRE

We see here Life self-portrayed as a modern Mars who has chosen to make war ridiculous, rather than terrible.



# Painting the Life of the Soul

## A New York Woman's Daring Experiments

**S**PIRITUAL, as well as pictorial, interest attaches to the symbolic paintings of Katharine Whitmarsh, lately exhibited at the Anderson Galleries, at the Forrest Studio-Gallery, and in a number of churches in New York City. Miss Whitmarsh is a daughter of Theodore F. Whitmarsh, president of Francis H. Leggett & Company. Her conceptions awaken in Ernest Haskell a sense of reverence, and her daring use of color inspires the admi-

ration of Willy Pogany. These are pictures, according to Edgar White Burrill, of "Literary Vespers" fame, that feed the soul. As he puts it:

"The value of Miss Whitmarsh's pictures, with their extraordinarily spiritual interpretation of great Biblical passages, is that their symbols speak directly to the soul of the beholder in a way that words cannot. Words have so many connotations, so many over-tones built up through centuries of usage, that their message is contaminated with preconceptions, prejudices and all manner of possible misinterpretations, especially when trying to express spiritual ideas. These symbolic paintings, however, with their wonderful color, clear conceptions and striking technical perfection, touch the heart directly, with a power that can only be described as inspirational in the highest sense. There is a quality of peace that radiates from them to the observer, a communication of the clear vision of the artist, that is in itself healing. Many people sit before them for hours unwilling to leave, so great is the attraction of this spiritual beauty. Many come back as to a sanctuary."

Miss Whitmarsh, we learn from an article in the *New York American*, represents a reaction from "society." The life of wealth and of pleasure-seeking holds no lure for her. She was graduated at a fashionable New York finishing school, drove an ambu-



### A HIGH PRIESTESS OF RELIGIOUS ART

Katharine Whitmarsh is shown here with one of her strange symbolic paintings, "Food," keyed to the words of Revelation: "Take the little book (scroll) . . . and eat it up."



lance during the War, studied art in Paris, and at first cherished the ambition to become a sculptor. It was not until considerably later that she decided to make her art a vehicle for spiritual ideas.

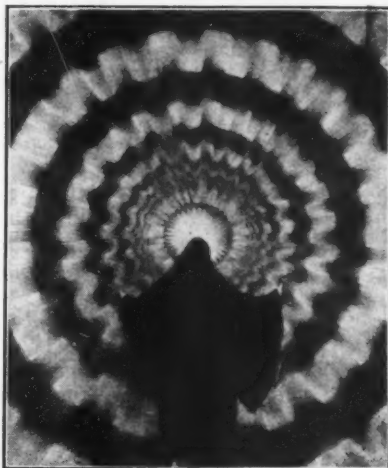
Her family, it seems, had been in intimate touch with Vivekananda, the greatest Indian Swami of modern times. She had grown up in an atmosphere of religious discussion. She had made it her business to study the scriptures of Confucianism and Buddhism, the Egyptian "Book of the Dead" and the Koran, and she found, she tells us, her first great thrill in the Christian Bible.

The struggle of the soul toward spiritual certainty became her obsessing theme. She began to work out a pilgrim's progress in paint. The first pictures in the cycle show groping figures in whom faith is as yet unexperienced. The later pictures illustrate phases of "exaltation," "redemption" and "consummation."

It is Miss Whitmarsh's supreme distinction, according to Charles Henry Dorr, of the Dorr News Service, that she has blazed a new trail for herself. In an appreciation of her art inspired by a recent exhibition of her work in the Forrest Gallery, Mr. Dorr writes:

"Miss Whitmarsh is a colorist. My first impression of her pictures in the Forrest Gallery was of their brilliant color. She uses color discreetly and with effect. And this impression grows on one after studying a group of her pictures. She is rhythmic in her interpretation of a theme, as perhaps a composer would be in music, with measured motion. She has a sense of design, which is usually essential to produce a good work of art. She is also symbolic and her pictures are based on a real foundation. They express something for those who will pause, look and study her compositions. She is modern in trend, but quite apart from the horde of modernists whose aspirations are to imitate some successful master, or to create a sensation.

"There is a quiet dignity about Miss Whitmarsh's art which is impressive, and a spiritual interpretation which will live."



#### WINE

A painting in glowing red by Katharine Whitmarsh illustrating the text from Saint John: "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"



#### WATER

A picture in which Miss Whitmarsh tries to convey the spirit of the texts, "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment"; and "He leadeth me beside the still waters."

## "A Violet Ray That Kills"

*Lethal Device to Mow Down Armies and "Paralyze" Aircraft*

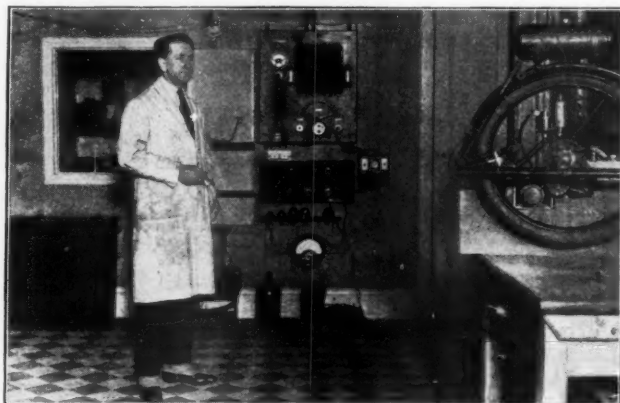
**I**NVENTIVE genius has applied itself to such destructive, as well as constructive, effect since the armistice that the range of guns has been doubled, the speed of tractors trebled and the destructiveness of airplane bombs increased tenfold. Peace has not brought a let-up in military mechanics. On the contrary. Artillery has been made more mobile than ever before; tractors so perfected that they can haul the hugest guns almost anywhere a man on foot can go. The execution of small arms has been correspondingly multiplied. And as the latest contribution of science to offensive and defensive warfare is announced the revolutionary discovery, made by H. Grindell-Matthews, of an electric violet ray capable of "paralyzing" airplanes in flight, mowing down armies, putting machine guns out of action, exploding magazines and ammunition dumps, and so on—all from a

long distance from the scene of action. Its English discoverer, H. Grindell-Matthews, already has to his credit the perfection of a method to control motor boats at sea by a searchlight beam, for which the British Government awarded him \$125,000.

Reporting the violet-ray invention in a wireless message from London to the *New York World*, Arthur E. Mann tells of standing, with the inventor, at one end of a long room behind the electrical apparatus, while at the other end, sixty feet away, a laboratory assistant started a motorcycle engine roaring. In response to a switch thrown by the inventor, the engine sputtered and died down almost completely. Up came the switch, and it roared into life again. The second time the switch was pressed and held down, the engine stopped. Grindell-Matthews said:

"Imagine that the motorcycle engine was an airplane engine in flight and that the electric current available was 100 times as strong as this one. I could train this invisible beam on it as one sights a gun and the magneto would immediately be put out of action, while the plane's wings would be burned up and the machine would come tumbling down to earth. The same thing would happen to a Zeppelin.

"With this invention, and sufficient electric power, I could crash any aircraft



© Wide World

ENGLISH INVENTOR AND HIS MACHINE THAT SHOOTS RAYS  
WITH DEVASTATING EFFECT

H. Grindell-Matthews, who has been awarded \$125,000 by the British Government, gives a remarkable laboratory demonstration.

I could see. This is the limit of its power—the limit of sight. Of course at night it would be necessary to use a searchlight to find the aircraft, and along that beam could be shot my invisible ray, unless one used the beam as a protective barrage around the city."

He then increased the current a hundredfold. A three-inch violet colored ray shot across the room and was trained on two metal terminals. Sparks crashed back and forth between them. "Careful—stand back!" shouted the inventor, as the correspondent began to edge forward. Accidentally, he explained, his assistant had on one occasion been "knocked out" when he intercepted the ray and would have been killed if the voltage had been stronger. Another time a laboratory worker accidentally got the side of his face in front of a ray only one-tenth the strength of the one being demonstrated. He felt nothing at the time, but the next morning his face was per-

fectly raw. "Imagine what would happen to enemy troops trying to advance against a battery of these beams."

Grindell-Matthews is careful not to exaggerate the power of his invention, admitting, for instance, that a warship magazine—being completely surrounded by metal which is "earthed" in the sea—could not be reached by his ray.

The final test he performed was to demonstrate how his ray carried electric power across space by making an ordinary detached electric bulb glow when the ray was turned on it from across the room. He also killed mice, shriveled up vegetation, lighted the wick of an oil lamp and twice set fire to the laboratory—this last accidentally. It would be unnecessary always to kill enemy infantry, because "it would be quite easy to graduate the electric power used so that hostile troops would only be knocked out long enough to effect their capture."

## Star-Gazers Watch Mars Approaching

*August 22nd to Mark an Astronomical Epoch*

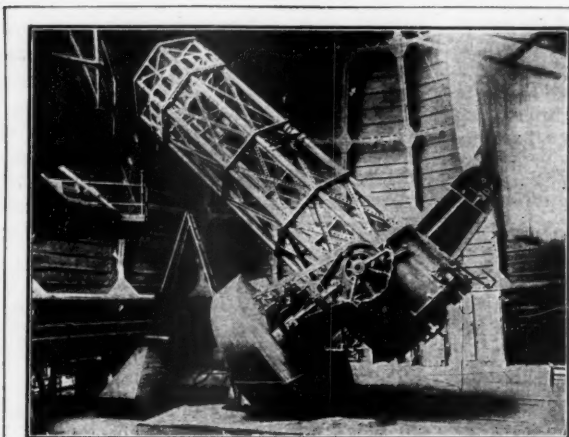
**B**Y far the most interesting astronomical event of the year will be the near opposition of the planet Mars on August 22nd. Every fifteen to seventeen years the opposition of Mars occurs when the planet is not far from perihelion, or the point in its orbit nearest to the sun. The planet is then about 26,000,000 miles nearer to the earth than it is at its most distant opposition, which occurs when it is near aphelion, or the point in its orbit farthest from the sun.

Isabel M. Lewis, of the United States Naval Observatory, records, in the *New York Evening Post*, that the last close opposition of Mars occurred in September, 1909, when Mars came within 36,180,000 miles of the earth. In August it will be only 34,630,000 miles away, which is nearly if not quite as close as it can ever come to the earth,

and about one and a half million miles nearer than it was fifteen years ago. The event is being awaited with keen interest by all interested in the study of the surface markings of this sister world, which, next to the moon and Venus and an occasional asteroid or comet, comes nearer to us than any other member of the solar system.

Schiaparelli made his much-debated discovery of the "canals" of Mars at a close opposition, that of 1877, which he confirmed at the following favorable oppositions of 1879 and 1881. Every close opposition of this mysterious planet brings additional observations of special interest and value, and it is practically certain that this, the closest of all, will be no exception.

Discussing the astronomical importance of the event and the probability of the existence of Martian life being



© Brown Brothers

THIS GREAT INSTRUMENT MAY REVEAL THE SECRETS  
OF MARS

It is the 60" reflecting telescope of the Mt. Wilson observatory in California, the largest in the world, from which much is expected in the August observation of Mars.

established, Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, writes, in the *New York Times*, that while conditions on Mars and the earth are comparable in certain respects, such as temperature, estival melting of the polar snows and intensity of seasons, in other ways the difference between the two worlds is tremendous. For instance:

"Weight there is only 37 per cent. of what it is here; that is, 100 kilograms of water, earth, stone, anything, would, if transported to Mars, weigh only 37 kilograms. A human being 150 pounds in weight would weigh only 55 pounds there. Conditions of density (which attains only seven-tenths of what it is here) and of pressure are very different from ours. Evaporation should go on very easily and rapidly there; the boiling point of water would descend from our 100 degrees Centigrade to 40 degrees. The barometer, which at sea-level here remains at 760 millimeters, would there reach only 286. This is the pressure we observe in airships at a height of 8,000 meters, or on the tops of our highest mountains.

"Given these important differences in the density of bodies, in weight (which has considerable influence on the state of

water, fogs, clouds, all the elements of Martian climatology), and in the probable chemical composition of the respirable atmosphere, and we surmise that the Martians cannot resemble us in certain biological respects. We should not try to picture them as human or animal or vegetable beings analogous to the fauna or flora of the earth."

From these dissimilarities between the two planets, some great talkers conclude that Mars must be uninhabitable because its conditions of life have nothing of ours. This, as Flammarion protests, is not the reasoning of philosophers, but of fish convinced

that it is impossible to live outside of water, and that those who believe in fishermen and their lines suffer from hallucinations.

Astronomers such as Lowell and Pickering are agreed that the evaporation of the Martian seas does not give rise to clouds, rain, springs and rivers. On Mars are not seen any ramifications analogous to our natural waterway system, the distribution there being carried on differently, by means of mists, fogs, nocturnal hoar frosts and light snows. Clouds do occur, but not frequently. Flammarion concludes:

"It is evident that this celestial neighbor of ours is by no means in the dead or frozen state of which it has been accused; it is a very much alive world. . . . Regarding the canals, their enigmatic aspect and their variations—a network whose first interpretation was that it had been constructed by engineers—this mystery, too, is as yet unexplained. . . . The coming summer may tell us more about Mars than we have ever known. That astronomers, both scientific and popular, are eagerly awaiting the close passing of our celestial neighbor goes without saying."

## "Eating Sunshine" to Cure Tuberculosis

*Wonders Performed Without Charge by the Solar Doctor*

**C**OINCIDENTALLY with an account by Paul de Kruif, in *Hearst's International*, of the methods whereby Dr. Rollier, at Leysin, Switzerland, is curing tuberculosis of the bones and joints through the sole agency of sunlight, it is reported, in the *London Times*, that a body of scientific workers at the National Institute for Medical Research at Hampstead, England, has established the fact that we live, literally, by the chemical or actinic rays of the sun. These rays afford the summer "tan" which city dwellers notoriously lack, but they have a far wider value than this. In some subtle fashion, as yet imperfectly understood, they influence the nutrition of the body and its resistance to disease.

It may seem a curious statement, but lack of sunlight throws a heavy strain on the organs of digestion, the reason being that the violet and ultra-violet rays of the sun affect the body in such a manner that it requires less animal fat while it is being sufficiently "irradiated." In the absence of the rays, fats must be partaken in large quantity; and fats, as usually eaten by middle-aged or elderly people in cities, are difficult to digest. The curious thing about the violet and ultra-violet rays is, we read, that, though they are extraordinarily active in a chemical sense, they are also extraordinarily deficient in penetrating power. Quite a thin film of smoke in the air will exclude them altogether. Even ordinary glass windows are "opaque" to them—though this does not apply to all forms of glass. Consequently cities obtain very little of this sunlight strength. On a recent bright day, for example, the strength recorded at Hampstead was only 0.5, whereas had there been no smoke in the air it would have been 2.5.

Of the Rollier treatment for bone tuberculosis, we read that it has been successfully practised for twenty years,

since Dr. Rollier first became convinced that sunlight was the most powerful weapon for strengthening the resistance of the body.

"Rollier applies his doses of sun with the greatest caution, and this alone has made possible his miraculous results. When a patient arrives at the clinic, whether his state be good, bad, desperate, or indifferent, he is kept for a day or two out of the sun, in a living-room on a balcony facing south. During this time he grows accustomed to the altitude, and is examined carefully for any defects, such



### SUN-CURED OF CONSUMPTION

Fifteen months of sun treatment transformed this girl from a puny hunchback with an apparently hopeless case of tuberculosis to a husky athletic youngster.



as a weak heart, which might make the sun baths unwise. His one or more tuberculous spots are carefully X-rayed, for it is by repeated X-ray pictures, as well as by his general condition that his progress is followed. Finally he is given the usual round of laboratory tests that are applied to any patient entering any modern hospital.

"Then the sun treatment begins. The system of exposure is always the same, no matter in what part of the body the tuberculous trouble may be. The first day the patient is wheeled out on the balcony on his high, smooth-running, hard-mattressed bed, and his feet are kept in the sun for three five-minute periods, with a few minutes shading between each exposure. That is all, the first day. The next day his feet are sunned for ten minutes, three times, and the legs up to the knees three times for five minutes. And so on, day by day, a little more of the body being exposed as time goes on.

"Meanwhile the doctor in charge keeps the closest kind of watch of the way the patient stands the treatment, because, as you know, skins vary a great deal in the way they tolerate the sun. The exposure is continued until the whole body, except the face, stands the sun for three or four hours, in the early morning in summer, in the middle of the day in winter. By this cautious treatment the patient is never blistered or burned, he simply gets a deeper and deeper tan. This care also prevents any ill effect that too much sunning might have on the tuberculous disease.

"While the cure of this deadly malady takes from several months to a year or two, the good effect of the sun is noticed in a few days. While we were in one of the clinics, a little Swiss boy of five, just arrived, was brought in. As his clothes were

taken off him, every infinitely careful move of the nurse brought faint pitiful cries from him, and tears to his red-rimmed eyes. Undressed, his condition was appalling. His legs and arms were mere sticks, one of his knees swollen and horribly ulcerated, his little feet twisted and covered with angry, red, tuberculous sores, his neck knotted with tuberculous glands, some of them open, oozing pus. He was literally riddled with tuberculosis, and to any doctor but Rollier and his fanatics, he was doomed. I said so to Dr. Linden, the keen Russian 'doctoresse,' herself a cured patient of Rollier. She laughed, 'He—doomed? In a few weeks he will never cry when we touch him, he will be smiling and laughing!'

It is not children only who are cured. The case is cited of a young man of nineteen who came to the clinic eleven years ago, with multiple tuberculosis of the glands and bones. Peppered with the murderous microbes, a first examination showed that he had forty-two open lesions, running sores coming from the bones to the outside of his body. His arms, his knees, his feet, his head, all were attacked. He was constantly feverish, his general state was lamentable. He was, as doctors fond of using big words would say, *in extremis*.

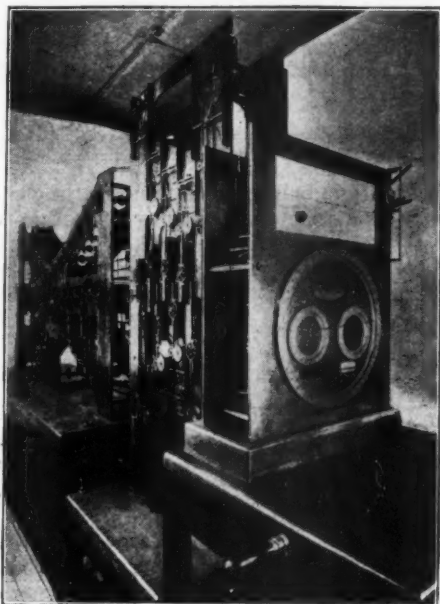
Given simply "rest, immobilisation, air and sun," in ten months "the discharges of pus from the knee and elbow had stopped, the ugly openings, called sinuses, were closing. Pain had stopped. He was superbly tanned. . . . In eighteen months the man got up in good health." He is now a hotel porter and baggage smasher.

## A Wizard Machine Forecasts Tides

*Records Their Movements a Year to a Thousand Years Ahead*

UNCLE SAM has installed for the Coast and Geodetic Survey at Washington a machine made of brass and steel, all but equipped with mentality, which forecasts with marvelous accuracy the tidal movements at any station for which it is set up, for

as long a time ahead as may be requested of it. Its operator, in other words, can turn a few dials, set a number of complicated-looking screws, jot some figures down on paper, turn a crank and predict the time and height of high and low tide for any port in



NO, THIS IS NOT A MOTION PICTURE MACHINE, NOR A RADIO SET

It is a marvelous machine by which the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey is enabled to foretell accurately the movements of tides anywhere in the world.

the world a thousand years hence and come within a fraction of an inch of being correct. Accuracy is one of the main requirements of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, as mistakes might mean loss of life and property.

In appearance, the tide-predicting instrument is something of a cross between a threshing-machine and a radio set. It is composed of shiny brass and blued steel, with cogs, pulleys, dials and a fine, flexible chain which ran over a thousand miles in an oil bath to give it pliability before it was placed on the machine.

When the measuring of tides to the fraction of an inch is in question, there is obvious liability of human error, and one would hesitate to indict a calculating machine on such evidence. It would seem as though unpredictable varia-

tions of wind must modify the apparent rise of water by more than a fraction of an inch. There is no opportunity, however, for such discrepancy when the matter of time of high and low tides is in question; for this is dependent on the combined pull of moon and sun, and the ever-changing relative locations of these bodies can be foretold with absolute accuracy.

The tide tables, issued a year or more in advance, give the predicted times and heights of the high and low waters for every day of the year at eighty-one of the principal ports in the world. In addition it also contains tidal data for some 3,500 other ports, enabling the American navigator to make use of any port in the world.

The machine is provided with thirty-seven miniature suns and moons, so adjusted that they can be set in motion by the turning of a crank, and the composite result of their joint action is transmitted to a dial, to be read off and tabulated by an operator who, in effect, acts as stenographer for the brainy machine. Manipulation

is required to adjust the machine for prediction of tides at any particular spot on the coast line of any place in the world. It takes a human mechanic three hours to make this adjustment; and then the machine in seven hours predicts tides for that place for an entire year in advance. In practice, they are made two years ahead. To accomplish the same work without the machine would require the labor of more than a hundred skilled computers and even then the results would not be accurate.

The machine represents the work of two of the survey's scientists, Dr. R. A. Harris, chief mathematician, now dead, and Dr. E. G. Fischer, mechanical engineer, who recently retired after long years with the government at a salary which would make a bricklayer laugh.



## VOICES OF LIVING POETS

"A POEM is a product—like an amphora, a novel, a picture or a fugue—not a state of mind. It is a definite creation in a form selected by the artist who, from choice or inner necessity, preferred it. That form is a sound-form."

Thus does John McClure, poet and editor of the New Orleans *Double Dealer*, define that most elusive and provocative of the Seven Arts, in an article in the *American Mercury* which is likely to reopen the old controversy, and call forth bitter reproof from the followers of E. A. Robinson, Edgar Lee Masters and others of the cerebral school.

The only difference between poetry and prose, declares Mr. McClure, is the harmonization of syllables in rhythm; there is no such thing as a poetical idea. Intellectual beauty he grants, as embodied in the novel, the dramatic plot or situation, the essay, and, more concentrated, in the trope, pun and slang. In these many forms it may be accepted as "supreme art," but not necessarily as poetry, unless it be clothed in the music of rhyme and meter.

Proceeding from theory to example, Mr. McClure marshals a host of quotations to prove his point, going so far as to maintain that such lines as Keats's

"Magic casements, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn," and Milton's

"From morn

To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
A summer's day; and with the setting sun  
Dropped from the Zenith like a falling  
star. . . ."

would not be poetry, lacking their rhythmical quality. Supporting this radical assertion, Mr. McClure calls on

certain ballads and nursery jingles to show that the pleasure of poetry depends entirely on sound. Subject-matter is the stumbling-block of poets and critics; it is the coordination of words and syllables, the stressing of accent and drum-beat of rhyme which evoke the musical substance of poetry.

Whether or not one agrees with Mr. McClure, it is true that there is much to support his thesis in Joseph Auslander's first book, "Sunrise Trumpets," from the Press of Harper & Brothers—unquestionably the most arresting volume of verse since Elinor Wylie's "Nets to Catch the Wind." Here is a wedding of sound with sense, of color with form, accurate observation with the *mot juste*, which challenges recognition. Mr. Auslander is a logodaedalus—a wizard of words—whose adjectives possess an unerring salience, whose vigor is as undimmed as the bronze of a Thracian shield.

An idea of his style may be had from these two selections:

### ENIGMA

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

THE swallowed thud of cattle shouldering through  
Cool translucent distances of dew;  
The blue dawn like a shell warmed by  
their lowing;  
The patter of pigeon feet on the roof; the  
rooster crowing;  
The tepid interval when pale birds cheep  
Beneath their wings; the flutter muffled  
with sleep;  
Crickets on dripping planks; the delighted  
noises of things that creep  
In subterranean softness: things too small  
for a name  
Moving through private tunnels down to  
their instant of flame. . . .  
Strange how beautiful these things are;  
how these

Things are still beautiful; strange  
That our sweet flesh falters, knows  
ghastly change—  
And these things are still beautiful under  
the hawk-dark trees!

## WILD GEESE

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

ONLY the other night, it seems, I saw  
the wild geese trekking  
In a black lanky wedge across the moon,  
Their sharp frost-silvered wings flecking  
The zenith. . . . And now in a fever of  
harsh maroon,  
Burnt scarlet and tarnished bronze, the  
great ground whirl  
Of leaves twists to a frenzied skirl  
From autumnal pipes, the dervishes of  
brilliant blinding death  
Shuddering, weaving, spinning—faster  
and fiercer—without breath!  
O that last rich barbaric dizziness, the  
smoke of pearl,  
The crimson axes of the heat hissing  
through,  
The final vividly exultant blue  
Crackle of dust!—and then the acrid si-  
lence and the hard green glitter of  
hoar-dew. . . .

Only the other night, it seems, only the  
other night  
You passed with the passing of familiar  
light  
From the sky and a certain hill: Oh, at  
your dying  
There was a sound of wild geese crying,  
crying;  
There was a sound of leaves that give up  
trying  
To glow; and all wild beauty drifting,  
shifting  
South, interminably south! . . .  
But I cannot give up remembering your  
swiftly quiet hands and the half-  
frightened hint of peace over your  
eyes, your mouth.

Hilaire Belloc in the guise of a poet  
is no less interesting than Belloc the  
special pleader and Belloc the essayist.  
Earnest rhetoric and a good grasp of  
his various media are discovered in  
"Sonnets and Verse," the first collection  
of Belloc's work available in this coun-  
try, issued by McBride. One of the  
most whimsically charming of the  
poems we quote below:

DEDICATION ON THE GIFT OF A  
BOOK TO A CHILD

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

CHILD! do not throw this book about!  
Refrain from the unholy pleasure  
Of cutting all the pictures out!  
Preserve it as your choicest treasure.

Child, have you never heard it said  
That you are heir to all the ages?  
Why, then, your hands were never made  
To tear these beautiful thick pages!

Your little hands were made to take  
The better things and leave the worse  
ones;  
They also may be used to shake  
The Massive Paws of Elder Persons.

And when your prayers complete the day,  
Darling, your little tiny hands  
Were also made, I think, to pray  
For men that lose their fairylands.

The ensuing sonnet by a poet whose  
power is steadily increasing, deserves  
the place of honor granted it in the  
March-April issue of Harold Vinal's  
*Voices*:

## PAGANINI'S VIOLINS

BY LEONORA SPEYER

ALL April's larks in her most lavish  
sky  
Know less of song than these! O mourn-  
ful two,  
Birds of Cremona, what shall rouse in you  
The keen, edged sound once scattered  
planet high?  
Like carrier doves, dismissed, unwinged,  
you lie  
In dusty fame, your loosened strings un-  
true  
To any key, hang limp as grasses do  
After the long, long drought when mea-  
dows die.

This is no mood for lordly violins!  
These mellow masters in their disarray  
Behind museum doors! These gypsy  
kings!  
I'd set them singing, tucked beneath the  
chins  
Of fiddler-folk whose fingers know the  
way:  
Prancing like peacocks up the four gay  
strings!

In these days of artistic emancipation, when faddists celebrate their freedom by being unintelligible, it is a relief, occasionally, to turn to such an old-fashioned expression of domestic mutiny as the subjoined poem from a recent volume by Martha Haskell Clark ("The Home Road": Appleton):

#### SPRING WISHES

BY MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

OH, I wish, how I wish  
I might never see a dish;  
Soup or salad, bread and butter, oyster,  
entrée, game or fish!  
Then at leisure might I sup  
From a rain-sweet acorn-cup,  
While the little spring-time wander-winds  
would do the washing up.

But I must, oh, I must,  
Bake and mend, and sweep, and dust,  
And turn the cupboard keys upon my  
rebel wanderlust.  
Though I long and long in vain  
Just to sit and watch the rain  
While it rubs, and it scrubs at the spring-  
time's window-pane!

For unaffected spontaneity and singing quality, the following lyric by Jack Lyons, one of the student contributors to the Poetry Issue of the University of California *Occident*, is deserving of praise:

#### TO ONE WHO VOWED SHE WOULD LOVE ME EVEN AFTER DEATH

BY JACK LYONS

WHEN you go down to Acheron  
And see romantic shadows there,  
Don Juan with his ruffles on,  
And Galahad with golden hair,  
Or some lost, singing troubadour,  
Whose fingers wove a queen's love-knot,  
Or Abelard, or Roland, or  
Elaine's forbidden Lancelot,  
You will deny the vows you made  
One foolish night before you went,  
And give to some heroic Shade  
Your body's richest compliment.  
O bind your breasts, perfume your hair  
For Tristan or Endymion,  
And I shall guess the gowns you wear  
When you go down to Acheron—  
When you go down to Acheron.

Frankly sentimental in appeal, this poem from a collection of Celtic verse by Elizabeth Shane ("By Bog and Sea in Donegal": Appleton) is none the less a genuine heart-cry, and should revive memories in many a reader's mind of similar episodes on the pilgrimage of life:

#### WEE HUGHIE

BY ELIZABETH SHANE

H'E'S gone to school, wee Hughie,  
An' him not four,  
Sure I saw the fright was in him  
When he left the door.

But he took a hand o' Denny,  
An' a hand o' Dan,  
Wi' Joe's owld coat upon him—  
Och, the poor wee man!

He cut the quarest figure,  
More stout nor thin;  
An' trottin' right an' steady  
Wi' his toes turned in.

I watched him to the corner  
O' the big turf stack,  
An' the more his feet went forrit,  
Still his head turned back.

He was lookin', would I call him—  
Och, my heart was woe—  
Sure it's lost I am without him,  
But he be to go.

I followed to the turnin'  
When they passed it by,  
God help him, he was cryin',  
An', maybe, so was I.

Following is a little lyric, from *Contemporary Verse*, that deserves a niche in any anthology of love songs that may find publication in the near future:

#### LONELINESS

BY ELSYE TASH SATER

YOU took my face between your hands  
And held me with your eyes,  
Swift, shapely, comprehending hands,  
Dear earnest hungry eyes.  
You sang three words, then pressed your  
face  
Against my vagrant hair,—  
Till then, there'd been no loneliness  
Too vast for me to bear.



Looking through "Inheritance," a new volume of verse by a new poet, Gertrude Callaghan (Blue Faun Publications), we come across this gracefully sketched picture, which ought to fit easily into many a scrapbook:

## CEDARS

BY GERTRUDE CALLAGHAN

OF all my treasures the best are these  
That stand in my garden—two cedar trees.

Quiet and steadfast and straight and tall,  
Higher than chimney and house and all.

Darby- and Joan-like, so close they stand,  
One might imagine them hand in hand.

Ages and ages before I came,  
They tell me the cedars stood just the same.

Braving the storm and the stress of years,  
The sunlight their laughter, the rain their tears.

I am glad that the two have so closely  
grown,  
For one might be lonely so long alone.

And often at night when the wind's song  
charms  
The cedars will sway in each other's arms.

Or a wandering moonbeam will leave a  
kiss—  
But only at night do they act like this.

I wonder at times what the end will be,—  
Or will they live on through Eternity?

And I almost can find in my heart to pray  
That the end come to both on the selfsame  
day.

Oh, I've so many treasures, but none like  
these  
That grow in my garden—two cedar trees.

Between his book-publishing activities and the business of editing *Voices*, one wonders how Harold Vinal finds time to practice his own chosen profession of being a poet. That he succeeds is proven in the ensuing bit of graceful decoration, which we borrow from *The Measure*:

## GRAPE GIRL

BY HAROLD VINAL

GRAPEs are the stain for her fingers,  
Not rings. Not rubies that fire  
Against her eyes, dark as rubies.  
Rather the drip of grape wine that lingers  
Leaving a stain. The tips  
Of her hands when the moon slips  
Should be vine-colored. Her throat  
Burnt as a robin's note.

Although he may admire a trifle too enthusiastically the homely virtues of Robert Frost, there is a fine simplicity and freshness of imagination in the following three stanzas by Mark Van Doren appearing in *Scribner's*:

## ALFALFA COMING

BY MARK VAN DOREN

RAIN last night has left the field.  
Bare as though a goblin kept it;  
Inch by inch the fellow kneeled  
And picked it clean; and his wife  
swept it.

To-morrow morning when I pass  
A million particles will shine,  
As if the sky had been of glass,  
And had fallen, shattered fine.

But on the third day will appear,  
Green between me and the sun,  
Behind each clod a mouse's ear—  
I shall go softly, lest they run.

Anonymously, as is its custom, our southernmost poetry journal, *Palms*, issuing from Guadalajara, Mexico, prints this amusing colloquy, which, if not unalloyed poetry, is good fun:

## MOUNTAIN PICNIC

ON seeing the mountains again  
I did not run half-way to meet them,  
Nor did I, as formerly, greet them  
As more important than men.

I returned their eyeless black stare,  
I said, "You are gods, I am human,  
But I count this frivolous woman  
Worth all your Olympian air."

Said the woman, "Old Greedy, I guess  
You'll be wanting another egg sandwich?"

And I waved her my tremulous hand  
which  
Defied the dark hills with a "Yes."

# Chaotic Inheritance Tax Laws

## State Legislatures Develop "Wolflike Rapacity"

FOR more than a century citizens of the United States have regarded one another as fellow-countrymen, regardless of state boundaries; and it is well known that the immediate inspiration of the Constitution was the desire to do away with vexatious tariff barriers which made aliens out of Virginians (let us say) when they traded in Maryland. It is therefore startling to have our attention called to the fact that a number of states are enacting tax legislation which, while conforming to the Federal Constitution, erects economic barriers of a kind more natural between foreign powers.

Nothing has been more striking in the history of our public finances than the recent rapid growth of state and federal inheritance taxes, and in a recent issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*, Albert W. Atwood boldly pictures the overlapping and well-nigh chaotic provisions of our present state inheritance tax laws. Most of them seem to have one characteristic in common: they are the expression of a "wolflike rapacity" on the part of the states which have drafted them to have a finger in every estate they can lay hands on. Last year there was a loud outcry when it was discovered that under certain conditions a man could be convicted and sentenced twice for the same offence, once by the Federal authorities and once by the State. But with our inheritance taxes we find that one estate is sometimes subjected to a score of levies from as many independent political jurisdictions.

When inheritance taxes first came into vogue, the *Post* writer explains, it was the natural custom for the states to impose the levy only on the property of deceased residents. But the western and southern states soon discovered that this practice favored the East and the big cities, where men of great wealth gravitate, even when their ac-

tual property remains behind in rural and mountainous regions. The sparsely populated states thereupon hit upon the practice of levying the inheritance tax not only upon residents, but upon any property within their borders. As a consequence, the estates of a man dying in New York but owning land in Oklahoma would be taxed by both New York and Oklahoma, as well as by the Federal government. As years went on, the states in their insatiable hunt for funds devised new ways of reaching inheritances; some enacted levies on the stock of any corporation chartered in them, even though the owner never set foot in the state and though the property of the corporation was not situated there; some exacted a toll on corporation stock when the corporation merely had a transfer office in the state; finally, some placed a levy on stock that merely happened to be kept in a local bank deposit vault.

It is easy to see where this kind of thing would lead us. Says Mr. Atwood:

"Not all the states use all the different methods indiscriminately. If they did, the tax would have broken down long ago. But the lack of uniformity and comity is already so great that duplicate and multiple taxation occurs frequently because of overlapping jurisdictions. Whether because of mossback inertia and ignorance, or stubbornness, willfulness and jealousy, there is practically no reciprocal arrangement, no provision for mutual exclusiveness in arranging these taxes. Instead, they are cumulative, superimposed one upon the other, with Federal taxes on top of them all, wholly without rhyme or reason, sense or equity. And, of course, if the rates become higher—they are very low in many states—the injustice of multiple taxation will become far worse."

In one instance, an estate of three millions has paid almost a quarter of itself to twenty-one jurisdictions. *The Wall Street Journal* submits the hypo-

thetical case of an heir who would find himself actually owing the government money for the privilege of being mentioned in a will. Suppose a man were left \$10,000,000 in Oklahoma property by a resident of New York to whom he was not related. Under Oklahoma law, everything above \$500,000 would go to Oklahoma; under New York law, that state would collect 25 per cent. of the bequest, or \$2,500,000. The lucky heir would find his tax bill some two millions greater than his inheritance.

Inheritance tax laws are so complicated and are being changed so frequently that heirs frequently have to spend large sums to find out just what they do owe the Federal and various state authorities. In the case of small bequests, this cost eats up a large por-

tion of the inheritance. Tax experts are being employed more and more by men of wealth to suggest investments and the proper way to bequeath them so as to escape the meshes of the state inheritance taxes. Sometimes by merely substituting one security for another of equal grade a man can save his heirs hundreds of thousands of dollars.

It is interesting to note that one state, Florida, is distinguishing itself by reversing the policy of the rest of the country in regard to inheritance taxes. Florida is inviting and encouraging men of wealth to settle within its borders by announcing that it has no inheritance tax, and by even proposing an amendment to the state constitution forbidding any such tax in the future.

## Making Lumber Out of Sawdust

*"Balsam Wool" and "Nu-Wood" Are Now on the Market*

**C**ONSERVATION is a word well known to all Americans since the days of President Roosevelt, whose apostles in public life have been tireless in driving home the necessity of conserving our vast natural resources, and particularly our rapidly disappearing forests. As a result of this educational campaign, an enlightened public policy has been adopted which has done much to diminish losses from forest fires, to improve lumbering methods, and to re-plant devastated forest areas. But wood has continued to grow scarcer, and it is interesting to observe that this increasing scarcity has now brought of itself a corrective which will help to preserve for us what forest resources we still have. In a recent issue of the *Scientific American*, Howard F. Weiss describes two industrial processes for "manufacturing lumber" which will become increasingly important as the price of wood rises.

"Man-made lumber," as it is called, utilizes saw-dust and saw-mill scraps which heretofore have either fed the

flames of the saw-mill engines or else been left to rot in huge mounds adjoining lumber camps. The new, manufactured wood is of two kinds, one known as "balsam wool" and the other as "nu-wood."

Balsam wool is made out of the saw-mill offal from balsam, spruce or pine trees. It is a flexible, resilient, felt-like product which issues from the factory in huge blanket rolls. It is employed as a fire-proof heat insulator, such as might be used in fireless cookers or in house construction. Though superficially it shares somewhat the characteristics of paper, in that both are flexible, the manufacturing process is entirely different. In balsam wool the wood fibers, which we commonly know as the grain, are torn to shreds, and are then cemented together after several processes which make them immune to fire and impenetrable to water. Balsam wool weighs only four pounds per cubic foot, or one-third as much as cork, and offers great resistance to the passage of heat.

Nu-wood more closely resembles ordinary lumber than does balsam wool. It is made also from saw-mill refuse, and comes out in boards four feet broad, sixteen feet long, and from one-eighth to five-eighths inches thick. According to the *Scientific American*:

"It can be sawed, nailed, sanded and finished like natural lumber, but with the

added advantage that it warps less and has no defects such as knots and worm holes. . . . It is stiff, strong, and dense, being made of wood fibers which have been so intermingled that the product has none of the grain characteristic of natural wood. It is designed to compete with lumber for furniture cores, boxes, and panel stock, and makes an excellent base for veneer."

## Motion-Picture Industry Is Moving East

### Why the Golden Days of Hollywood Are Numbered

THE days of Hollywood are numbered, according to *Barron's Weekly*, a Wall Street financial journal, which states prophetically that "the motion-picture business of the next decade will be mostly within sight of the tower of the Woolworth Building, except for tropical sets which can be made somewhere near Miami, forty-two hours from Broadway." Various influences are working in this direction. Hollywood's precious sunshine can now be produced artificially. Most of the industries manufacturing picture supplies are in the neighborhood of New York, and the eastern metropolis offers greater facilities for building up casts. The choice is many times larger, mobs come cheaper, and enormous transportation charges are eliminated, we are told.

There is yet another and far more significant reason why movie production is gravitating to New York. Motion pictures are entering upon a new stage in their history. They started thirty years ago as a novelty which hard-pressed theater managers resorted to in their efforts to tickle the jaded palates of their patrons. After years of precarious existence during which they were regarded as an ephemeral stunt, they grew into a gigantic speculative business.

A third change is now taking place. The gamble is turning into an orthodox industry like steel or the railroads. Involving investments running into the billions, the movie business ranks

seventh among the nation's industries. For the first time, banks are beginning to manifest lively interest in financing moving-picture producers. But banks like to be near their investments, and as the banks center in New York, this is taking the studios there also. It is a striking fact that even when Hollywood was in its heyday, the main offices of the great movie combines remained in New York.

The big movie producers are leaving as little as possible to luck to-day. The Famous Players-Lasky firm, in particular, have reduced their management to mathematical formulas. The writer in *Barron's Weekly* thus describes their methods and the results:

"Out of the last 164 films, but nine failed to pay expenses, some by but a small margin. Four of these were films with Fatty Arbuckle. Another was a film with an English cast produced abroad to show the English that no attempt was being made to crowd out their home talent. The American public found the star too cold and rejected the picture. Two of the remaining were below the dead-line by only a small margin.

"Carefully worked-out charts demonstrate that the span of life of all films and the high and low points of their returns follow much the same cycle. The film barometer shows that film rentals ordinarily bring in returns over 3½ years. In three months 50 per cent. of the cash returns come in. The residual value of the film from long experience is marked down 88 per cent. in a year and 100 per cent. in two years.



"Before a picture leaves the studio the producer usually can tell whether it will be a success or a partial one. In the first few weeks of its run in New York total earnings can be gauged with surprising accuracy. It is only the rare degree of failure or success, like 'The Covered Wagon,' which cannot be foreseen. This picture has already paid costs of production, brought in gross receipts of some \$9,000,000, and is expected to make \$3,000,000 clear profits. A picture should bring in three times its cost of production. Distribution takes an added 20-25 per cent. of cost.

"Every phase of motion-picture production has been charted. There are charts showing returns from each film in terms of the stars in it, those showing earnings of pictures by producers, by total costs, by amount of publicity, by sections of the country and in foreign returns.

"Comptrollers of Famous Players, of First National and several others declare that they now make rigid budgets, and, more important still, keep to them. When a scenario is completed, items of cost are not left to the fertile fantasy of the producer and to chance as in the past, but are fought over item by item with the business department. When a producer threatens to overdraw, a business conference is held to determine on cutting certain scenes or, if some improvement has been made, of providing for a new appropriation. Famous Players boast that in their 60 pictures under way this year they are still well on the sunny side of their budget—an achievement unique in movie history.

"The outsider looking into motion-picture production costs is startled by the enormous sums spent on stars and on staging. Stars will continue to get salaries running as high as \$10,000 a week and more, producers say, because the public demand them and are willing to pay for them. The presence of this or that star is at once reflected at the box office. Appearing separately, pictures of stars show steady high averages. With two stars in one film their box-office returns were double what they would have been for either one of them alone. It is the public and not the producer, therefore, which in last analysis pays the star.

"The last few years the public has demanded grandiose sets, vast caravans, armies and mobs of thousands. Producers admit that this has been overdone

and turn with relief from the super-film to the more intimate one. It is not overlooked, however, that the world-wide success is still linked with colossal presentations such as 'The Covered Wagon,' 'The Ten Commandments' and 'The Thief of Bagdad.'"

Hit and miss film producers have been falling by the wayside for years, and to-day twelve firms do 95 per cent. of the producing business. This centralization of financial responsibility has stabilized the industry and led several big bankers to consider moving-picture production a good investment. The magnitude of the industry can be grasped when it is borne in mind that the American people spent more than half a billion dollars on admissions last year, and that the big companies spent \$179,000,000 in one year on building construction. More than 300,000 persons are employed, and their annual pay roll exceeds \$75,000,000.

The high salaries for star actors are notorious. Several actor-producers such as Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin are each supposed to clear a million a year. In this connection *Barron's Weekly* says:

"Fairbanks, said by bankers to have a fortune around \$10,000,000, dug into his own pocket for the money to finance his latest film, 'The Thief of Bagdad.' It cost \$1,600,000. Norma Talmadge is said to get \$10,000 a week. Lillian Gish and a score of others get \$5,000 and a large number \$2,500 a week.

"Some \$8,000,000 of American films are exported each year, and already America has 80 per cent. of the international picture business. The recent British film week proved a landslide for British producers, sending their demand for American films well above 70 per cent. of their total consumption of last year.

"Will Hays's organization, Motion Picture Producers & Distributors of America, Inc., says that at the producing end of the industry alone over \$5,000,000 is spent in advertising. Several millions more are spent by the 15,000 moving-picture theaters on their own advertising. Some \$7,000,000 go into materials for glass slides, cards and posters."



# Fish That Keep Our Watches Running

## Supplying Porpoise Oil Is a Unique Industry

OCEAN travelers are familiar with the friendly sight of schools of porpoises leaping and diving around their boat. Very few of them know, however, that these frolicsome relatives of the whale play a vitally important part in enabling all our best timepieces—watches and clocks—to run accurately. According to Sidney Mornington, in *Compressed Air Magazine*, the only lubricating oil that meets all the delicate requirements of a fine clock-work mechanism is to be found in the jowls, or jaw-pans, of the porpoise; and to obtain and refine this oil a small industry has been developed.

Lubrication has always presented a trying problem to the watch-maker. If too thin, the oil would be apt to "creep," or work away from the pinion and bearing where it was needed; if too thick, it would act as a clog, or brake, at the sensitive points of contact. Furthermore, the desired oil must remain impervious to wide fluctuations of temperature. During the day our watches are subjected to body heat, but at night are frequently exposed to freezing temperatures. Nut oil, bone oil, seed oil, and mineral oil have all been tried for the purpose and found defective; and the porpoise consequently finds itself to-day with what it must feel to be an unfortunate monopoly of the desired product.

Off the coast of Cape Hatteras in North Carolina schools of porpoises approach within a few hundred yards of the shore, and there it is that fishermen are ever on the look-out for them. Sidney Mornington describes the method of catching them:

"At each station there are a dozen or so men thoroughly skilled in launching their flat-bottomed boats through the surf and in returning them to the beach when making a haul. The risks run in doing this can be more fully realized when we

are reminded that the beach dips gradually and that the surf is half a mile or more in width when the seas come pounding shoreward. . . .

"As soon as the porpoises are sighted, the nearest boatmen are advised, and instantly things begin to move. The fishermen rush for their little craft, launch them, and then row them with amazing dexterity through the area of rather angry and troubled water. Into each boat has been put a quarter mile section of seine, and the task is to assemble from two to four of these after the surf has been passed and then to spread the entangling web directly athwart the course of the oncoming, unconscious prey. . . .

"The crews' work becomes harder when the school has been surrounded and the porpoises struggle to disentangle themselves. Then the surfmen must beach the far ends of their nets and draw the porpoises shorewards. When empty, a mile of heavy seine is hard enough to pull slowly through the water, but the task is far more burdensome when the nets are weighted with scores of milling, struggling porpoises struggling to get free."

To supply the present demand for porpoise oil, some 3,000 of the creatures have to be caught annually. They weigh from 300 to 600 pounds each, and sometimes reach 12 feet in length. The fishermen extract the crude oil from the fat in the jaw pockets and sell it to a refining plant in New England for \$50 a gallon. After cleansing, the oil is allowed to stand sometimes for years, and is then graded by highly skilled refiners, who classify it according to delicate variations of color, consistency and odor. Only a handful of experts in the world are qualified to test it, and the final product sells for a price which vies with that of fine perfumery. Though the demand for porpoise oil is gradually increasing, those in charge of the industry declare that the slaughter of the sea animals is not great enough to menace the survival of the species.



# The Colyumists' Colyums

**C**OLUMN-conducting is beginning to be as respectable as symphony conducting.

Already F. P. Adams, who looks things over from "The Conning Tower" of the *New York World*, has suggested that somebody borrow his daily job of being funny during the term of the baseball season. Offers have come in from all over the country, and fans are worried for fear they won't get their full quota of quips and quirks.

One of the happiest flashes of wit to fall from the *World's* observatory was apropos of the German Reparations Report. F. P. A. makes Germany assert, between sly quotation marks: "I will not wear my heart upon my sleeve for Dawes to peck at." When Dawes said, just before leaving Rome, "This was one of the greatest holidays I ever had," the *World's* jokesmith observes, "Butcherless, obviously."

But Mr. Adams is a poet as well as a pungent paragrapher. His jaunty translations of the Latin bibulous poets are excellent craftsmanship and smiling satire. For example:

## "PERSICOS ODI"

Horace: Book I, Ode 38

The pomp of the Persian I hold in aversion;

I hate their theatrical tricks:

Their garlicky wreathings and lindeney tree-things—

Nix.

Boy, me for the myrtle while under this fertile

Old grapevine I mellowly sink

As you and bibacious old Quintus Horatius  
Drink.

Outsiders have a chance to climb into "The Conning Tower," and many a wordy war is waged from this popular pulpit. Here is a contribution which might have been sent in by George F. Babbitt himself—one which will be hilariously hailed by the Main Street hooters.

## THE GUIDE AND THE BEACON ("A Kiwanis Prayer," in the *South Pasadena Courier*)

Teach me that sixty seconds make a minute, one hundred cents a dollar and sixteen ounces a pound.

Help me so to live that I can lie down at night to sleep, not toss; shave myself in the morning and look the man before me in the eye.

Grant that I may earn my meal ticket on the level, and in earning it that I may measure my acts by the Golden Rule.

Deafen me to the jingle of the dirty dollar and to the rustle of unholy petticoats.

Blind me to the faults of the other fellows and open my eyes to my own shortcomings.

Guide my footsteps so that each evening at the dinner-table when I look at my wife, who has been a blessing to me, I shall have nothing to conceal.

Keep me young enough to laugh with little tots and sympathetic enough to be considerate of old age.

Then when comes the day of lowered shades, the soft footsteps and the smell of tube roses, make the ceremony short and let the fellows say, "He was a good Kiwanian."

The most recent entry in the "Colyumist" field is "The Fun Shop," an anonymous feature of the *Evening World*. Celebrities have taken cognizance of this new department, and already some famous people have handed



## A NEW BRITISH COAT OF ARMS

## I.

I'm a rollicking, frolicking horseman  
Of the Prince of Wales's elite;  
Oh, I love to ride  
At the prince's side  
Cuz it keeps me on my feet!

## II.

I'm a mad-about gadabout huntsman,  
And I follow the fox and hound,  
And I joined, of course,  
The prince's horse  
Cuz it keeps me on the ground!

## III.

I'm a rollicking, frolicking hussar,  
And I roam the countryside;  
Oh, I travel trails  
With the Prince of Wales  
Cuz I never care to ride!

## IV.

I'm a smart, dashing, heart-smashing trooper  
With the prince's mounted force;  
In his cavalry  
I'm at home, you see,  
As I'm seldom on a horse!

—H. I. Phillips in *New York Sun and Globe*.

on their favorite stories. John Philip Sousa, better known as a bandmaster than a raconteur, tells this yarn:

## THE HOMING HENS

"Old Joshua, observing Rastus thrashing his son, remonstrated with him and asked him what the 'chile' had done to cause the parent's anger.

"What has he done?" exclaimed Rastus. "What has he done, huh? Why, he has let all mah fowls out an' dey have all flown away."

"Wal," said Joshua, "yuh needn't spank yo' chile fo' that. Don't yo' know that hens always go back to their own home to roost?"

"Yeh," replied Rastus, as he renewed the thrashing, "that's jes' th' trouble."

Norma Talmadge, whose name is open sesame to the hearts of movie enthusiasts, can make puns as easily as film successes, as this whimsical discourse demonstrates:

## BY THEIR FRUITS

Family trees are funny; time was when they were tended and pruned, all dead timber being carefully cut out; but now bare limbs are a common sight on even some of our oldest and best family trees.

Some of them produce a lot of peaches, and the same branch may also bear nuts.

Many blossoms are found nestling in the leafy branches and perchance a few withered wall-flowers are found tucked away in sundry nooks.

Lemons are common on some of the trees; prunes and quinces also abound. Some of this fruit is easy picking and some of it has to be pretty well shaken before it will fall.

You will find many little love nests tucked away in the branches of the old family tree, and also some pretty queer birds.

But, everything considered, the family tree is a pretty good tree, and it is quite a calamity to fall out of it.

Veteran columnist and light versifier, Keith Preston continues to keep lively his "Hit or Miss" department in the *Chicago Daily News*. Two of his recent sage comments on the human comedy are quoted below.

Krupp factories are now exporting false teeth made out of steel formerly used for cannon. Wearers will be "armed to the teeth," as the saying goes.

Advanced players in Mah Jongg are rapidly eschewing chowing, says an expert.

Pung and the world puns with you.  
Chow and you chow alone!



BANFF SPRINGS IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

### By DR. FRANK CRANE

**A** MAN should write about what he knows. Now I KNOW a little something about the Canadian Pacific. I have traveled over its lines as far as it goes into the West—to China and Japan. In a few days I shall sail out of the St. Lawrence River for Europe on one of its palatial steamers. So this article is a personal testimonial.

I know this railroad. I know its officials. I know their way of doing business. They are about the biggest thing in the way of a transportation company in the world—a billion dollar corporation whose activities extend into every aspect of the service of travelers.

When we want to declare in the fewest words that a man is the finest fellow on earth, dependable in any emergency, loyal through any crisis, courageous under whatever danger, we call him "a real SEA-GOING chap."

That goes double for the Canadian Pacific. It is, literally and figuratively, "a real SEA-GOING railroad."

It is pretty nearly the bones and sinews of the great free Dominion

which is our Good Neighbor to the North. Its share in building Canada is like its share in developing our continent, too large to estimate.

It is a national railway, but there are no nationalistic blights or taints on it. Five thousand miles of its tracks run through the United States. Its telegraph and cable connections and steamships circle the globe. It set out to be an Imperial Highway from Britain to Hong Kong, and the value of that highway was demonstrated during the World War.

The railroad's life history is one of the most exciting stories I know. It is the story of something that "couldn't be done." Back in 1857 the British Government's engineers spent four years and a lot of money to find out that the Canadian Pacific Railroad was "impossible" to construct.

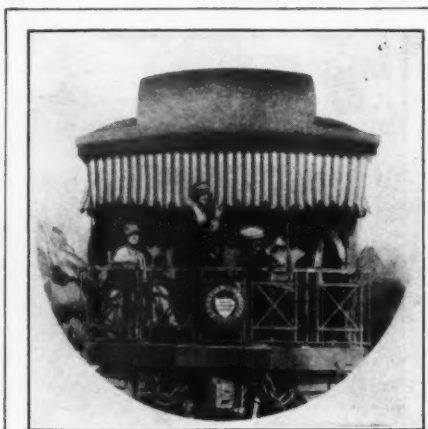
But when the men who carried it through got back of the job they put so much energy into it that they could not stop at the Pacific coast; they shot clear around the globe.

**I**T WASN'T so long ago that the country called "Canada" was just a thin strip of territory from Lake Huron to the mouth of the St. Lawrence. The northern half of the country, from Labrador through Hudson Bay to the Rockies, belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company, which had held these two and a half million square miles under imperial charter for about two centuries. And on the west coast, between the Rockies and the Pacific, stood the independent Colony of British Columbia.

Eventually the Dominion embraced it all, as was inevitable. British Columbia entered on condition that within ten years a railway should be built connecting it with Eastern Canada.

The Canadian people, scattered over an area which included more than half of the continent of North America, numbered only three and a half millions. Obviously the new railway could not count on much traffic. Hundreds of miles of its track must be laid through an uninhabited wilderness. No wonder a pessimist made himself famous at the time by asserting that the line would never be able to pay for its axle-grease.

Except in courage, the Canadian people were not rich, and means to finance the proposed line were found with great



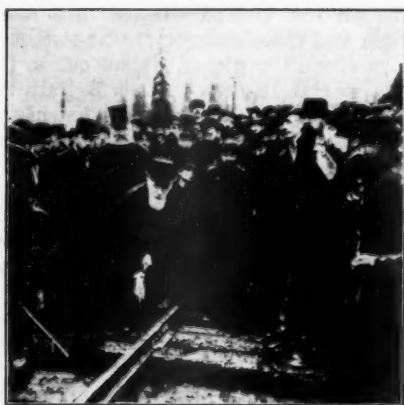
OBSERVATION PLATFORM ON THE  
TRANS-CANADA LIMITED

difficulty. In 1880 fewer than seven hundred miles of the line which had been promised to British Columbia had been laid by various organizations all of which suffered under the customary blight of political control. Then at last common sense triumphed, and the task of carrying out the national purpose was entrusted to a non-political group of bankers and business men.

On May 2, 1881, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company turned their first sod.

They had undertaken to reach the Pacific in ten years. They reached it in five. The Government assisted them with grants of land and subsidies, but after every financial device had been resorted to, the funds available did not pay the day-to-day costs of construction. When the Company's credit had been exhausted, a far-sighted Government continued to lend them money. And when the Government had almost lost courage, the men in charge of the work invested about everything they had, thereby persuading the Government to continue its loans a little longer. It is pleasant to record that every one of these loans has been repaid in full.

The cost of construction was amazingly low considering the results attained. The credit for this is due to the



SIR DONALD SMITH (LORD STRATHCONA)  
Driving the last spike at Craigellachie,  
November 7th, 1885.



purchasing system installed by the late Lord Shaughnessy. So successful was this system that it was adopted as a model in the reorganization of New York City's purchasing department.

**T**HE TROUBLES of railroad builders can scarcely be imagined by most of us who have never wielded the pick, shovel and ax on a right-of-way, or attempted to survey a practicable route for a railway. Blasting, cutting and leveling; building a track to carry heavy trains along the sides of precipices where not even a mountain goat had ever ventured; scaling heights and bridging streams; drilling through rock and piercing trackless forests; dodging avalanches and constructing miles of line over the deceptive "muskeg" which looks fairly solid but is really a treacherous morass—the story is a Promethean epic of man's battle against the earth gods and the elemental deities.

On November 7, 1885, the last spike on the main line was driven at Craigellachie. Donald Smith hammered it into place, and earned the congratulations of Queen Victoria for the people of Canada. Eight months later the first trans-continental train left Montreal, passing through Winnipeg on Dominion Day, July 1st, and reaching the Pacific terminus of Port Moody, on the morning of July 4th—sharp on time.

The human body is said to renew every microscopic cell of its entire structure every seven years. The same thing happens to a well-maintained railroad. Not one rail of the Canadian Pacific remains where it was placed in the original line.

A large part of the line has been double-tracked. All wooden bridges have been replaced by iron or sustained on filled-in rock and concrete foundations, except on a few of the newer branches.

Joined end to end the bridges of the Canadian Pacific would make a viaduct 80 miles in length, long enough to bridge the English Channel from Dover to Calais four times over. Some of the

bridges ought to be as interesting to the general public as they are to engineers. The bascule bridge over the United States Ship Canal at Sault Ste. Marie, for example, is an absolutely unique bridge, providing a wider unobstructed channel than that afforded by any other movable bridge. When its two leaves or arms are locked together in the center its trusses form a single simple span from pier to pier 336 feet long.

Quite as extraordinary as the bridge building has been the tunneling of the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirk Range. In the Rockies at the summit of Kicking Horse Pass (named after an accident which occurred to one of the early surveyors) the west-bound train plunges into Cathedral Mountain, descends gradually in a complete circle within the mountain, and comes out 48 feet below. Then it crosses a river, turns to the north and hurls itself into Mt. Ogden, spiraling down to 45 feet below its entrance. In the Selkirks, cedar snow-sheds to protect some miles of line were eventually replaced by a double-track tunnel nearly five miles long straight through the heart of Mt. MacDonald, the longest tunnel in our hemisphere, and one of the longest anywhere.



THE EMPRESS OF CANADA  
Just returned from a Round-the-World cruise.



THE TRANS-CANADA LIMITED  
Leaving Windsor Street Station, Montreal.  
The crack train of the Canadian Pacific; 90  
hours from Montreal to Vancouver.

**T**HE NERVE centers of a railroad are its yards, where freight is sorted and sent on its way. A railroad yard may sound unromantic, but it is actually one of the most fascinating spots in the whole system. Here the cars weave busily to and fro on a giant loom, forming the fabric of Commerce.

The railway yards of the Canadian Pacific are among the wonders of the world. Its Winnipeg yards are the largest on the planet, and it has other



THE GREAT BASSANO DAM IN ALBERTA  
In the Canadian Pacific Irrigation Block, an  
area of 3,000,000 acres transformed into  
farming land.

tremendous yards in Montreal, Vancouver, Toronto, St. John and Quebec.

At first the railroad had no fence. When a herd of cattle or bison was crossing the track the train halted until the last animal hoofed his way over. In 1903 a statute commanded a general erection of fences along all railways, and the Canadian Pacific put up a woven wire fence which keeps farm stock in safety, and at the same time does not prevent the free migration of wild animals, though the fence puzzles the antelope until they discover how readily they can jump it.

Snow is one of the blessings of the Canadian farmer, storing up moisture for the Spring crops, and protecting grass and fall-sown seed from the intense cold, but drifting snow is a tremendous problem to the railway. The Canadian Pacific after experimenting with wooden breaks, has planted long lines of trees which beautify the line as well as stop the drifts. In some of the bald-headed prairie sections they are the only groves to be seen.

Every precaution that modern science has devised to render travel safe and to warn pedestrians and automobilists at crossings, has been taken by the Canadian Pacific. Automatic crossing bells are supplemented by an illuminated danger sign, or a red disc with a lamp which swings to and fro, wig-wagging, so that neither a blind nor a deaf driver can fail to receive warning of an approaching train.

The Company's horticulturists have made beauty spots of their stations by means of substantial prizes offered for the best gardens, the Canadian Pacific having more gardens than any other railway organization in the world. During the war these were turned into "war gardens" and grew a great quantity of produce for the Allies.

The Company is both one of the largest and one of the most enlightened employers of labor. A hundred thousand persons are frequently on its payroll. A liberal pension system is in full operation. There are schools for mechanics, scholarships for ambitious men

at Canadian universities, and clubs and recreation centers at strategic points all along the line.

**TO REALIZE** what a gigantic affair the Canadian Pacific is, and what a tremendous volume of service it must have rendered Canada and the world in order to have grown so, you have only to compare its early possessions with present-day figures.

They started with about two hundred locomotives. Now they have twenty-two hundred, many of them built in their own shops in Montreal. They started with a hundred little oil-lighted passenger cars. Now they have three thousand big electric-lighted ones. They started with six thousand old-time freight cars. Now they have a hundred thousand of the largest modern ones.

Their gross earnings the first year were less than three and a half millions. Last year they were nearly two hundred millions. Passengers increased from a million and a half in 1885 to fifteen millions last year—eloquent testimony to the comfort afforded by their facilities, and the business activity and tourist appeal to the country. Where the journey to the coast at first consumed five and a half days, all-steel trains now whisk the traveler across the continent in 90 hours.

According to an old employee the first large freight movement was "dead" livestock—buffalo skeletons. Indians and half-breeds had been hired to gather the millions of buffalo bones which bestrewed the plains, lying where they were shot down by generations of hunters. These bones were heaped up beside the track in huge mounds, like cord wood. Incidentally one of these mounds became the city of Regina, a city whose original name was "Pile o' Bones." Thousands of carloads of buffalo bones were shipped to the United States at that time for use in sugar refineries.

Nowadays, of all the freight carried by the Canadian Pacific, wheat tops the list. Last year more than a quarter of a billion bushels were shipped from western Canada. A freight car moved out



C. P. R. NO. 1

The first locomotive on Western lines —  
"Countess of Dufferin" at Winnipeg.

of Winnipeg eastbound with grain every minute and a quarter day and night for two months.

Its freight rates are not fixed by the Company, but are as completely under Canada's control as if the railway line were owned and operated by the Government. This applies not only to freight and passenger rates by land and water, but also to express and telegraph charges. The railroad is fully under public control by regulation.



WINNIPEG TERMINALS  
500 Miles of trackage.



HOTEL VANCOUVER  
Vancouver, B. C.

The express department of the Canadian Pacific, the Dominion Express Company, started business forty years ago with three or four clerks and a second-hand wagon. Now it has its offices in Europe, the Orient, the British Isles and throughout Canada. Last year it handled about sixteen million express items.

**A** WHOLE book could be written on Canada's appeal to the tourist. There is enough magnificent natural scenery in the far-flung Dominion to stock the globe. Mountain ranges to the east and west, including the greatest aggregation of unscaled snow-capped peaks anywhere this side of Tibet. Valleys, lakes and primeval forests in endless profusion and entrancing variety. The widest, richest, blackest-soiled belt of central plain in existence.

Whatever the type of thing you most enjoy you find it in Canada. You know that. The reason you know it, however, is that the Canadian Pacific has been telling you about it in advertisements and circulars and beautiful illuminated brochures for twenty years.

The railroad has brought hundreds of thousands of tourists to Canada, all the way from the Evangeline country in

Nova Scotia to the eternal snows of Lake Louise and the semi-tropical luxuriance and beauty of Vancouver Island. Through the Company's efforts the National Parks of Canada, Banff, Lake Louise, Glacier, the Yoho and Mt. Revelstoke, have attracted thousands of visitors from all over the earth.

The Rocky Mountain section constitutes a perpetual challenge to mountain climbers. Some years ago a group of Swiss families were transplanted to the Columbia River to act as professional guides for tourists who yearn for the thrill of seeing the dawn from a mountain top, or who wish to scramble up a precipitous height where no human foot has ever trod. It is only another illustration of the Company's thoughtfulness and their determination to make the guests of the nation happy.

In this connection, they have erected a magnificent chain of hotels in Victoria, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Lake Louise, Banff, Calgary, Quebec, Montreal, and St. Andrews, N. B.—hotels so satisfactory to the tourist that whoever has stopped in one of them is apt to base all future comparisons of hotel service upon it as a standard of measurement.

Perhaps the most celebrated of the chain is the Château Frontenac, flanking the ancient citadel of Quebec and gazing down upon the splendid sea highway of the St. Lawrence River. On Christmas 1893, its opening day, the Château Frontenac had only thirteen guests at dinner. But it did not prove an unlucky number. More than fourteen hundred are often housed there now.

In winter, while many tourists go to Quebec and other Canadian resorts for the winter sports, hundreds of others embark on the Canadian Pacific vessels for tours of the Mediterranean, of the Orient, of the West Indies and "Around the World." There are eighty-one steamers in the Canadian Pacific fleets, and their ships hold all records for speed and comfort between North American and Asiatic ports. From London to Yokohama they carry the

traveler in 21 days. The Canadian Pacific has become the fabulous Northwest Passage from Europe to Cathay which explorers used to seek.

Canadian Pacific ships have carried their red and white checker flag into all the ports of the world, and everywhere it is an emblem which inspires respect. It is amusing to recall that their first ship was the 800-ton brig "W. B. Flint." With characteristic foresight they started that little boat out of Yokohama with a cargo of tea for Canada, a week before the first through train left Montreal for the British Columbian coast. It was the beginning of a successful effort to capture the commerce of the Pacific.

**OF ALL** the tasks of the Canadian Pacific perhaps the most Herculean has been the task of filling up the empty western land with substantial, contented farmers. More people is the need of every new and sparsely settled land. The Canadian Pacific has earned for itself the title of "The Great Colonizer."

It has spent nearly seventy million dollars, without any sort of legal obligation, to develop natural resources, improve agriculture and increase population. Here is a partial list of things it keeps pegging away at all of the time:

Securing immigration, and fostering colonization for Canada as a whole;

Advertising the resources and advantages of Canada in all countries from which desirable settlers can be obtained in any quantity;

Creating and maintaining an irrigation system, in the semi-arid Southwest, and instructing settlers in its use;

Parting with its land to settlers on terms far easier than have been given by any other owner; and, in addition, giving purchasers financial aid in exceptional seasons;

Furnishing ready-made farms, with buildings, fences and wells, and with a considerable acreage under crop, on equally easy terms;

Maintaining Demonstration Farms, with pure-bred herds;

Providing without charge "Better Farming Trains" for agricultural instruction and demonstration by public authorities;

Giving millions of trees to prairie farmers from its own tree nursery;

Giving pure-bred breeding stock;

Obtaining regular farm help for settlers, as well as many thousands of additional farm workers at harvest time;

Assisting farmers in the marketing of their produce by carrying grain, cattle and other products at considerably lower freight rates than those charged by United States railways; and making further large reductions to meet special needs;

Exhibiting Canada's agricultural products in Britain, the United States and many other lands.

Agriculture is only one, though certainly the greatest, of Canada's interests. All her interests, including agriculture, are energetically promoted by this indefatigable organization. From the first it has kept its country's flag flying, expounding Canada's unequalled opportunities for the hardy and industrious, and spreading the news of Canada's achievements and development among the nations. For almost a generation, the Canadian Pacific has been an eloquent ex-officio Ambassador to the world.

**CANADA** is a wonderful country. Any country that can grow a Canadian Pacific is a wonderful country.



CHILDREN'S LECTURE CAR  
On a Better Farming Special Train in  
Saskatchewan.

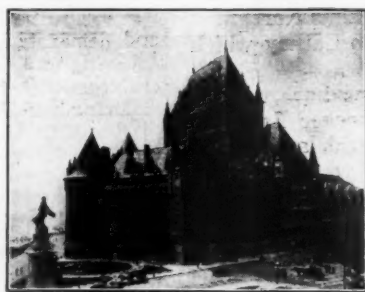


Canada is bigger than the United States in square miles. And mile for mile it is ROOMIER than the United States. It has only one-tenth our population.

If you feel that America is getting a little crowded, especially in the cities, you ought to go take a look at Canada. It will remind you of the stories of old-time America, in the spacious days of our forefathers.

If you are a very old-fashioned American you will probably feel, in going to western Canada, that you are returning to the "good old days." People are still living on their own farms there, just as ninety-seven out of every hundred did in the United States a century ago. It is a homogeneous folk, and community life is still constructed around churches which are fully attended.

They have all the modern improvements, automobiles, movies, radio, and so on. It is the same kind of place the United States used to be and, please



THE CHATEAU FRONTENAC  
The great Canadian Pacific hotel at Quebec.

God, will be again, when it digests and assimilates the aliens who have poured into America a little faster than we could Americanize them.

Canada is a clean, beautiful, white-man's country, with a wonderful climate of the most bracing variety, the kind of climate which stimulates the human machine to its fullest

efficiency. It is an amazingly energetic and hustling place.

I make no apology for boosting Canada. That course of action seems to me 100 per cent. American—North American. She is blood of our blood and bone of our bone. Hundreds of thousands of our farmers have flocked over the border to help build her. She cannot be too prosperous to suit the rest of us.

And, if the Canadian Pacific keeps its health and strength, she cannot fail to be immensely prosperous.

*Frank Crane*





## RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL

Montreal

*Canada's addition to  
The Ritz-Carlton Group*

Delightfully surrounded in its beautiful laid out gardens, situated in the best residential section, away from the noise and grime of the business section, yet easily accessible to theatres, shops, etc.

EMILE C. DESBAILLETS,  
Manager.

## FINE FURS AND FAIR DEALINGS

Furs, like gems, must be bought with the greatest caution even by those who are thoroughly experienced and well informed. To those who have not the experience or the information there is but one safe guide in buying Furs and that is to

### *Buy Where Caution Is Unnecessary*

The name Holt, Renfrew & Co. Limited has stood through three generations for FINE FURS AND FAIR DEALINGS. The great-grandchildren of some of our original customers are our best friends of to-day. The honor in which the name is held may be partially judged by the fact that this house has on four separate occasions been appointed by special brevet as Furriers to members of the British Royal Family. Whatever a Fur Garment is said to be by the Holt, Renfrew representative who waits upon you—it is. The operation of four large retail stores in the Dominion's most important centres, the establishment of our own collection and trading posts in the far North lands, the operation of our own workrooms guarantee you also the utmost in style and the utmost in value.

*You are cordially invited to spend whatever time  
is convenient in an examination of these fine furs.*

**Holt, Renfrew & Co.**  
*Limited*  
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**T**HE D. & H. is the International Highway between the metropolis of the United States and the metropolis of Canada. Up the Hudson, through the Adirondacks, along the picturesque shores of Lake Champlain—its route is through a land rich in scenic wonders, history and romance.

Through Pullman cars on day and night trains, both ways, make the shortest possible time between the Grand Central Terminal, New York, and the Windsor Station, Montreal, two of the finest terminals on the American continent.

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Illustrated  
Booklet





**E**XCITEMENT reigns in England, whither so many American tourists are flocking, because of the amazing trade exposition, which has opened at Wembley. Entering the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, millions of British subjects ascend, as the *London Times* puts it, "The Heights of Empire." Their thrill before the might and magnitude of Britain is shared by every visitor of whatever nationality.

The scene is without parallel in the history of mankind. Within the gates of Wembley have been erected temples to all the activities of the Empire. Here in little the tourist finds reproduced the art, the architecture and the productive activities of five continents and the islands of the seas: "the mystic East, the stirring West, the sterner North and the romantic South."

Side by side sit the grandeur of ancient civilizations putting forth new buds under the quickening breath of the modern day together with uncultivated fruits of the newest and, until recently, unexplored portions of the earth.

From Oriental bazaars to the silent forests of the trapper; from coffee plantation to diamond mine; from ostrich farm to orange grove—all the pulsating life of far-flung Britannia is here to see in natural settings.

It seems incredible that so vast a drama could be enacted even within the capacious walls of Wembley; yet this has been done. Little Fiji, lone Pacific island, spreads her south sea charm in no fewer than 11,500 square feet! Hong Kong is a sufficiently small British dependency, but she is here well represented by a street of fascinating Chinese shops.

Every phase of life in all the Dominions, Colonies and Dependencies is magnificently depicted. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Newfoundland are to be seen engrossed in their mining, sheep-raising, fisheries, fur-trading, ostrich farming, forestry and industrial arts. India, Burma, Ceylon and the Federated Malay States bring peacocks and elephants, rubber plantations and oil fields, and group themselves around an exquisite reproduction of what is perhaps the world's most famous bit of architecture, the Taj Mahal.

Within a walled city embracing three acres are the Pavilions of Nigeria, the Gold Coast, of Sierra Leone. And so it goes. Even the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen is reproduced in detail.

Now that the Big Show is an assured success, its promoters must marvel as they look back at the obstacles they overcame, and the profound discouragement which at one stage threatened the whole structure and was only banished by the rousing support of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. When they were down in the depths over the immense and unexpected cost of the Exhibition, the Prince gave them a whopping big contribution and made a regular "Hell-and-Maria" speech from which the success of the enterprise dates.

**D**URING the late unpleasantness, one of the many inventors who contributed useful death-dealing contraptions was one George Constantinesco, Greek by name, British by affiliation. This gentleman was responsible for the Constantinesco timing gear, which was a sort of automatic trigger for aviators' machine guns, enabling them to



# A JOYFUL Week of Cruising on 4 Great Lakes and Georgian Bay (30,000 Islands)



**VISITING**  
Mackinac Island  
Perry Sd. Canada  
Chicago, Detroit  
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Buffalo  
with a full day at  
Niagara Falls

**\$74.50**  
Meals and Berth  
Included

## The Big Oil-Burning White Liners North American and South American

A trip of over 2,000 miles with alluring scenery enroute—new experiences and thrills. Plenty of time allowed at all points of interest to see the sights.

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Tickets bearing rail routing between Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo will be honored for transit upon additional payment.

Call or write for pamphlet at any Railway Ticket Office or Tourist Agency or  
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### These Magnificent Steamships

in comfort and luxury are equal to the finest Atlantic Liners. Promenade and Sun Decks of unusual width; large Grand Salon and Lounge Rooms; Observation Roof Garden. All Staterooms and Parlor Rooms are outside rooms. Bath and toilet in connection with each Parlor Room and convenient to all Staterooms. Excellent meals daintily served by waitresses neatly dressed in white. For those who enjoy gaiety there are deck games, entertainments, music and dancing with a social hostess to look after the enjoyment of guests. Open air playground screened in with attendant for the children.

## World Cruise on the Belgenland *Largest ship to circle the Globe*

ON DECEMBER FOURTH the largest and most luxurious liner that ever circled the globe starts on a 133-day journey to the remote and fascinating corners of the world.

Journeys ashore, each one brimful of interest and vivid contrasts, under the masterly guidance of the American Express.

28,310 Miles to 60 Cities in 14 Countries  
17 days in Japan, China and Korea; 18 days in India; 8 days in Egypt, Nile Country and Holy Land; 11 days along Mediterranean. Stop-overs arranged in Europe for spring and early summer.

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in cooperation with  
**AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY**

(Continued from preceding page)

fire straight ahead without hitting their own propeller blades. It timed the fire so that the bullets would pass between revolutions of the blades. 30,000 airplanes were fitted with this simple, foolproof apparatus during the war.

But this young man has not been content to rest on his laurels. He has worked out a speed-changing device for motors, locomotives and other machines, and if his device proves to be practicable it is the most important automobile development of 1924.

Speed variation by means of Mr. Constantinesco's "Wave Transmission of Power" becomes automatic. For example, when your car hits a hill the gear slows down by itself to precisely such a speed as best enables your particular motor to carry the car up. No change of gears by the driver is necessary, and since the demand on the engine remains unaltered it continues at whatever speed the throttle is set for. The new gear makes the load on your motor constant; simultaneously it confers an almost unlimited hill-climbing power.



Mr. Constantinesco's invention, which he prefers to call a "torque converter," takes the place of the usual gear-box, clutch and back-axle drive, often considered the least satisfactory elements in motor-car assembly.

As the London *Sphere* says, he has pressed into service "that bugbear of all mechanical engineers—inertia." In essentials the gear is a pendulum so introduced between engine and wheels as to provide "a perpetual adjustment between power output and effort required." As is well known, every pendulum has a natural free rate of swing. When this is interfered with, resistance is set up. You might expect it to wag uselessly in an automobile, wasting the engine's power, but it surprises you by refusing to do so just in so far as the driving shaft resists. It appears to be a very simple device, though difficult of explanation to the non-technical reader, and great enthusiasm for it is reported to have been aroused among engineers.

THE vacation period is almost upon us and vacation-planning is being indulged in by everybody. For many of us it is enough to plan "the usual fishing trip," or the customary visit back home. But for many others some sort of vacation that will be "different" is the height of desire.

No one in a paragraph or two can canvass the possibilities of "different" vacations. But perhaps a few out-of-the-way suggestions are in order.

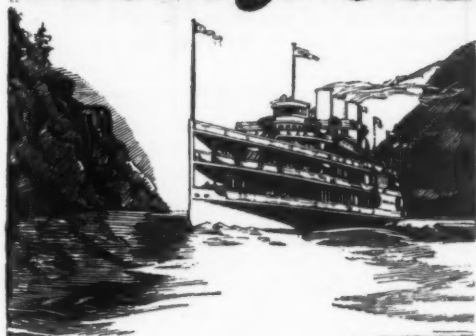
If you do not want to do what "everybody" is doing; if you want to avoid the conventional outing, it will be worth your while to investigate rates and facilities for a sea trip to Virginia, the Carolinas, Florida, Panama, Cuba, Porto Rico, South America or Alaska.

An impression has gone abroad that the South is too hot to be visited in the summer. So far as the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee are concerned, this is nonsense. Resorts in these mountains may be more fashionable in the winter time, but they are even more beautiful and available to a far more modest purse in the summer time.

If you have the funds to go to Yel-

(Continued on following page)

# See the Hudson



*The Ideal Route*  
*Between*  
**NEW YORK and ALBANY**

SIX splendid Day Line steamers—swift, modern, commodious—add to the delight of the journey. No matter in which direction you travel, convenient rail connections will enable you to include this wonder trip as a part of your itinerary. 150 miles of historic and scenic interest that have no equal on this continent.

Daily including Sunday  
May 17 to Oct. 19

Also delightful one-day outings from New York. Rail tickets accepted Albany to New York and New York to Albany. Restaurant and orchestra on each steamer. Write for illustrated literature.

**Hudson River Day Line**  
Desbrosses Street Pier, New York

## Travel Booklets

THE Travel Department of CURRENT OPINION will be glad to have any of the following booklets sent to you by the Companies issuing them. Simply check the booklets in which you are really interested, fill in the coupon below, and mail to the Travel Department, CURRENT OPINION, 50 West 47th Street, New York, N. Y.

- ☐ Europe via Montreal, Pacific Coast, The Far East and Australia—  
The Canadian Pacific
- ☐ Europe in 1924—  
Thomas Cook & Son
- ☐ A Week's Cruise on Four Great Lakes via Georgian Bay—  
Chicago, Duluth & Georgian Bay Transit Co.
- ☐ Economy Trips to Europe—  
U. S. Lines
- ☐ Asia by Way of Honolulu—  
Pacific Mail S. S. Co.
- ☐ Around the World—  
Frank C. Clark
- ☐ American Traveler in Europe (Independent Tours)—  
American Express Company
- ☐ Map of New York City—  
Hotel McAlpin
- ☐ Bermuda: The Vacation Ground of the Atlantic—  
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- ☐ Travel Facts About Europe—  
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Lamport & Holt, Ltd.
- ☐ California Picture Book—  
Santa Fé Lines
- ☐ The Direct Route Between New York and Montreal—  
The Delaware & Hudson Company
- ☐ Europe, 1924—  
Gates Tours
- ☐ Around South America—  
Munson S. S. Lines
- ☐ When It Happens In Europe—  
White Star Line
- ☐ Europe by Motor—  
Franco-Belgique Tours
- ☐ Drive Your Own Car in Europe—  
Cunard Line
- ☐ Across the Atlantic—  
United American Line (Harriman Line)  
Joint service with Hamburg-American Line
- ☐ The Comfort Route to Europe—  
Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.
- ☐ France and the North African Coast—  
French Line

### TRAVEL DEPARTMENT, CURRENT OPINION,

50 West 47th St., New York, N. Y.

Please have sent, free of charge, the booklets checked above.

Name .....

Address ..... 6-24

lowstone Park or the Canadian Rockies, so much the better, but a lack of those funds should not prevent the full enjoyment of some outdoors country nearer home. For example, in the neighborhood of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River there are innumerable mountain and shore resorts. A little thought will suggest half a dozen delightful methods of spending the vacation period in unusual ways, off the main track of tourist travel.

AT last something is being done about the billboard problem. A dozen or two of the biggest roadside advertisers, their ranks recently augmented by the addition of the Standard Oil Company of New York, have decided to remove their huge advertising signs from the highways.

As the *Saturday Evening Post* comments editorially, "the use of billboards for advertising purposes has run wild, and now the reaction has set in. There are locations essentially commercial, but the unsightly, marring billboard has not been confined to these. It has gone across the country like a blight, destroying not only beauty but all the charm of open spaces."

When the Standard Oil Company announced that it would remove thousands of signs from all the points where they interfered with the scenic outlook, the company was given a great ovation by the newspapers. In future they will confine themselves to boards on garages and service stations. Within eighteen

### 5th AROUND THE WORLD CRUISE

From N. Y., Jan. 20th, westward, by specially chartered new Cunard-Anchor "California," 17,000 tons, oil-burning. 4 mos. \$1250 up, including hotels, guides, drives, fees. Stop overs in Europe. Visiting Panama Canal, Los Angeles, 18 days Japan and China, Java, option 18 days in India, Cairo, Jerusalem, Athens, Europe, etc. 21st MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE Jan. 31, specially chartered new Cunarder "Laconia," 20,000 tons (oil-burning), 62 days, \$600 up, including drives, guides, hotels, fees. 18 days Palestine and Egypt. 600 to 700 passengers expected on each cruise.

FRANK C. CLARK Times Building NEW YORK

### HOTEL ST. JAMES

109-13 West 45th Street, Times Square, New York, N. Y.

An hotel of quiet dignity, having the atmosphere and appointments of a well conditioned home.

Much favored by women traveling without escort.

Rates and booklet on application  
W. JOHNSON QUINN

# Travel and Vacation Directory

**I**N this Department every month Current Opinion will feature the announcements of people and places who offer their services to make your travel and vacation days more enjoyable.

Where are you going this summer? Do you plan a sea trip? Or a planned trip to California? Do you like the idea of a Massachusetts seashore vacation? Do you like mountain country? How would a vacation in the Canadian woods appeal to you?

Here you have your choice.

## MASSACHUSETTS

**MAYFLOWER INN** Cape Cod's Finest Hotel  
MANOMET POINT, PLYMOUTH, MASS.  
In Pilgrim Land—the Birthplace of Our Nation. Every Recreational Facility.  
100 acres of grounds—a mile of sandy beach. Our own golf course. Send for booklet.

## ADIRONDACK MTS. N. Y.

**THE GREEN TEA CUP INN**, Newport, Herkimer Co., N. Y. In the foothills of the Adirondacks in beautiful surroundings. A fine old stone house accommodating a limited number of guests who want quiet and rest with every comfort and charm. Open May 29th to September 15. Mrs. Helen Sheffield Lettmer.

## CANADA

**NORTHERN ONTARIO—WABI-KON CAMP**  
**LAKE TIMAGAMI BUNGALOW CAMP**  
**RIO, TIMAGAMI**  
A North Wood RINGALOW CAMP in heart of four million acres of virgin forest. 1,502 Lakes. Wonderful fishing. One night from Toronto. Booklet. MISS A. ORR, 250 Wright Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

## TOURS

## CALIFORNIA

37 Days—\$775. 51 Days—\$985.  
July 5—From New York—Aug. 5  
Personally conducted tours. High class arrangements throughout, best hotels, liberal sightseeing.

## BERMUDA

8 Days—\$87

Including transportation, hotels, sightseeing, etc.  
Complete details of these and other delightful tours in our booklet

"Travel Tips"  
Sent upon request.

## McCANN'S TOURS

Incorporated "Since 1876"  
1328 Broadway, New York

months, when the last lease on sign spaces will have expired, the removal of all their signs is expected.

Among the other companies said to have pledged themselves to abolish highway billboards, the following are listed by Mrs. W. L. Lawton, Chairman of the National Committee for Restriction of Outdoor Advertising: Kirkman's Soap, Kelly-Springfield Tires, Pillsbury Flour, Washburn-Crosby Flour, Standard Oil of California, Champion Spark Plug, Goodrich Rubber, Sun Oil, Hood Rubber, Ajax Rubber, Ward Baking, Dodge Car, Gulf Refining, and Fleischmann's Yeast.

Many other advertisers are expected to follow these pioneers, rather than wait for local ordinances which will drive them from the highways. It is generally felt that it is the part of business statesmanship to accede to the public's obvious wish in this matter of billboards before sentiment be-

comes crystallized into the form of antagonism to the concerns which insist upon retaining unsightly billboards along our roads.

The sign removals will be good news to automobilists. At them the signs are largely aimed. They are the chief sufferers, since their journeys into the beautiful countryside are largely for

the sake of enjoying wide horizons and splendid vistas. From the billboard man's point of view the most effective sign is the one that stands out against the most beautiful landscape, blocking the largest possible portion of the scenery. Here, he feels his message cannot fail to be taken in by the public.

But, if the public reads his message with indignation, and this is more and more the case as signs multiply, it becomes the part of commercial wisdom to refrain from inflicting the advertising message at that inopportune and discourteous moment.

THE MAGNIFICENT VIEW YOU DISCOVERED ON YOUR TRIP LAST YEAR



AND LIKED SO MUCH THAT YOU DROVE SIXTY MILES OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SHOW IT TO YOUR FRIENDS THIS YEAR



—Darling in New York Tribune.

# The Annual Roycroft Convention

July 13th to 20th, inclusive, 1924

At Roycroft-Town (East Aurora), Erie County, New York

**A**LL Roycrofters-at-Large, and the Elect in Ordinary, are invited to be present and engage in the festivities, passively or otherwise.

¶ There will be one formal—but not too formal—program daily.

¶ Subjects for discussion will cover Health Topics, Psychology, Business, Education, Cubistic Art, and anything else not forbidden by the Pure-Food Laws. Dr. Charles Fleischer, Rev. A. Ray Petty, Frank H. Simonds, Edgar A. Guest, Rupert Hughes, Dr. John B. Watson, Christopher Morley, Walt Mason, Lillian Hawley Gearhart, Ellen Rumsey, Ruth Kemper, and others will appear on the program.

¶ Music will play an even more important part this year than usual. Singers of note and players of promise will be present, besides the regular talent that The Roycroft Shops supply.

¶ And every day there will be much conversational persiflage, with walks and talks and tramps across mead and meadow, over the

hills and through the woods. The medicine ball will be duly exercised and the good-cheer that animates but does not inebriate will flow full and free.

¶ Classes in hoe-craft will be held every morning, so corduroy and flannel will be in vogue. No one at Roycroft enjoys poor health. No one is ever introduced to anybody—all who come need no introduction. The Elect know each other on sight, and the gladsome grin circulates as legal tender.

¶ The Convention is a good-will proposition (not a money-making scheme). It is a Roycroft tradition started by Elbert Hubbard many years ago. A summer for The Roycrofters without the convention would be no summer at all.

¶ You may be accommodated at THE ROYCROFT INN, if you make your reservation at once. Our regular rates (\$5 to \$8 a day, American Plan) apply at "convention time." We don't boost them up nor do we make any extra charges of any kind for the lectures, musicales and entertainments.

**THE ROYCROFT INN**

**ELBERT HUBBARD II, Host**

**ROYCROFT-TOWN (East Aurora), New York**



## The Road to Home

Though written faithfully, his letters from home seemed to have had a way of arriving at his hotel in one city just after he had left for the next—and of never catching up.

Three weeks passed—business conferences, long night journeyings on sleepers, more conferences—with all too little news from home.

Then he turned eastward. In his hotel room in Chicago he still seemed a long way from that fireside in a New York suburb. He reached for the telephone—asked for his home number.

The bell tinkled cheerfully. His wife's voice greeted him. Its tone and inflection told him all was right with the world. She hardly needed to say, "Yes, they are well—dancing right here by the telephone. . . . Father and mother came yesterday. . . . Oh, we'll be glad to see you!"

\* \* \*

Across the breadth of a continent the telephone is ready to carry your greetings with all the conviction of the human voice. Used for social or business purposes, "long distance" does more than communicate. It projects you—thought, mood, personality—to the person to whom you talk.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

**BELL SYSTEM**

*One Policy, One System, Universal Service*





# FINANCE & INVESTMENT

**T**AXATION is the most important matter before the American investing public. The whole subject of Government finance is up for an airing. A campaign is under way to explain the fundamental principles of taxation, the sound A B C's of the subject, to all our voters, that they may go armed with intelligence to the polls next fall, and demand with their ballots the sort of scientific tax reduction the country has earned by long self-sacrifice and patient suffering under great burdens.

Taxation, with a capital "T," has driven, is driving, and will continue to drive Capital, with a capital "C," out of productive enterprise into wasteful, extravagant and unproductive municipal and county tax-free bond issues. Here Capital must be spelt with a majuscule because Capital in large quantities is meant. It is the big investor who puts the average new business on its feet. The little investor as a rule follows his leadership, waits for his endorsement.

The tax problem narrows down to this: what is to be done about tax-free bonds? It will require a constitutional amendment to stop their issuance, and it would probably be unwise to stop them altogether. Our experience in this country with constitutional amendments has not been uniformly

happy. An amendment has a way of becoming in the long run more drastic than is desirable, more ironclad than was intended, and more likely to prevent further reform than successful in accomplishing the reform aimed at.

Tax exempt securities presented no problem to our people until the high surtaxes were placed upon big incomes. Only with the coming of war time taxation did Capital flee from productive enterprise into municipal bonds. No aspersion upon municipal bonds is implied, at least from the investor's point of view. They are one of the best places in the world for the savings of the small investor. But they are not a natural place for big Capital to hide in.

The Government's problem and the people's problem are both stated with clarity, fairness and justice by Secretary of the Treasury Andrew D. Mellon in a book just off the Macmillan Company's presses, called "Taxation: The People's Business."

The book surveys the problem as a

whole, and reviews in detail the recommendations of the famous "Mellon plan." These recommendations may be summarized as follows:

1. A 25 per cent. reduction in the tax on earned incomes.
2. Reduction of normal tax rates from 4 to 3 per cent. and 8 to

(Continued on page 864)

**I** HAVE known intimately all the great money makers of this country, and they have given me repeated tips on how to make a fortune. But, singularly enough, I have never made a dollar from any of their suggestions.

On the contrary, by following their advice I have lost many a hard-earned dollar.

The big guns lose money as often as the little ones. You will find some of their names on the letterhead of almost every disastrous venture.

If they guess wrong?, what right has a little man to guess at all?—Chauncey M. Depew, Ex-U. S. Senator, Chairman of the Board of the New York Central Railroad, who recently celebrated his 90th birthday.



AT THE HEART  
*of the*  
RICHEST VALLEY *in the* WORLD

*The* CONTINENTAL *and*  
COMMERCIAL  
BANKS

CHICAGO

*"An Extra Measure of Service"*

*Resources More Than \$500,000,000*

## 100% Safe Since 1855

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company is under the same ownership as Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Company which was founded in 1855. Thus holders of Greenebaum Bonds enjoy the advantage of dealing with the oldest First Mortgage Banking House.

Combined Resources over  
\$35,000,000

## You Benefit by This Bond Experience

SINCE 1855 the House of Greenebaum has specialized on First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds. During this time we have built a great organization skilled in the purchase and sale of this one type of security.

## 69 Years' Proven Safety

This unequalled record for safety is your assurance that it pays to buy bonds from specialists.

### Send for Investors Guide

Merely mail coupon for a copy of Investors Guide, explaining Greenebaum Bond Service.

## Greenebaum Sons Investment Company

FOUNDED 1855—CHICAGO  
(Philadelphia—Pittsburgh—Kansas City  
St. Louis—Milwaukee)

BOND SERVICE OFFICES IN 300 CITIES

### Mail This Coupon



Greenebaum Sons Investment Co.  
La Salle and Madison Sts., Chicago

Please send me without charge or obligation copy of Investors Guide and current list of Greenebaum offerings.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

*Greenebaum Bonds—100% Safe Since 1855*

(Continued from page 862)

6 per cent. 3. Reduction of surtaxes by beginning their application at \$10,000 instead of \$6,000, and scaling them progressively upward to 25 per cent. at \$100,000. 4. Repeal of telegraph and admission ("nuisance") taxes, and certain small miscellaneous taxes. 5. Changes in the administrative features of the law to prevent tax-dodging as well as to simplify and clarify the law and provide a more satisfactory basis for determining the amounts of taxes.

Of all these matters only one—the reduction of surtaxes—has required defense and exposition, and it is upon this one that controversy has hinged. Success or failure of the Mellon plan seems likely to depend in Congress upon persuading our representatives that the surtaxes are unproductive and positively detrimental to the country at their present unreasonable height.

The Government's problem, as Mr. Mellon states in his book, is so to fix rates that a maximum of revenue will flow into the Treasury with a minimum of strain upon individuals and business enterprises. A sound tax policy must do three things: produce sufficient revenue, spread itself comfortably over all elements in the community; and be designed for long periods so as to eliminate flighty changes and year to year uncertainties.

Similarly there are certain things which taxation must not do. Especially it must not be used as a method of rewarding one class and punishing another class of our population. If, as, and when taxation is so used, freedom, justice and equality of opportunity will have vanished from our civilization, and the end of the America of our fathers is at hand.

Any man of sufficient initiative and resourcefulness can secure whatever he wants from life in this country. But, cripple his initiative by overwhelming taxes, and deny him a reasonable share of his earnings, and he will not longer exert himself. The game is not worth the candle. Says Mr. Mellon, in an eloquent passage:

"Initiative has always been the most  
(Continued on page 866)



## Where 7% is the Normal Rate

**E**VERY owner of Miller First Mortgage Bonds, which pay up to 7%, is getting the normal, prevailing Southern interest rate—a rate which goes hand in hand with proven safety. Differences in geographical location—differences in the amount of money available for building construction—automatically create a 7% interest rate in the South. The security is precisely similar to that which carries 6½% in the Northern and Eastern sections, where capital is more abundant.

The fundamental safety of these Southern investments is embodied in the record of Miller Bonds—never a dollar's loss or a day's delay in paying interest or principal.

For a better-than-average income return, buy Miller First Mortgage Bonds.

WHY THE SOUTH  
OFFERS  
INVESTMENT  
OPPORTUNITIES



Mail the coupon below for this 4-page folder, which gives a concise statement of the South's industrial development and its resources as yet undeveloped. An aid to intelligent investing.

## G. L. MILLER & COMPANY

*Incorporated*

2106 Carbide and Carbon Building

30 East 42nd Street, New York



Philadelphia

St. Louis

Memphis

Pittsburgh

Buffalo

Atlanta

Knoxville

*No Investor Ever Lost a Dollar in Miller Bonds*

G. L. Miller & Company, Inc.,  
2106 Carbide and Carbon Building, 30 East 42nd Street, New York.

Please send me, without obligation, circular describing a Miller First Mortgage Bond issue, and booklet "Why the South Offers Investment Opportunities."

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....



1881	1892	1903	1914
1882	1893	1904	1915
1883	1894	1905	1916
1884	1895	1906	1917
1885	1896	1907	1918
1886	1897	1908	1919
1887	1898	1909	1920
1888	1899	1910	1921
1889	1900	1911	1922
1890	1901	1912	1923
1891	1902	1913	1924

## Get "Behind the Scenes Where Bonds Are Made"

It explains how the record 43 years 100% safe was made possible. It contains the net experience gained by Cochran & McCluer Company in its long and active experience in the first mortgage investment field. This booklet also describes our organization, whose widely ranging activities bring it first-hand information in regard to all matters, a knowledge of which is essential in making completely safeguarded first mortgage securities.

### Record of Safety

Convinced that the first mortgage which is the oldest, is also the best type of investment, since 1881 we have specialized in this type of security. We have also confined our activities to Chicago, the territory we absolutely know, and with whose growth we are closely identified. No city offers better security for first mortgage investments than Chicago. The City of Chicago, the first mortgage and the experience of Cochran & McCluer Company are the three big factors in the safety of the first mortgage bonds which we offer. These factors are described in "Behind the Scenes Where Bonds Are Made."

### MAIL THIS

Cochran & McCluer Co.  
46 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen: Send me without obligation "Behind the Scenes Where Bonds Are Made." It is understood no salesman will call.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

**Cochran & McCluer Co.**  
46 North Dearborn Street, Chicago

## \$1200 A Year Sure!

Theoretically, \$1200 a year compounded for 12½ years in any 5½% bonds, will yield \$1200 a year without further investment, theoretically, but Prudence-Bonds will yield \$1200 a year positively, because they are Guaranteed.

Mail Coupon Today

**TEAR OUT**

The Prudence Company, Inc. C.O. 492  
331 Madison Ave., at 43rd St., New York  
Under supervision of N.Y. State Banking Dept.

Gentlemen: Without obligation on my part please send booklet "Prudence-Bonds Provide the Guarantee that Prudence Demands."

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

© 1924, P. Co., Inc.

(Continued from page 864)

valuable American characteristic. It was this spirit in the early colonists which brought them to America, not to find an easier existence, but to enjoy religious and political freedom, as well as to better their material condition. They faced death by savages and starvation in order to build up a new country. It was the same spirit of adventure which peopled and developed the West. And it is this same spirit extended into business that has made America the great and prosperous nation she is to-day.

"The United States is no mere happy accident. What we have has been achieved by courage and hard work. The spirit of business adventure has built up in this country a civilization which offers unprecedented rewards to any man who is willing to work. But where the Government takes away an unreasonable share of his earnings, the incentive to work is no longer there, and a slackening of effort is the result. To share not at all in a man's losses and to take one-half of his gains, making him work three days out of six for the Government, is to impose odds too heavy to be borne. More and more the business adventure becomes too hazardous and the high spirit of initiative dis-

(Continued on page 868)



OLDEST MORTGAGE INVESTMENT HOUSE IN THE SOUTH

ESTABLISHED 1865



## The South--

where your money  
will earn more!



### 7% and Safety

Does your money earn 7%?

Is it safe?

Are you relieved of all worry and trouble in connection with your investments?

Have you found the ideal investment—the sure, rapid way to financial independence?

"How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds" explains the tests by which you must be governed if you would secure 7% and safety. Send for your free copy today.

THE vast undertakings which are rapidly turning the South's resources into actual wealth are reflected in the tremendous increase in population of her prosperous cities. In spite of an enormous construction program the demand for office buildings, hotels and apartment houses is far in excess of building operations

Your money, wisely invested, will earn more in the South, for the South can profitably pay 7% for capital—giving in return security of the highest type. It is a significant fact that the great insurance companies are today making more first mortgage real estate loans in the South than in any other section of the country.

For over half a century the name Adair has been generally recognized

as the highest authority upon Southern real estate values and conditions. During the 58 years this company has been engaged in creating first mortgage investments not a single customer has ever lost a dollar.

7% Adair Protected Bonds, the modern, convenient form of first mortgage investments, are recommended as a safe, conservative investment by the South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House. Back of this statement is the reputation and integrity of a house which has never sold an unsafe investment.

Learn how you can make your money earn more. Mail the coupon today for free booklet that will give full information about this ideal investment, which offers maximum safety and large returns.

Established 1865  
ADAIR REALTY & TRUST CO.

Dept. G-2, Healey Bldg.,  
Atlanta, Ga.

# Adair Protected First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds



Gentlemen:—

Please send me without obligation your booklet, "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds."

Name

Address

## STABILIZED INVESTMENTS



The First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds which completed the financing of these buildings were sold by us.

## SAFETY AND EXPERIENCE

The First Mortgage Real Estate investment business is highly specialized. It cannot be learned in a few days or a few years.

More than two decades of solid growth and continuous effort at safeguarding investors' interests has taught us what safeguards are adequate and necessary to make safe First Mortgage Real Estate Investments.

### FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS

every dollar that has become due on the First Mortgage Building Bonds sold by this company has been paid to investors.

We now have a well diversified list of thoroughly safeguarded First Mortgage Bonds yielding  $6\frac{1}{2}\%$

Full information will be sent to you immediately if you will

Ask for Booklet C154

## AMERICAN BOND & MORTGAGE CO.

INCORPORATED

Capital and Surplus over \$4,500,000

127 No. Dearborn St.,  
Chicago



345 Madison Avenue  
New York

Boston  
Albany

Detroit

Cleveland

Davenport

Syracuse

Rockford

Philadelphia

Grand Rapids

AN OLD RESPONSIBLE HOUSE

## Strength of Diversification

INVESTMENTS diversified among many cities and towns in widely separated localities and welded together in a single, able and responsible institution, gain additional strength by application of the law of averages. An example of proven success in this respect is

### Standard Gas and Electric Company

whose operated utilities now serve 840 cities and towns in 17 states.

We recommend as an attractive investment the Company's new 7% Cumulative Prior Preference Stock, yielding about  $7\frac{1}{2}\%$ . Full details and illustrated descriptive booklet DO-244 sent on request.

### H. M. Byllesby and Co.

208 South La Salle Street, CHICAGO  
NEW YORK BOSTON  
111 Broadway 14 State St.

(Continued from page 866)

appears in discouragement. An economic system which permits wealth in existence to escape its share in the expense of the Government, and wealth in creation to be penalized until the creative spirit is destroyed, cannot be the right system for America."

We inherited our 1924 taxes from the World War. During it the highest taxes ever levied upon any country were cheerfully paid by our people on behalf of the Allied cause. Not only were normal income taxes raised but surtaxes were devised which made the man of twice the income pay three or four times the amount of tax. At first this swelled the public revenues, but with the conclusion of hostilities our people began once more to regard taxation as a business expense, a thing to be avoided whenever possible.

Unjust and onerous taxation, as the history of taxation throughout the world amply shows, always defeats itself. It kills the goose that lays the golden eggs. High surtax rates forced

big income tax payers to seek legal means of avoiding payment, and persuaded them to draw their money out of productive business, investing it in tax-exempt securities.

The ultimate effect of the surtaxes has been to *prevent* wealth from paying its fair share of the burdens upon our people. They have driven it into activities which yield no taxes to the Government.

As Adam Smith wrote more than a century ago in his monumental "Wealth of Nations," a book that became the foundation of the modern science of economics, all citizens should contribute toward the support of their governments "in proportion to their abilities." Rich should pay more than poor, of course—but, *in proportion*. A tax which obstructs the industry of a people, said Adam Smith, "while it obliges the people to pay, may diminish, or perhaps destroy, some of the funds which might enable them more easily to do so."

More than twelve billion dollars' worth of tax-exempt securities, which not even a Constitutional amendment could put out of existence, are now available. The rich by these are relieved of the need to pay surtaxes. The surtaxes bear down, not on the man of great wealth, but on the man who is trying to create wealth by the use of brains and sweat. The idle man goes scot free; the industrious producer is hamstrung. This sort of taxation, however, injures not merely the business adventurer, but also every person he might have employed and every person

(Continued on following page)

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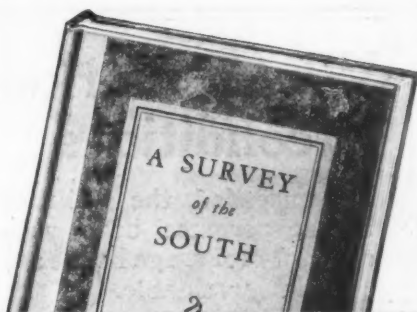
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(Continued from preceding page)

with whom he and they might have done business. It produces high prices and a high cost of living, under the cover of which the taxes are passed along to the ultimate consumer. The ultimate consumer is all of us whenever we buy anything. We all suffer; that is why Mr. Mellon denominates taxation "the people's business."

In 1916, before high surtaxes had been installed, big incomes paid nearly 76 per cent. of all the surtaxes. In 1917, after they had been installed, the big incomes began to fade out of the picture, and in each succeeding year they paid a smaller and smaller percentage of the total revenue from surtaxes until in 1921 incomes in excess of \$300,000 paid only 20.6 per cent. of the return from the higher brackets.

The number of returns declined correspondingly until only about one-fifth of them remained in 1921—the last year for which income tax statistics have been fully tabulated. In 1916 nearly 1,300 persons confessed to incomes above \$300,000. By 1921 they had dwindled to 246 persons, and their number today is probably far fewer. They have not grown poor. They have not exported their fortunes. They have simply hidden them away in tax-exempt securities.

Frenzied political oratory has belated this point. It is a simple matter of arithmetic. Suppose a man has two securities offered him. One pays 10 per cent. and is a fairly safe investment; the other only pays 4½ per cent., but is an absolutely safe investment in the bonds of a municipality—and is tax free. This man's income is big enough so that he will have to give 50 per cent. in surtaxes and 8 per cent. in normal taxes to the Government out of his 10 per cent. from the first security. This leaves him a net return of 4.2 per cent. On the other hand, if he buys the municipal bond, nothing goes to the Government, he has none of the bother and red tape and lawyer's fees involved in adjusting his affairs to pay an enormous income tax, his investment is safer, and, moreover, he makes more money!

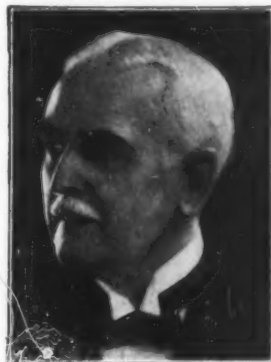
(Continued on page 872)



# Veteran Financier Tells How to Judge Investments

**How to Make Sure of the Safety of Your Funds  
—How to Get a High Yield—How to Select  
the Investment Best Suited to Your Needs.**

By **ALLAN MACGREGOR**



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Labor cannot be forced to work against its will. Capital cannot be forced to work without an adequate return. Unless the surtaxes are reduced to a point where they will permit a reasonable amount of profit to remain in the hands of business men, capital will continue to take shelter from the tax collector within the bombproof dugout of tax-exempt bonds.

Congress has repeatedly refused to submit to the States a Constitutional amendment taking away the tax-exemption privilege from municipalities and counties. The only course, therefore, is "to make it more profitable for wealth to go into taxable business than into tax-exempt bonds." Mr. Mellon writes:

"If high surtaxes were merely becoming ineffective we might let the system stand until the Government should be obliged to seek other sources of revenue. But a much more serious matter is involved. The flight of capital into safe but unproductive forms of investment should give us great concern, for it indicates that high surtaxes are gradually destroying business initiative."

Henry Ford is the supreme example of what American initiative could accomplish in the past twenty years. If the high surtaxes had been in existence when Henry Ford was building up his business by putting his growing income back into it, his achievement would have been impossible, and the price of automobiles might never have gone below \$1,500.

Henry Ford says so himself. In a recent interview he also declared that:

"High taxes on the rich do not take burdens off the poor. They put burdens on the poor. As far as our company is concerned, we can go on about as we now are, whether the surtax be 25 per cent or 50 per cent. We can make some improvements, but we cannot do the great things we should do had we more money. We cannot make such progress in the next fifteen years as we have in the last fifteen, and all other forward-looking companies will be in exactly the same boat."

The whole thing may be summed up as follows. High rates bear most heavily on the producer, the salaried man and those engaged in trying to create a business to win a competence for their later, unproductive years. High taxes penalize chiefly the middle incomes; not wealth already in existence, but wealth in the making. They slow down the pace of civilization. And finally, they destroy the sources of revenue, instead of producing additional revenue.

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(Continued from page 798)

"And devil take the hindmost!"

There's a cry, chambered in distance. The devil taking the hindmost, perhaps. The empty moors and dunes where men used to live give it out; one lone articulation, anger, terror, mortal pain, who can tell from the spent whisper creeping in through the Brewster blinds?

"A-n-d-y, I wish—I wish that girl was to home."

"I—I wish she was."

THE shame of it, confessed at last, mutually, out loud! Isaiah Brewster, who in the name of the Great Republic stood up on his feet and told the port-bashaw of the Emperor of Siam to go to Jericho! Andy Brewster, who with his own hands put half his crew in irons at the height of the Seventy-one Typhoon! The two of them now, praying nothing but the sound of Molly's dance-shoes on the floor beyond the wall; the comfort of even Molly's doomsday youthfulness under the roof with them!

Prayers aren't half-ton trucks, though, for beggars to ride.

Or are they? Wait!

Isaiah is up now, sitting as bolt and gray as Andy.

Another mosquito? No. Hardly louder than a mosquito, to be sure, and oddly like the insect's silky whine—that whine of springs and beams and gaskets, all in one, a mile away.

"Tis him!"

"Tis! 'Tis!"

"He's to the marsh now—or—no—"

"N-n-no—no—Isaiah!"

"You mean it don't sound like 'twas on—"

"'Tain't on. 'Tain't on any road I know of, Isaiah. That's clear to the north'rd somewheres. Sounds to me—"

"Sound to me like it was all adrift somewheres up Borneo Plain—"

Thud! The shadow of the phantom of a shot! That's gone. So is the whine, like the whirl of a night-hawk planing back into the night again.

"Isaiah," says Andy, "you lay down and go to sleep. This is foolishness."

Five minutes, up they knife again.

A step. A clandestine sole on the porch. A sneaking tread.

Andy wouldn't speak for a million dollars; neither would Isaiah.

"Molly!" they call in the same breath.

No answer. Only the scratch of a match, out the kitchen way.

"Molly Brewster!"

The match goes out. More footfalls. Odd footfalls. Odd chills.

Who? What?

The second match is at the very foot of their bed, a blinding nimbus. In the nimbus there are two eyes, a lean, green-brown face, a hat like an inverted flower-pot made of kinky wool.

"You gaht ahny rags, say?"

When Isaiah was mate in the Boston fruit-bark *Hope Wade* he used once a year to load figs at Smyrna. He used to sit in an armchair on the house within one spit of the rail and keep those natives going as only a Cape man could, with alternate volleys of truculence and wit. "If there's one thing I'd love to see before I die," he used to say, "it's one of you lazy heathen Turk-fellahs tryin' to earn a meal in the town of Pamet, Barnstable County, Mass. If there's one thing I'd love!"

It comes back to Isaiah, every fatal syllable. The white rims widen around his eyes. He begins to speak.

"You're that Turk—"

"Curse the Toork! He kelled my fahther, my mahther, my brahther!"

"No-sir, though, no-sir, all foolin', you're the one—the one folks c-c-calls the Turk—that comes by sellin' carpets. You are so!"

A frown withers the green-brown face.

"You gaht ahny rags, say? You gaht ahny rags?"

THE match burns a finger and sails away in two red stars, blown by an Asian oath. In reverse the business of footfalls reenacted, across the kitchen, across the porch.

The night has overreached itself. "Got any rags?" That's a joke.

There a glimmer of moon through the cracks in the blinds. In the wraith of light Andy lifts on an elbow and studies supine Isaiah. The youngster lies with his head cracked back, as though by a blow, his mouth open, the shape of a black egg, and his whisker thrust straight up in the air. He's not dead, though; he's asleep.

Andy lies back and summons all his resolution. Resolutely he envisions sheep, just such sheep as Dave Burch used to run on Borneo Plain, matted gray-brown bodies and slender legs snapping under them. Over the stone wall they go. One sheep over; two sheep over; three sheep

(Continued on page 876)

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(Continued from page 874)

over; four—or was it five?—five—six sheep—

WHEN he awakens it is with a gulp and a kick.

Who's that? By the bed there, towering in the new gray?

It's Isaiah. It's the youngster, getting his pants on.

"I can't stand it," says Isaiah, his teeth aclatter.

"What is it now?"

"I don't know. My godfrey, if I knowed, I—there! Hark to that!"

"That trompin' like?"

"Trompin', yes. Trompin', skitterin', skutterin' all about, whisperin' too, and groanin' into the bargain. There now! Will y' hark?"

"In the wood-house. Or more like Molly's room. Mebbly it's Molly."

"I want to know."

"Or cats."

"I want to know."

Andy fumbles his pale legs out of the quilt and into his trousers. They go in stocking-feet, carrying their boots. In the kitchen Andy pauses.

"Molly come home?"

"Never hear her."

"You been asleep, though."

"I ain't. Not one blessed wink, and that's true. No-sir, everything I seen, I seen. There's niggers and heathen and all manner of islanders and dagoes spirit-in' about, this night. Andy, there was a Turk come into our room, and I seen him with my own two eyes. So I ain't been asleep."

"I'll look in her room, anyway, on the chance."

Holding his breath, he edges open Molly's door. His head disappears. It reappears, the cheeks collapsing with relief.

"By glory, she *be*. Here all this time, to bed, asleep. Us fools!"

Side by side, holding the door open, they gaze into the little chamber, cave-lit with the seepage of dawn, perfumed with violet-water, tar-soap, carnation-powder, fiber-silk stockings, and all the faint, mingled emanations from frocks and underthings—the rectangular gray whiteness of the bed—the dark spot of a head averted on the pillow.

"Don't wake 'er."

"No; easy's the word; take care."

The old fools!

"Molly!" breathes Andy, just once.

The head on the pillow flops over. The heads in the door thrust out.

Black eyes study them from the pillows, hypnotized.

Jimmy the Greek!

If he is hypnotized, what are they?

It was in this room, in that bed, that Molly White Brewster died, on Cleveland's election day. It was through that window her soul went to heaven.

They can do nothing but stare; stare at the bureau, holy of holies, untidy, intimate; a pot of cold-cream, a ribbon, a note, a garter, a kitten of combings, a man's plaid cap; stare at the bed, the pillow, the solitary presence there, obscurely begotten, horde-borne, Mediterranean.

THEY open their mouths to roar like lions; in the hush they bleat.

"Where's M-M-Molly?"

He holds them with black-and-white eyes; he has lost his tongue.

"Wh-wh-wh-where's Molly?"

It's Molly that answers, Molly's feet askip on the porch behind them, the wind of her coming across the kitchen, the fling of her arms brushing them aside like wraiths.

Worse than wraiths! Of a sudden something beyond accounting happens. In Molly's bedroom they've always kept the old paper, spotty and faded as it is; funny old paper, peopled by Venetian boatmen and early Victorian trees. And now between two breaths Andy and Isaiah are pictures with the boatmen and memories with the trees. It is as though, still visible, no one saw them; as though reality had abandoned them and gone out into the middle of the room.

Molly is real; they're not. Tag-end of a race and a tradition, her docked hair tousled, her shoes streaked with mud from another county, hem of a torn petticoat at the trail, she's flesh alive; a tradition and a race beginning.

She's on the bed's edge, hip and elbow, one wild hand in Jimmy Krenk's black curls, combwise, questioning, and her breath against his cheek.

"Y'all right, kid? Tell me quicker'n quick: y'all right?"

"Are you all right, Moll; you tell me?"

"You should worry about me! D'I look sick?"

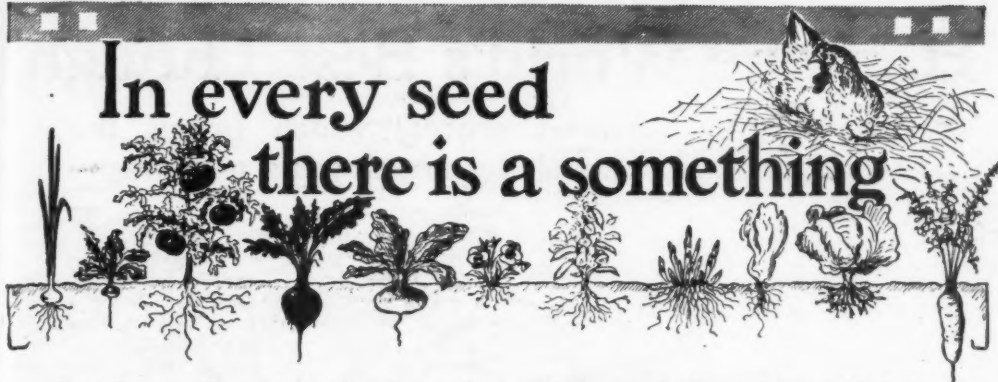
"But, Moll——"

"Shush, kid, I know. I look like a home-made hang-over, I know I do, but you got

(Continued on page 880)



# In every seed there is a something



that knows how to take from its environment the wherewithal to build the body of the organism it animates. From the little seed you place in the ground this **something** sends roots into the earth, blades or branches into the air, and takes **from** the earth and the air that with which it builds.

Within the egg this **something** is wooed to life by the warmth of the brooding mother's breast.

## CHIROPRACTIC

teaches that this **something** knows the secret of converting food into flesh and blood, and carries on all the processes of life, in the human body, by means of impulses sent over the nerves. It teaches that when a nerve is impaired by a vertebra becoming misaligned, these impulses do not flow over the nerves normally, and the result is what we call dis-ease. To get the dis-eased member to function again it is necessary to adjust the vertebra that is pressing on the nerve, to normal alignment, thereby permitting the normal flow of impulses over the nerve.

To adjust the vertebra to normal alignment is the work of a competent chiropractor.

A trial will convince the most skeptical of the correctness of these principles.



### DEFINITION

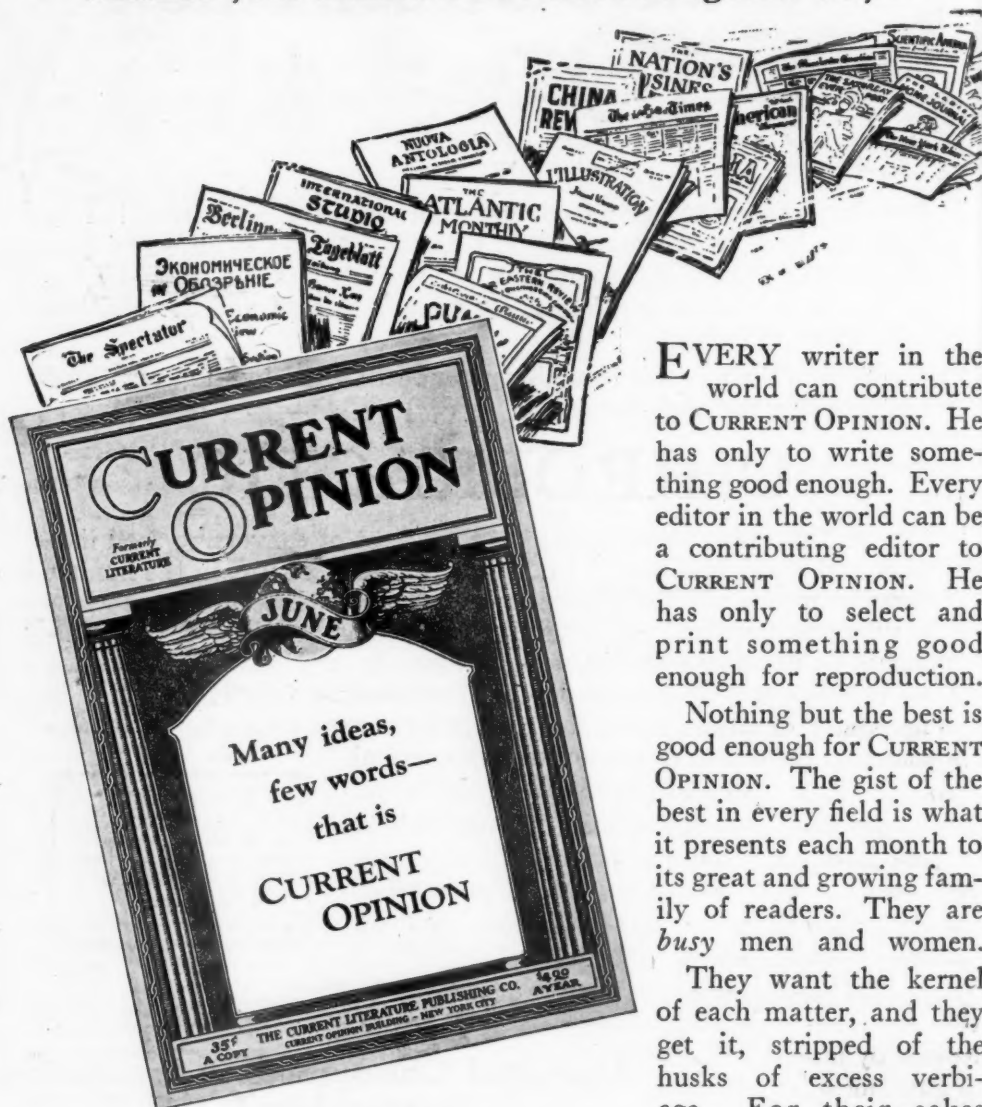
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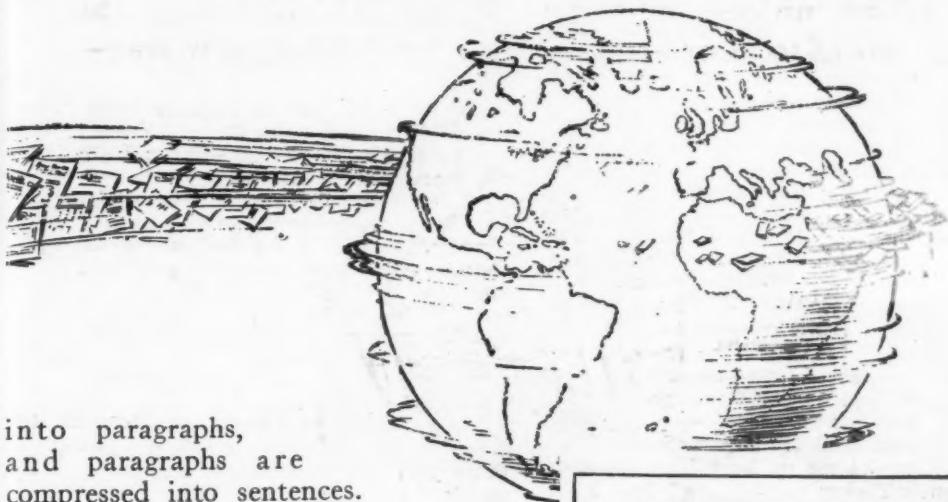
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(Continued from page 876)

to consider a hundred 'n' thirty miles in that bus of yours is no tea-dansant for a fair young thing, is it now? 'Specially the last fifteen of 'em on a rim. Cheer up; I'll look good when I get a shot of coffee in me. And don't worry about the stuff; I got it all safe and dark to you-know-who, you-know-where, thirty-one cases, check, and you couldn't have made it snappier yourself, you poor angel, and that's that. And the bus is back in Costa's g'rage with the old plates on—and the clutch afloat—and that phony rear shoe gone to—and that's that. And that motor-cycle egg was in Yarmouth Hospital at three, I just got word at the marsh, with his right arm out of commish. And that's that.

"Was it you, Moll? Was it you plugged the guy, same's Turkey says?"

"Well, if I didn't, there's been some awful mistake. I picked up your gun when you dropped it, and I was peeved. But say, don't get me talkin'—"

"Listen, Moll, tell me somethin'. Was it you carried me up here from the Cove, same's Turkey says?"

"Well, Turkey helped some—as quick as he—"

"Where was the other guys?"

"Busy, don't you forget. Who'd you s'pose got the cop crowd trailed off down Truro way? Jazzy work for a while. But now, Jim, how's the bean?"

"Bean's bright."

It's the strangest sensation, being a Venetian boatman inked on moldy wallpaper, harkening to unintelligible tongues.

"And the leg?"

"Absitively perfect limb."

Turkey get it bandaged right? That petticoat of mine I slammed on—"

"Coold not find ahny rahgs."

Reality spreads with the growing dawn. It's the Armenian himself, 'down on his hams on the carpet beyond the bed.

"No rags? Turkey, you're a bird! But listen—my—! You mean to say that plugged leg is still— Oh, you poor lamb! Now, listen, Jim; I'll go as easy as easy, but I got to give it a look."

**T**HE painted boatmen close their painted eyes. Their painted ears they can not close. Earth swarms. Their painted minds they can not get quite shut. Murmurs. Fragments. The land of the old, the turncoat, teems with the pitiless voices of the young. Rumors creep in through the windows.

"Doc and the priest ought to be coming—"

"—No, Gabriel phoned the priest he needn't come. Jim's all right."

"He'll be all right, that is, if we can keep him doggo for a spell—"

"—But what they'll say up-Cape when he don't show up at short-stop for the Legion in the Barnstable game next Sunday—"

"Oh, we can bull through it somehow— Hey, what's that?"

Another kind of a murmur; a high, faint throbbing in the air.

"Molly! Inside there! Here comes Doc Bader from Provincetown. I guess it's him, anyway; it sounds like Gaspa's sea-plane. I'll slide up to the pond and show him the way."

**S**TILL another note, within the room, this one, half crooning:

"Good kid, did I hurt? Oh, good kid, I tried to be so gentle—"

"Gentle, Moll? Don't talk. You're the gentlest ever; and you're more'n the gentlest; your the beautifullest, and you're more'n the beautifullest; you're the straightest, bravest—"

"Bravest! Quit kiddin', you Greek idiot. I been frightened sober; I'm still scared weak. Take hold of me and hang onto me tight, tight."

"I got yu, tight. All there is, tho, I hate to be a bother here."

"Bother! That's a good line. It's my house, isn't it, Jimmy dearie? And seeing we're going to get married Friday, where's the diff?"

(Friday at two!)

The Venetian boatmen end their fading by fading quite away, out of the bedroom, out of the house.

It's a fog-dawn, the light from the sun-tipped hills coming down at every angle through the pearly smother. It's as if the night, in place of ending, had just bleached out. Albino darkness. White shades. The veil is troubled by them, half-glimpsed and gone; white shades of youth, black-eyed, swarthy and sailow.

Once more Andy and Isaiah flee the canopy of the willows and puff up Sheep Hill. The mist dilutes; at the height they find the sun and air. And the sea, Leviathan gone. The honest sea.

They flop on a timber and gaze at it. By and by Isaiah points a finger at the wedge of the Cove, still in shadow below them.

(Continued on page 882)



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(Continued from page 880)

"By cricky, she goes fast these days, Andy." He is resolved to see it, and he sees it; the marsh growing an estuary, the estuary a strait, a worm of blue salt water eating ever and ever more hungrily into the entrails of the dead Cape. "By cricky, 'twon't be many years till you can sail a vessel straight through the Hollow to the back side."

"Where do you get that stuff?" inquires a voice from behind the brothers. They won't have it. They won't hear.

"'Twa'n't so many years ago," says Andy in resolute musing, "there was beach-plums growin' out there where them breakers are now."

"The — there was!" A shadow falls across them, and out over their heads, blue and amber, floats the cloud of a cigaret.

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**Safe Milk**  
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Avoid Imitations

It's Frankie Silvado, the surfman from Pamet Station, and he has a purple mustache and dark, live, ardent eyes. He might have yellow eyes and green whiskers for all Andy and Isaiah; they won't see him and they don't see him.

Andy clears an indomitable throat: "Accordin' to my calc'lations, Isaiah, the way she's sinkin' now——"

"That's a lovely pipe, that is," persists the tactless shade. "I been patrolin' this shore ten years and more, and I used to have to walk on the cliff because the tide was all over where them grass-flats is now. You old geezers ain't up with the times, or you'd know all this land is makin' all the while. There was a pr'fessor lectured to Provincetown last Summer, and he says, like's not, it'll be all dry ground from here clean to Plymouth shore one day, with woods, like's not, and farms, and cities——"

Cities! The brothers are betrayed. From one to the other passes a sage and soundless guffaw.

"Though," adds Silvado, "I don't know what kind o' people there'll be to live in 'em, the way things are goin' now with this Cape crowd, gettin' to be smugglers—runnin' in liquor off these West Indie vessels for all they're worth—women as bad as the men, too, accordin' to what Tony Fuller says he seen last night. I tell you the truth, I don't know what this country of oun is comin' to."

**BY** and by Andy turns an eye on Isaiah, and once more, with dogmatic patience, clears his throat.

"As I was sayin'—the way she's sinkin' now—and the way they're droppin' off—Sam yesterday—like's not you or me to-morrow—'twon't be so long now before there won't be any left hereabouts."

"Any what?"

Curse and double curse that Ginny! Like drops of water on the skull it grows suddenly too much.

"Any folks!" cried Isaiah.

"Any folks?"

Now they upend on their reedy legs and face him and lash out at him.

"Any—any—Americans!"

In the white pouring of the sunshine, as they watch greedily the effect of that brutal blow, the red mottles go out of their cheeks. Now, at last, they are terrified. This fellow doesn't even know what they're driving at.

"What do you mean?" he puzzles.

"What do you mean—Americans?"

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